

Bruce Springsteen, Used Cars

My sister's in the front seat with an ice cream cone
My ma's in the back seat sittin' all alone
As my pa steers her slow out of the lot
For a test drive down Michigan Avenue
Now, my ma, she fingers her wedding band
And watches the salesman stare at my old man's hands
He's telling us all about the break he'd give us
If he could, but he just can't
Well if I could, I swear I know just what I'd do

Now, mister, the day the lottery I win
I ain't ever gonna ride in no used car again

Now, the neighbors come from near and far
As we pull up in our brandnew used car
I wish he'd just hit the gas and let out a cry
Tell `em all they can kiss our asses goodbye

My dad, he sweats the same job from mornin' to morn
Me, I walk home on the same dirty streets where I was born
Up the block I can hear my little sister in the front seat blowin' that horn
The sounds echoin' all down Michigan Avenue

Now, mister, the day my numbers comes in
I ain't ever gonna ride in no used car again