Watched it comin' up Winslow, down south park boulevard Yeah it was looking good from tail to hood Great big fins and painted steel Man it looked just like the batmobile With my old man behind the wheel

Well you could hardly even see him
In all of that chrome
The man with the plan and the pocket comb
But every night it carried him home
And I could hear him sayin'

Don't you gimme no buick
Son you must take my word
If there's a God in Heaven
He's got a silver thunderbird
You can keep your El Dorados
And the foreign car's absurd
Me I wanna go down
In a silver thunderbird

He got up every mornin' while I was still asleep But I remember the sound of him shufflin' around Right before the crack of dawn When I heard him turn the motor on But when I got up they were gone

Down the road in the rain and snow
The man and his machine would go
Oh the secrets that old car would know
Sometimes I hear him sayin'

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Son you must take my word
If there's a God in Heaven
He's got a silver thunderbird
You can keep your El Dorados
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Me I wanna go down Tištěno z WWW txp. thunderbird