Mighty Big Car

Fred Eaglesmith

Down on the corner, up on the avenue,
People are pointin', calling out after you.
Hands on their hips, their eyes geting wider
They can't believe the thing that yer drivin'28 feet from bumper to bumper
The last of the sweet old time gas guzzlers
Hard to drive harder to park But
when you do somebody remarks
That's a mighty big car
That's a mighty big car
That's a mighty big carElvis had one and so did Hank
It don't look like money
It looks like the bank
Makes a scene every time you stop it
Rides like a dream
Goes like a rocket
That's a mighty big car
That's a mighty big car
That's a mighty big car
Headlights thick as mason jars
Everybody says that it looks like Mars
Shiner than a country star
And nothing ever looked as good in your front yaaaaaaaard
Brighter than an aluminum trailer
Curvy windshields and tinted mirrors
Grill looks like a cafe sign
And the whitewalls drive ya out of yer mind
That's a mighty big car
That's a mighty big car
That's a mighty big car
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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