

'62 Cadillac

Finest set of wheels, anyone had ever seen
'62 Caddy my buddy's daddy got him, when we were sixteen
Ten miles to the gallon, American to the core
Rode like an ocean liner, or a ball across the floor

In that jet black Cadillac
We traveled many miles
No forgetting days like that
We had freedom, we had style
Didn't take a reason, we'd go out for a drive
In the land of milk and honey, restless and alive

I'd ride shotgun, he'd captain his machine
Warm breeze, windows down, every summer evening
Down by the high school, we'd let in three girls or five
Get on that open road and take 'em for a drive

We'd roll through the downtown
Or up to the hills
Til the blacktop turned to gravel
Out to the river or the fields

Tail fins from the space age, looked like the Batmobile
We were safe inside that time capsule,
That car was solid steel
Everybody knew it - the kids, the cops, the priest
Those days wouldn't have been the same without that Detroit beast

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