

Pinmonkey

"Big shiny cars"

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The boys that I hang with went down to the Firebird:
They sang for two hours an' they played for their beers.
They wrestled their demons for good friends and
neighbors:
Moved them to dance an', sometimes, to tears.

They sang about highways, bBout strippers an' killers;
'Bout fingers in satin, an' man applied on lace.
An' songs about love, an' songs about heartbreak,
An' some people say they were ghosts in the place.

So we'd shout hallelujah an' sing Jambalaya:
You shoot for the moon, you wind up 'mongst the stars.
Some day we'll be able to get a good table,
An' ride around town in them big shiny cars.

It's no bed of roses when all a man knows is,
Three chords an' a dust cloud an' a mind himself now.
With these high-powered brokers with their lizard-skin
loafers,
And a dangerous habit they just can't put down.

So he'd shout hallelujah an' sing Jambalaya:
You shoot for the moon, you wind up 'mongst the stars.
Some day we'll be able to get a good table,
An' ride around town in them big shiny cars.

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