

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 M
ichigan 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 bu
t 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 blow
in' that horn
The sounds echo'in all down Michigan Avenue

Now mister the day my number comes in I ain't ever gonna ride i
n no used car again