

# Blues Cadillac

## Blue Cheer

(Dickie Peterson)

Why don't you ride in it, babe

Why don't you ride in my Cadillac

Come on and ride in it, babe

Why don't you ride in my Cadillac

You know my window's rolled down

And baby, my seat is back

Well tell me baby, what'd you-what'd you think about that!Ride in it, babe

Ride in it, babe

Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!I'm gonna run it on strong with high-grain alcohol

I said I'll run it on strong with high-grain alcohol

And she might even compete, Show it's nimble roll

I tell you baby, baby that ain't all.Ride in it, babe

Ride in it, babe

Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!

(Come back here awhile, yeah!)Said she's a storm flyin' buggy

Lord, she was built to last

Yeah she's a storm flyin' buggy

Lord, she was built to last

Know I slide down my windows

And I stomp down on that gas

Well tell me baby, what'd you-what'd you think about that!Ride in it, babe

Ride in it, babe

Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!Said she's a storm flyin' buggy

Lord, she was built to last

Yeah she's a storm flyin' buggy

Lord, she was built to last

Oh, I can let down my windows

And I stomp down on that gas

So won't you ride, baby, ride

C'mon and ride, baby, ride

Get on and ride, baby, ride

C'mon and, ride, ride, ooooh!Ride in it, babe

Ride in it, babe

Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillac!

Ride in it, babe

Ride in it, babe

Ride in my, my, my Blues Cadillaaaaac!

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