

Thunderbird

[John Hiatt](#)

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
Put your head on my shoulder don't say a word
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird There's a burial ground
Beneath a cattle herd
Mr. Henry Ford's
Building me a Thunderbird My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
Put your head on my shoulder don't say a word
We'll cut across the country in my Thunderbird We're from Pennsylvania
Welsh men of words
My daddy drove a Desoto
I drive a Thunderbird My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
She's the voice of the future baby, have you heard
Tomorrow's taken wing on my Thunderbird My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
Put your head on my shoulder don't say a word
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird Got electric windows
Tilt away wheel
Slide across the bucket seat
For that sexy leather feel of My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
Put your head on my shoulder don't say a word
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird From the old Volkswagen
Back to the Model T
A lot of men died
Just so you could ride with me in My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird
She drives like a dream baby rest assured
It don't get any better than a Thunderbird My daddy was a salesman
My brother was too
I would sell anything
Just to try to stay with you But not my Thunderbird, no not my Thunderbird
Willy Loman's saying something
I can't hear a word
I'm going too fast in my Thunderbird They make 'em that way
Yeah they make 'em that way
Well they make 'em that way
Yeah they make 'em that way
Well they make 'em that way

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>