

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 carAn 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 carSomewhere 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 homeThere'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 carSomewhere 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 homeTake 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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