Lord Mr. Ford

Jerry Reed

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well, if you're one of the millions who own one of them
Gas drinking, piston clinking, air polluting, smoke belching
Four wheeled buggies from Detroit City, then pay attention
I'm about to sing your song sonWell, I'm not a man appointed judge
To bear ill-will and hold a grudge
But I think it's time I said me a few choice words
All about that demon automobile
A metal box with the polyglass wheel
The end result to the dream of Henry FordWell, I've got a car that's mine alone
That me and the finance company own
A ready made pile of manufactured grief
And if I ain't out of gas in the pouring rain
I'm a-changing a flat in a hurricane
I once spent three days lost on a cloverleafWell, it ain't just the smoke and the traffic jam
That makes me the bitter fool I am
But this four wheel buggy is a-dollaring me to death
For gas and oils and fluids and grease
And wires and tires and anti-freeze
And them accessories, well honey that's something elseWell, you can get a stereo tape and a color TV
Get a backseat bar and reclining seats
And just pay once a month, like you do your rent
Well, I figured it up and over a period of time
This four thousand dollar car of mine
Costs fourteen thousand dollars and ninety-nine centsWell, now Lord Mr. Ford, I just wish that you could see
What your simple horseless carriage has become
Well, it seems your contribution to man
To say the least, got a little out of hand
Well, Lord Mr. Ford, what have you doneNow the average American father and mother
Own one whole car and half another
And I bet that half a car is a trick to buy, don't you?
But the thing that amazes me I guess
Is the way we measure a man's success

By the kind of an automobile he can afford to buyWell now, red light, green light, traffic cop
Right turn, no turn, must turn, stop
Get out the credit card honey, we're out of gas
Well, now all the car's placed end to end
Would reach to the moon and back again
And there'd probably be some fool pull out to passWell now, how I yearn for the good old days
Without that carbon monoxide haze
A-hanging over the roar of the interstate
Well, if the Lord that made the moon and stars
Would have meant for me and you to have cars
He'd have seen that we was all born with a parking spaceLord Mr. Ford, I just wish that you could see
What your simple horseless carriage has become
Well, it seems your contribution to man
To say the least, got a little out of hand
Well, Lord Mr. Ford, what have you doneCome away with me Lucille
In my smoking, choking automobile

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