

# Used Cars

## Bruce Springsteen

My little sister's in the front seat with an ice cream cone  
My ma's in the backseat sittin' all alone  
As my pa steers her slow out of the lot for a test drive down Michigan Avenue  
Now my ma she fingers her wedding band  
And watches the salesman stare at my old man's hands  
He's tellin' us all 'bout the break he'd give us if he could but he just can't  
Well if I could I swear I know just what I'd do  
Now mister the day the lottery I win I ain't ever gonna ride in no  
used car again  
Now the neighbors come from near and far  
As we pull up in our brand new used car  
I wish he'd just hit the gas and let out a cry and tell 'em all they can kiss our asses goodbye  
My dad he sweats the same job from mornin' to mornn  
Me I walk home on the same dirty streets where I was born  
Up the block I can hear my little sister in the front seat blowin' that horn  
The sounds echo'in all down Michigan Avenue  
Now mister the day my number comes in I ain't ever gonna ride  
in no used car again

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>