

Zach Swift

"Big Car Blues"

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Whooah, Baby,

Please come on back,
For youve got smething of mine,
I'm sure I like this black cadillac in the morning,
My black Cadillac in the morning,

Yeah, my black cadillac,
Weve been married for a while,

She was sitting in that car 'cos he could sure drive,

She said step on it,
His face is running,
He said I don't know,
I don't want to get a ticket,

She said step on this thing,
She said if this thing don't go,
I don't want to ride this cadillac no more,

He said well I'm gonna let the hammer down,
If you see a red light,
Run over it and get a ticket,
'Cos he said, no I aint gonna get no ticket,

If I can make a breathe
That thing was wide open man,

My black Cadillac,
It left me and I had to sell my sugar in fact,

Hit and run alright,

Whooah baby,
Will you come on back,
Got something that I sure don't lack,
Yes, it's my black cadillac,
My black cadillac in the morning,

Yeaah, my black cadillac,

With white worn tyres,

And this is what she told me,
I know your cadillac is,
It's really black,
I know you got that white on the tyre,
But I got a black man on the side,
White eyes and white teeth,

Oooh, Lightning you can't kiss me,
No lightning you can't get me,
Well, it's obvious still,
Where, oh, where can it be,

I stopped in the parking lot,
Then I parked in the bus's block,
I caught him,
But what good would it do,

That cadillac wouldn't run for me,
And it wont run for you,

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