Old Fat Cadillac

The Bears

I wish I had an angel
to tell me what I should do
with all these troubles
stuck on me like Superglue
angel, my spirit's so tired
oh, my spirit's so tired, yeahI wish I had an atlas
to show me where to go
to rid my self of these
emotional clothes I've outgrown
oh, my spirit's so tired
angel, my spirit's so tired, yeahBut if I had an old fat Cadillac
I'd sit there in the back seat and stare all day
I'd never drive my old fat Cadillac
where is there to go to get away?"So, Mr. President, what should you and I
propose to say...about this fallout business,
raining all over our parade.
Maybe you should sit up front and I'll sit here in the back
and we can both admire my old fat Cadillac.
Look at that dash!
Look at that amazing upholstery, yes!
Think of the plans,
think of what a man can build with his hands...
and maybe, maybe we can rent a cable t.v., yes...
and plug it right in, right here in this beautiful back seat...
and maybe Mr. President,
you could fix a big martini.
Maybe you should fix a big martini, yeah".

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