

Silver Thunderbird

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There s another version on here already, but it s incomplete, difficult to read, and the tabs are built in, so they don t allow transposing. I cleaned it up a bit. Enjoy!

Em D

G **C** **G**
Watched it coming up Winslow
Am **G** **D**
Down South Park Boulevard
Em **D** **G**
Yeah it was looking good from tail to hood
G **C** **G**
Great big fins and painted steel
Am **G** **D**
Man it looked just like the Batmobile
Em **D** **G**
With my old man behind the wheel

Em **D**
Well you could hardly even see him
C **G**
In all of that chrome
Em **D** **C** **G**
The man with the plan and the pocket comb
Am **G** **C** **D**
But every night it carried him home
And I could hear him sayin ...

G
Don t gimme no Buick
C **G**
Son you must take my word
D
If there s a God in heaven
C
He s got a Silver Thunderbird
G
You can keep your El Dorados
C **G**
And the foreign car s absurd
D
Me I wanna go down
C
In a Silver Thunderbird

Em D

G
He got up every morning
C G
While I was still asleep
Am G D
But I remember the sound of him shuffling around
Em D G
Then right before the crack of dawn
Am G D
I heard him turn the motor on
Em D G
But when I got up they were gone

Em D C G
Down the road in the rain and snow
Em D C G
The man and his machine would go
Am G C D
Oh the secrets that old car would know
Sometimes I hear him sayin ...

G
Don t gimme no Buick
C G
Son you must take my word
D
If there s a God in heaven
C
He s got a Silver Thunderbird
G
You can keep your El Dorados
C G
And the foreign car s absurd
D
Me I wanna go down
C
In a Silver Thunderbird

Em D G