

## Cowboy Cadillac

### Confederate Railroad

Well Deke's got a Ford, Hank's got a Chevy  
Booger's got a beat-up Dodge  
Well they fight like the devil over which one's better  
Fridays at the Moose Head Lodge  
Just a friendly chatter 'cause it really don't matter  
When it comes to the model or make  
Now they're all the same no matter what name's  
Underneath the mud on the ol' tailgate

It's a cowboy cadillac, mud grips, gun rack  
Factory four-on-the-floor  
Quarter tank of gas and a spare in the back  
Lord who could ever ask for more  
Sitting up high as the world goes by  
Kicking-up dust in your tracks  
It's a matter of pride as a matter of fact to  
Them folks that ride in them cowboy cadillacs

Now Bobby Jean Cordell dreams 'bout wedding bells  
Ringing in her life one day  
And a fine young man armed with a wedding band  
Stealing her heart away  
But when the "I Do's" done and the songs are sung  
And she finally gets to kiss the groom  
It ain't a white limousine in her wildest dreams  
Hauling her away on a honeymoon

Now a lot of my friends are folks like them  
I feel I know them well enough to say  
They've got a parking space at the pearly gates  
When they run out of road some day  
Now I hesitate to speculate  
About the workings of those heavenly things  
But when they meet the Lord for the just reward  
I bet instead of a pair of angel wings  
They get a cowboy cadillac.