

My Old Yellow Car

Dan Seals

She weren't much to look at, she weren't much to ride
She was missing a window on her passenger side
The floorboard was patched up with paper and tar
But I really was something in my old yellow car

An American boy with his hands on the wheel
Of a dream that was made of American steel
Though the seats had the smell of a nickel cigar
I really was something in my old yellow car

Somewhere in a pile of rubber and steel
There's a rusty old shell of an automobile
And if engines could run on desires alone
That old yellow car would be driving me home

There's the seat where poor Billy threw up on his date
And where Larry and Sandy could no longer wait
There was no road too winding and nowhere too far
With two bucks of gas and my old yellow car

Somewhere in a pile of rubber and steel
Thee's a rusty old shell of an automobile
And if engines could run on desires alone
That old yellow car would be driving me home

Take a look at me now throwing money around
I'm paying somebody to drive me downtown
Got a Mercedes Benz with a TV and bar
And God I wish I was driving my old yellow car

God I wish I was driving my old yellow car