

Cadillac One

GBH

As black as an oil slick as tough as they come
It's parting the masses blocks out the sun
Beefed up on hurt, gung ho and proud
Suits, shades and outriders survey the crowd

It's got the power to drop the bomb
You hear a rumble then it's gone
He could blow us all to kingdom come
There ain't no doubt he's his daddy's son
I wanna get a ride in Cadillac One

Don't slow at tollbooths or stop at red lights
Plays chicken with the bad boys and gives 'em a fright
Heading down the highway to justice of a kind
Retribution alley an armour plated mind

With your war wagon rolling fueled on your spite
You didn't listen to the nation but still think you're right
I hear a knocking on the doors of perception
You sound like a fool words of mass deception