Ford Econoline

Nanci Griffith

She drove west from Salt Lake City to the California coastline
She hit the San Diego Freeway doing sixty miles an hour
She had a husband on her bumper, she had five restless children
She was singing sweet as a mockingbird in that Ford EconolineShe's the salt of the earth
Straight from the bosom of the Mormon Church
With a voice like wine
Cruising along in that Ford EconolineNow her husband was a gambler, he was a Salt Lake City rambler
And he built a golden cage around his silver-throated wife
Too many nights he left her crying with his cheating and his lying
But his big mistake was him buying her that Ford EconolineShe's the salt of the earth
Straight from the bosom of the Mormon church
With a voice like wine
Cruising along in that Ford EconolineShe's the salt of the earth
Straight from the bosom of the Mormon Church
With a voice like wine
Cruising along in that Ford EconolineNow she sings her songs around this country
From Seattle to Montgomery
Those kids are grown and that rounder knows
You cannot cage your wifeAlong the back roads of our nation, she's become a living legend
She drives a Coupe DeVille but her heart rides still
In that Ford Econoline
She drives a Coup DeVille but her heart rides still
In that Ford Econoline

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