

Guitars, Cadillacs (Acoustic Version)

Dwight Yoakam

Girl you taught me how to hurt real bad
And cry myself to sleep
You showed me how this town can shatter dreams
Another lesson about a naive fool
That came to Babylon
And found out that the pie don't taste so sweet Now it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
And lonely, lonely streets that I call home
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs and hillbilly music
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on There ain't no glamor in this tinsel land
Of lost and wasted lives
And painful scars are all that's left of me
But thank you girl for teaching me
Brand new ways to be cruel
And if I can find my mind now, I guess I'll just leave And it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
And lonely, lonely streets that I call home
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs and hillbilly music
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on Now it's guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
And lonely, lonely streets that I call home
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on It's the only thing that keeps me hanging on
It's the only thing that keeps me hanging on

Songwriters

DWIGHT YOAKAM Published by

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