

# Pink Cadillac

Bruce Springsteen

You may think I'm foolish  
For the foolish things I do  
You may wonder how come I love you  
When you get on my nerves like you do  
Well baby you know you bug me  
There ain't no secret 'bout that  
Well come on over here and hug me  
Baby I'll spill the facts  
Well honey it ain't your money  
'Cause baby I got plenty of that

I love you for your pink Cadillac  
Crushed velvet seats  
Riding in the back  
Cruising down the street  
Waving to the girls  
Peeling out of sight  
Spending all my money  
On a Saturday night  
Honey I just wonder what you do there in back  
Of your pink Cadillac  
Pink Cadillac

Well now way back in the Bible  
Temptations always come along  
There's always somebody tempting  
Somebody into doing something they know is wrong  
Well they tempt you, man, with silver  
And they tempt you, sir, with gold  
And they tempt you with the pleasures  
That the flesh does surely hold  
They say Eve tempted Adam with an apple  
But man I ain't going for that

I know it was her pink Cadillac  
Crushed velvet seats  
Riding in the back  
Cruising down the street  
Waving to the girls  
Peeling out of sight  
Spending all my money  
On a Saturday night  
Honey I just wonder what it feels like in the back  
Of your pink Cadillac

Now some folks say it's too big  
And uses too much gas  
Some folks say it's too old  
And that it goes too fast  
But my love is bigger than a Honda  
It's bigger than a Subaru  
Hey man there's only one thing  
And one car that will do  
Anyway we don't have to drive it  
Honey we can park it out in back  
And have a party in you pink Cadillac

Crushed velvet seats  
Riding in the back  
Cruising down the street  
Waving to the girls  
Peeling out of sight  
Spending all my money  
On a Saturday night  
Honey I just wonder what it feels like in the back  
Of your pink Cadillac