

Daddy's Oldsmobile

Hal Ketchum

My daddy bought this car before I was born.
Sure like the radio, I love the horn.
I love the great big shiny steerin' wheel,
Here in my daddy's Oldsmobile.

Four kids can sure fill up a big back seat.
They used to stop and get us something sweet.
Now Mamma says: "Let's pray for one good meal."
Here in my daddy's Oldsmobile.

Mama kisses us goodnight,
Daddy reads his paper in the dashboard light.
Crushes out his cigarette, says:
"Don't cry, honey, we ain't beat yet."

Another mornin' and we're up and gone.
Daddy says there's work in San Antone.
Two days of ridin', it ain't no big deal,
Here in my daddy's Oldsmobile.

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Daddy reads his paper in the dashboard light.
Crushes out his cigarette, says:
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