

## Various Artists "Guitars, Cadillacs"

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Girl you taught me how to hurt real bad and cry myself  
to sleep

You showed me how this town can shatter dreams  
Another lesson about a naive fool that came to Babylon  
And found out that the pie don't taste so sweet

Now it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music  
And lonely, lonely streets that I call home  
Yeah my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music  
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on

There ain't no glamor in this tinselled land of lost and  
wasted lives  
And painful scars are all that's left of me  
But thank you girl for teaching me brand new ways to  
be cruel  
And if I can find my mind now, I guess I'll just leave

And it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music  
And lonely, lonely streets that I call home  
Yeah my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music  
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on

It's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music  
And lonely, lonely streets that I call home  
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music  
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on

It's the only thing that keeps me hanging on  
It's the only thing that keeps me hanging on, on

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