

# Pontiac

Fred Eaglesmith

It's a Pontiac  
It's a '63 Stratochief with a three on the tree  
And it belongs to me  
And my baby  
Her and me  
We go driving down old highway seventeen  
She puts on the radio  
Rolls down the window  
Lays her head back  
It's a Pontiac

It ain't got no wild horses painted on the side  
And the objects in the mirror are precisely their own size  
It's got a chrome Indian in front of the door  
Might be an Apache or an Arapaho  
Or a Pontiac

There was an incident last night

At seventeen and third  
It all happened so fast nobody's really sure  
But somebody held the rifle, somebody held the sack  
And as fast as they were there  
Well they were gone just like that  
In a Pontiac

The anti-freeze is boiling and the oil pressure's low  
And the pedal's to the metal and it's as fast as it can go  
And the stain on her shoulder I getting darker you know  
And the radio keep blasting out the facts  
It's a Pontiac