

## Dear Dad

Dave Edmunds

Dear Dad, don't get mad,  
What I'm asking for  
Is by the next semester  
Can I get another car ?  
This one here is sick'ning  
On a wide dual road.  
I might as well be walking  
As to drive this old Ford.

Almost everyntime I try  
To go and pass a truck,  
If I ain't goin' down hill,  
Dad, Im, out of luck.  
And even if I get by,  
It's still a rugged risk,  
The way this old Ford  
Keep a hitting and miss.

Last week when I was driving  
On my way to school,  
I almost got a ticket  
'Bout a freeway traffic rule.  
It's now a violation  
Driving under forty-five,  
And if I push to fifty,  
This here Ford will nosedive.

Dad, I'm in great danger  
Out here trying to drive.  
This Ford wiggles  
When I'm approaching forty-five/  
I have to nurse it along  
Like a little suffering pup,  
And cars whizzing by me,  
Dad, look like I'm backing up.

She just don't have the appetite  
For gas somehow,  
And Dad, I got both carburetors  
Hooked up on it now.  
I tried to hook another  
To see if I'd do a little good,  
But ain't no place to put it  
'Less I perforate the hood.

So Dad, send the money,  
See what I can see,  
Try to find a Cadillac,  
Sixty-two or three.  
Just something that won't worry us  
To keep it on the road.  
Sincerely, your loving son,  
Henry Junior Ford.