

Nanci Griffith "Ford Econoline"

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She drove west from Salt Lake City to the California
coastline
She hit the San Diego Freeway doing sixty miles an
hour
She had a husband on her bumper, she had five
restless children
She was singing sweet as a mockingbird in that Ford
Econoline

She's the salt of the earth
Straight from the bosom of the Mormon Church
With a voice like wine
Cruising along in that Ford Econoline

Now her husband was a gambler, he was a Salt Lake
City Rambler
And he built a golden cage around his silver-throated
wife
Too many nights he left her crying with his cheating
and his lying
But his big mistake was him buying her that Ford
Econoline

She's the salt of the earth
Straight from the bosom of the Mormon church
With a voice like wine
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She's the salt of the earth
Straight from the bosom of the Mormon Church
With a voice like wine
Cruising along in that Ford Econoline

Now she sings her songs around this country
From Seattle to Montgomery
Those kids are grown and that rounder knows
You cannot cage your wife

Along the back roads of our nation, she's become a
living legend
She drives a Coupe DeVille but her heart rides still
In that Ford Econoline

She drives a Coup DeVille but her heart rides still
In that Ford Econoline

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