

My Old Yellow Car

[Dan Seals](#)

She weren't much to look at, she weren't much to ride
She was missing a window on her passenger side
The floorboard was patched up with paper and tar
But I really was something in my old yellow car
An American boy with his hands on the wheel
Of a dream that was made of American steel
Though the seats had the smell of a nickel cigar
I really was something in my old yellow car
Somewhere in a pile of rubber and steel
There's a rusty old shell automobile
And if engines could run on desire alone
That old yellow car would be driving me home
There's the seat where poor Billy threw up on his date
And where Larry and Sally could no longer wait
There was no road too winding and nowhere too far
With two bucks of gas and my old yellow car
Somewhere in a pile of rubber and steel
There's a rusty old shell of an automobile
And if engines could run on desires alone
That old yellow car would be driving me home
Take a look at me now throwing money around
I'm paying somebody to drive me downtown
Got a Mercedes Benz with a TV and bar
And, God, I wish I was driving my old yellow car
God, I wish I was driving my old yellow car

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