

Southside Johnny "Cadillac Jack"

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My daddy sells Caddys down on Grand Avenue
He walks that hot asphalt in his new white shoes
He's tryin' to talk some fool into that two door on the
corner

Well, it ain't ever run and it ain't ever gonna
Doctored odometers and forged inspections
Landed my pappy in the House of Correction

Cadillac Jack's #1 son
Dirty hands get the dealin' done
I'm just a chip off'a the busted block
Cadillac Jack's #1 son

I wrapped this Eldorado around a telephone pole
And landed straight in the arms of the state patrol
There was whiskey on my breath and blood on the
wheel
And bright lights in my face..."Hey, what's the big
idea!"
But Pappy knows the D.A. and he'll see it our way
A big stack of cash can surely save

Cadillac Jack's #1 son
Dirty hands get the dealin' done
I'm just a chip off'a the busted block
Cadillac Jack's #1 son

Now don't the blood run thicker than the law when
you're on the brink
The things you do for love and hate No, you don't stop
to think

Now, there's this woman I know used to treat me kind
And the baby she rockin' in her arms is mine
But I just can't abide no restraining order
I'm gonna grab that kid and break for the border
We'll be just a coupl'a gringos down in Mexico
South of Matamoros, ain't nobody gonna know

Cadillac Jack's #1 son
Dirty hands get the dealin' done

I'm just a chip off'a the busted block
Cadillac Jack's #1 son

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