

Pink Cadillac

Bruce Springsteen

Honey, you may think I'm fooling, for the foolish things I do
You may wonder how come I love you, when you get on my nerves like you do
Well baby you know you bug me, there ain't no secret about that
But come on over here and hug me, hey baby I'll spill the facts
Well honey it ain't your money, cause baby I got plenty of that I love you for your pink Cadillac, crushed velvet
seats
Riding in the back, cruising down the street
Waving to the girls, feeling out of sight
Spending all my money on a Saturday night
Honey I just wonder what you do there in the back of your pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac Well now way back in
the Bible, temptations always come along
There's always somebody tempting you, into doing something they know is wrong
Well they tempt you, man, with silver, and they tempt you, sir, with gold
And they tempt you with the pleasures, that flesh does surely hold
They say Eve tempted Adam with an apple, but man I ain't going for that I know it was his pink Cadillac,
crushed velvet seats
Riding in the back, cruising down the street
Waving to the girls, feeling out of sight
Spending all my money on a Saturday night
Honey I just wonder what you do there in the back of your pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac I know some folks say,
it's too big, it uses too much gas
Some folks say it's too old, and that it goes too fast
But my love is bigger than a Honda, it is bigger than a Subaru
Hey man there's only one thing, and one car that will do
Anyway we don't have to drive it, honey, we can park it out in back And have a party in your pink Cadillac,
crushed velvet seats
Riding in the back, cruising down the street
Waving to the girls, feeling out of sight
Spending all my money on a Saturday night
Honey I just wonder what you do there in the back of your pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac Pink Cadillac, pink
Cadillac
Pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac

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