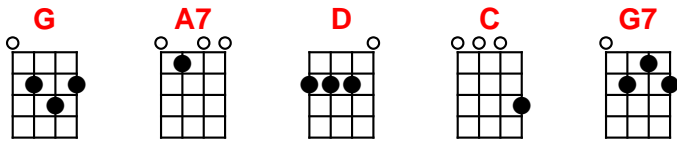


Lord Mr. Ford

Jerry Reed



Intro:

[G] [G(b5)/Bb] [Gsus/A] [G]

Well, if you're one of the millions who own one of them gas drinking,
piston clinking, air polluting, smoke belching, four wheeled buggies from Detroit City,
then pay attention; I'm about to sing your song son. **RIFF** [A7] [D] [G]

Well, [G] I'm not a man appointed judge,
To [C] bear ill-will and hold a grudge,
But I [G] think it's time I said me a few choice [D] words.
All a [G] bout that demon automobile,
A [C] metal box with the polyglass wheel,
The [G] end result to the [D] dream of Henry [G] Ford.
Well, [D] I've got a car that's mine alone,
That [C] me and the finance company own.
A [G] ready made pile of manufactured [D] grief.
And if I [G] ain't out of gas in the pouring [G7] rain,
I'm a- [C] changing a flat in a hurricane,
I [G] once spent three days [D] lost on a clover [G] leaf.
Well, it [A7] ain't just the smoke and the traffic jam,

That makes me the bitter fool I am,
But this four wheel buggy is a-dollaring me to [D] death.
For [A7] gas and oils and fluids and grease,

And wires and tires and anti-freeze,
And them accessories, well honey that's something [D] else.
Well, you can get a [G] stereo tape and a color tv,
Get a [C] backseat bar and reclining seats,
[G] And just pay once a month, like you do your [D] rent.
Well, I [G] figured it up and over a period of [G7] time,
This [C] four thousand dollar car of mine,
Costs [G] fourteen thousand [D] dollars and ninety-nine [G] cents.
Well, now [D] Lord Mr. Ford, I just [C] wish that you could [G] see,
What your simple horseless carriage has be [D] come.
Well, it [G] seems your contribution to man,
To [C] say the least, got a little out of hand,
Well, [G] Lord Mr. [D] Ford, what have you [G] done. **RIFF** [A7] [D] [G]

Now the [G] average American father and mother,
Own [C] one whole car and half another,
And [G] I bet that half a car is a trick to [D] buy, don't you?
But the [G] thing that amazes me I [G7] guess,
Is the [C] way we measure a man's success,
By the [G] kind of an automo [D] bile he can afford [G] to buy.
Well now, [A7] red light, green light, traffic cop,

Right turn, no turn, must turn, stop,
Get out the credit card honey, we're out of [D] gas.
Well, now [A7] all the car's placed end to end,

Would reach to the moon and back again,
And there'd probably be some poor fool pull out to [D] pass.
Well now, [G] how I yearn for the good old days,
With [C] out that carbon monoxide haze,
A- [G] hanging over the roar of the inter [D] state.
Well, if the [G] Lord that made the moon and [G7] stars,
Would have [C] meant for me and you to have cars,
He'd have [G] seen that we was all [D] born with a parking [G] space.
[D] Lord Mr. Ford, I just [C] wish that you could [G] see,
What your simple horseless carriage has be [D] come.
Well, it [G] seems your contribution to [G7] man,
To [C] say the least, got a little out of hand,
Well, [G] Lord Mr. [D] Ford, what have you [G] done.

Come away with me Lucille

In my [A7] smoking, choking [D] automo [G] bile [C] **RIFF** [A7] [D] [G]