

## **Bears, The "Old Fat Cadillac"**

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I wish i had an angel  
To tell me what i should do  
With all these troubles  
Stuck on me like superglue  
Angel, my spirit's so tired  
Oh, my spirit's so tired, yeah

I wish i had an atlas  
To show me where to go  
To rid my self of these  
Emotional clothes i've outgrown  
Oh, my spirit's so tired  
Angel, my spirit's so tired, yeah

But if i had an old fat cadillac  
I'd sit there in the back seat and stare all day  
I'd never drive my old fat cadillac  
Where is there to go to get away?

"so, mr. president, what should you and i  
Propose to say...about this fallout business,  
Raining all over our parade.  
Maybe you should sit up front and i'll sit here in the  
back  
And we can both admire my old fat cadillac.  
Look at that dash!  
Look at that amazing upholstery, yes!  
Think of the plans,  
Think of what a man can build with his hands...  
And maybe, maybe we can rent a cable t.v., yes...  
And plug it right in, right here in this beautiful back  
seat..  
And maybe mr. president,  
You could fix a big martini.  
Maybe you should fix a big martini, yeah".

But if i had an old fat cadillac  
I'd sit there in the back seat and stare all day  
I'd never drive my old fat cadillac  
Where is there to go to get away?

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