

Ford Fairlane

[Bobby Pinson](#)

Dust on the dashboard, rust on the back door
Daddy paid cash for that ol' four-door Ford Fairline
Bottle on the floorboard, butts in the ashtray
Where he sat and talked to mama after she passed away
Sittin' on some good years, parked there in the driveway, he just let it go
Hand carved minnow, haggin' from a cane pole
Layin' in the trunk, case we passed a hole we had to fish
Crack in the window, where dad pitched me one soft and low
Had to duck his head, mama said, "I guess he's got the hang of it"
Until now I didn't know why he never got that window fixed, he just let it go
The carburetor needs a kit, the driver's side visor's ripped
It's getting a little hard to shift and the knobs are missing off the radio
It's lost its glossy candy apple shine, the ink has faded on the for sale sign
The only driver that car ever owned, first million dollars takes it home
The three on the tree was tough, my feet barely reached the clutch
But daddy'd let me fire it up back it out and pull it in, dent in the fender
Sin in the seat where I found the pin that fell from her hair
The night me and Becky lost it, sixteen when I stole those keys
I guess he'd been where we'd been 'cause he just let it go
The carburetor needs a kit, the driver's side visor's ripped
It's getting a little hard to shift and the knobs are missing off the radio
It's lost its glossy candy apple shine, the ink has faded on the for sale sign
The only driver that car ever owned, the first million dollars takes it home
Dust on the dashboard, rust on the back door
I wouldn't take a million dollars for that ol' four-door Ford Fairlane

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