

# Lincoln Continental

The Felice Brothers

When I was a child, my mother said to me  
You can't spend all your days alone  
In the shade of a cherry tree  
My brother cut the roof off a Lincoln  
'Cause a doctor said lose some weight  
And the tape of Buck Owens, our hair was blowing  
As we drove from the Garden State  
To the lights of the Golden Gate

I've been missing you, so listen  
I'd like to ask you could you drive to town?  
And I've been thinking about your Lincoln  
Continental with the sun roof down

When the kid came down from Lennox  
Yeah yawning was the talk of the town  
A real high roller, a self promoter  
Said his band was the best around  
He said, "I got a little money from performing  
I bought a brand new suit and hat."  
I said, "Performing what?" He said, "Classic stuff  
Ricky Hayes and Virginia scat."  
I said, "Who the hell is that?"

But I can play a little old time fiddle  
We can start a little country band  
And I was thinking, in your Lincoln  
We can bum around the Promised Land

And the world will open up for us  
At least that's what I hope it does

Probation officer John Collins  
Was a paranoid psychopath  
He had me painting the fence by the roller rink  
For the Committee of Industrial Trash  
"You can't find the business end of a rifle  
You're the devil from an Irish saint."  
I said I got no cares in those affairs  
What I was, what I am or ain't  
I got a lot of fence to paint

I got no loving, all because I'm  
Kinda infamous for crossing lines  
It got me thinking, even Lincoln  
Must have felt a little lost sometimes

And the world will open up for us  
At least that's what I hope it does