

Cadillac Jack

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

My daddy sells Caddys down on Grand Avenue
He walks that hot asphalt in his new white shoes
He's tryin' to talk some fool into that two door on the corner
Well, it ain't ever run and it ain't ever gonna
Doctored odometers and forged inspections
Landed my pappy in the House of Correction

Cadillac Jack's #1 son
Dirty hands get the dealin' done
I'm just a chip off'a the busted block
Cadillac Jack's #1 son

I wrapped this Eldorado ;round a telephone pole
And landed straight in the arms of the state patrol
There was whiskey on my breath and blood on the wheel
And bright lights in my face..."Hey, what's the big idea!"
But Pappy knows the D.A. and he'll see it our way
A big stack of cash can surely save

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Now don't the blood run thicker than the law when you're on the
brink
The things you do for love and hate No, you don't stop to think

Now, there's this woman I know used to treat me kind
And the baby she rockin' in her arms is mine
But I just can't abide no restraining order
I' m gonna grab that kid and break for the border
We'll be just a coupl'a gringos down in Mexico
South of Matamoros, ain't nobody gonna know

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