

Heather Masse

"Big Cars"

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I like big cars,
Like the one that's sittin' in my Grandpa's yard.
He'll say: "they don't make 'em like that no more,
"Not Pontiac, Cadillac, Chevy or Ford."
Big cars.
Yeah, I like big cars.

She's got white wall tyres and suicide doors,
And under the hood, gotta four-fifty-four.
Well, they don't make 'em like that no more,
Not since nineteen seventy four.
Big cars.
Yeah, I like big cars.

Well, the paint's a little faded an' the seats are torn.
She was Detroit made, before I was born.
I remember when I turned sixteen,
Learnin' how to drive up an' down Main Street.
Big cars.
Yeah, I like big cars.

Instrumental break

Well, the paint's a little faded an' the seats are torn.
She was Detroit made, before I was born.
I remember when I turned sixteen,
Learnin' how to drive up an' down Main Street.
Yeah, I like big cars.

Cruisin' with my friends down the Boulevard,
Drive-in movies, Jimmy playin' guitar.
They don't make 'em like that no more,
Not Pontiac, Cadillac, Chevy or Ford.
Big cars.
Yeah, I like big cars.

Cruisin' with my friends down the Boulevard,
Drive-in movies, Jimmy playin' guitar.
Big cars.
Yeah, I like big cars.

They don't make 'em like that no more,
Not Pontiac, Cadillac, Chevy or Ford.
Big cars.
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Yeah, I like big cars.

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