

# Thunderbird

[John Hiatt](#)

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
Put your head on my shoulder don't say a word  
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird There's a burial ground  
Beneath a cattle herd  
Mr. Henry Ford's  
Building me a Thunderbird My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
Put your head on my shoulder don't say a word  
We'll cut across the country in my Thunderbird We're from Pennsylvania  
Welsh men of words  
My daddy drove a Desoto  
I drive a Thunderbird My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
She's the voice of the future baby, have you heard  
Tomorrow's taken wing on my Thunderbird My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
Put your head on my shoulder don't say a word  
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird Got electric windows  
Tilt away wheel  
Slide across the bucket seat  
For that sexy leather feel of My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
Put your head on my shoulder don't say a word  
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird From the old Volkswagen  
Back to the Model T  
A lot of men died  
Just so you could ride with me in My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
She drives like a dream baby rest assured  
It don't get any better than a Thunderbird My daddy was a salesman  
My brother was too  
I would sell anything  
Just to try to stay with you But not my Thunderbird, no not my Thunderbird  
Willy Loman's saying something  
I can't hear a word  
I'm going too fast in my Thunderbird They make 'em that way  
Yeah they make 'em that way  
Well they make 'em that way  
Yeah they make 'em that way  
Well they make 'em that way

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