

## Keith Secola "Indian Cars"

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I've been driving in my Indian Car,  
To the pound of the wheels drumming in my brain,  
My dash is dusty, my plates are expired,  
Please Mr. Officer, let me explain,  
I've got to make it to a Pow-Wow tonight,  
I'll be singing 49, down by the river side,  
Looking for a sugar, riding in my Indian Car,  
Got my T-Bird in the glove-box,  
I ain't got no spare,  
Got a feather from an eagle,  
I ain't got no care,  
The road is empty,  
As my bottle of desire,  
Daylight is breaking,  
The sun touches fire,  
I've got to make another Pow-Wow tonight,  
I'll be singing 49, down by the river side,  
Looking for a sugar, riding in my Indian Car,  
My car is dented,  
The radiator steams,  
One headlight don't work,  
But the radio can scream,  
I got a sticker,  
It say's "Indian Power",  
I stuck it on my bumper,  
That's what holds my car together,  
Were on the circuit of an Indian dream,  
We don't get old,  
We just get younger,  
When were flying down the highway,  
Riding in our Indian Cars,  
Were on the circuit of an Indian dream,  
We don't get old,  
We just get younger,  
When were flying down the highway,  
Riding in our Indian Cars,  
Riding in our Indian Cars,  
Riding in our Indian Cars

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