

Silver Thunderbird (live)

[Marc Cohn](#)

Watched it coming up Winslow
Down South Park Boulevard
Yeah it was looking good from tail to hood
Great big fins and painted steel
Man it looked just like the Batmobile
With my old man behind the wheel Well you could hardly even see him
In all of that chrome
The man with the plan and the pocket comb
But every night it carried him home
And I could hear him sayin'...Don't gimme no Buick
Son you must take my word
If there's a God in heaven
He's got a Silver Thunderbird You can keep your Eldorados
And the foreign car's absurd
Me I want to go down
In a Silver Thunderbird He got up every morning
While i was still asleep
But I remember the sound of him shuffling around
Then right before the crack of dawn
I heard him turn the motor on
But when I got up they were gone Down the road in the rain and snow
The man and his machine would go
Oh the secrets that old car would know
Sometimes I hear him sayin'...

Songwriters

COHN Published by

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