

# John Hiatt, Thunderbird

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
Put your head on my shoulder  
Don't say a word  
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird

There's a burial ground  
Beneath a cattle herd  
Mr. Henry Ford's building me a Thunderbird

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
Put your head on my shoulder  
Don't say a word  
We'll cut across the country in my Thunderbird

We're from Pennsylvania  
Welsh men of words  
My daddy drove a Desoto  
I drive a Thunderbird

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
She's the voice of the future  
Baby, have you heard  
Tomorrow's taken wing on my Thunderbird

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
Put your head on my shoulder  
Don't say a word  
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird

Got electric windows  
Tilt away wheel  
Slide across the bucket seat  
For that sexy leather feel of

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
Put your head on my shoulder  
Don't say a word  
We'll cut across town in my Thunderbird

From the old Volkswagen  
Back to the Model T  
A lot of men died  
Just so you could ride with me in

My Thunderbird, my Thunderbird  
She drives like a dream  
Baby rest assured  
It don't get any better than a Thunderbird

My daddy was a salesman  
My brother was too  
I would sell anything  
Just to try to stay with you

But not my Thunderbird  
No not my Thunderbird  
Willy Loman's saying something  
I can't hear a word  
I'm going too fast in my Thunderbird

They make 'em that way  
Yeah they make 'em that way  
Well they make 'em that way  
Yeah they make 'em that way

Well they make 'em that way