

Daddy Had A Buick

Robert Earl Keen

Daddy had a Buick and Mama loved to ride
Daddy like to drive it and Mama liked to glide
Four white walls constantly in motion
From the Great Smoky Mountains to the California ocean

Two tone, rag top, holes in the side
Daddy had a Buick and Mama loved to ride
Daddy had a Buick, holes in the side
Daddy had a Buick and Mama loved to ride

Daddy was talker and a son of a gun
Mama was a looker and a barrel of fun
Daddy kept the car straight, Mama read the road map
Flying down the interstate Mama's head in Daddy's lap

Three blocks long and two lanes wide
Daddy had a Buick and Mama loved to ride
Daddy had a Buick, two lanes wide
Daddy had a Buick and Mama loved to ride

From Atlantic to Pacific and everywhere between
The lakes of Minnesota to the town of New Orleans
Oklahoma, Arizona, any place that they would wanna
Play around, run about, lay it down or blow it out

Daddy at the wheel and Mama by his side
Daddy had a Buick and Mama loved to ride
Daddy had a Buick, Mama by his side
Daddy had a Buick and Mama loved to ride

Daddy got the blue skies, Mama got the breeze
Me I got my Mama's eyes, my Daddy's Buick keys
Gonna do things my way now I finally got one
Flying down the highway my baby riding shotgun

Two tone, rag top, holes in the side
Me I got a Buick and baby loves to ride
Me I got a Buick, baby loves to ride
Me I got a Buick, my baby by my side

Daddy has a Buick, two lanes wide
Daddy has a Buick and Mama loves to ride