Franky Perez "Class act"

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Young man from the wrong side of the tracks
Makes his living hauling lumber on his back
Rich girl, high society
Grew up in a big house in a wealthy community
She's a class act
A Fleetwood Cadillac
And she likes his company
'Cause he's a gentle man
Keeps his hands to himself
She says, Can't buy that with money

She's afraid her Daddy won't approve
Of her working class hero and his steel toed boots
She says, He works hard, treats her well
You can't judge a man by his wealth

She's a class act
A Fleetwood Cadillac
She likes his company
'Cause he's a gentle man
Keeps his hands to himself
She yells, Daddy, most of all he loves me

She's a class act
A Fleetwood Cadillac
She likes his company
'Cause he's a gentle man
Keeps his hands to himself
Can't buy that with money

One day the doorbell
There stood the young man with a pawnshop wedding ring
He said, Ain't got much, God knows I ain't rich
I can't buy you diamonds but I will tell you this

You're a class act
A Fleetwood Cadillac
And I like your
I'm a gentle man
But I'll tell your Daddy to go to hell

I'd be honored if you'd marry me Baby marry me

You're a class act
A Fleetwood Cadillac
And I like your company
I'm a gentle man
But I'll tell your Daddy to go to hell
I don't need his money

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