

Whose Cadillac Is That?

War

It was a California day
And we came to play
Riding smooth and heavy with the touch
Waiting on the car

Taking time on my digital watch
Old folks and children
Stand and looking
At the sight right in front of their eyes
All they could say, truly amazed
Was "whose Cadillac was that floating by?"

They all say
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Everywhere we go
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Up and down the street
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Everyone we meet
"Whose Cadillac is that?"

Yeah, yeah, yeah woo-hoo
Ah yeah

Number one from coast to coast
Everybody they all know our name
From the neighborhood to Hollywood
Yeah we're moving in the diamond lane

Low to the ground
Heavy with sound
Everything from Blues to Rock
We stop in at Joe's
Got some burgers to go
And cruised all around the block

And the people say
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Everywhere we go
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Up and down the street
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Everyone we meet
"Whose Cadillac is that?"

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
My, my, my
Lord

A major intersection
Holding steady checking
Traffic moving heavy nine to five
Red light started blinking
We just started singing
As they pulled us over slowly to the side
They told us to freeze
And checked our IDs

And we gave 'em all tickets to the show
Then we said our goodbyes
Exchanging high fives

And everybody wanted to know
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Up and down the street
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Everyone we meet
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
We saw them scratching their heads
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
And everybody said
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
They got the music loud
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
And stirring up the crowd
"Whose Cadillac is that?"
Everywhere we go

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Everywhere we go it's the same old question
Right