

# Lord, Mr. Ford

Jerry Reed

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 Well, I'm not a man appointed judge  
To bear ill-will and hold a grudge  
But I think it's time I said me a few choice words  
All about that demon automobile  
A metal box with the polyglass wheel  
The end result to the dream of Henry Ford Well, I've got a car that's mine alone  
That me and the finance company own  
A ready made pile of manufactured grief  
And if I ain't out of gas in the pouring rain  
I'm a-changing a flat in a hurricane  
I once spent three days lost on a cloverleaf  
Well, it 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 death  
For gas and oils and fluids and grease  
And wires and tires and anti-freeze  
And them accessories, well honey that's something else Well, you can get a stereo tape and a  
color TV  
Get a backseat bar and reclining seats  
And just pay once a month, like you do your rent  
Well, I figured it up and over a period of time  
This four thousand dollar car of mine  
Costs fourteen thousand dollars and ninety-nine cents Well, now Lord Mr. Ford, I just wish that  
you could see  
What your simple horseless carriage has become  
Well, it seems your contribution to man  
To say the least, got a little out of hand  
Well, Lord Mr. Ford, what have you done  
Now the average American father and mother  
Own one whole car and half another  
And I bet that half a car is a trick to buy, don't you?  
But the thing that amazes me I guess  
Is the way we measure a man's success  
By the kind of an automobile he can afford to buy Well now, red light, green light, traffic cop  
Right turn, no turn, must turn, stop  
Get out the credit card honey, we're out of gas  
Well, now all the car's placed end to end  
Would reach to the moon and back again  
And there'd probably be some fool pull out to pass Well now, how I yearn for the good old days

Without that carbon monoxide haze  
A-hanging over the roar of the interstate  
Well, if the Lord that made the moon and stars  
Would have meant for me and you to have cars  
He'd have seen that we was all born with a parking space  
Lord Mr. Ford, I just wish that you  
could see  
What your simple horseless carriage has become  
Well, it seems your contribution to man  
To say the least, got a little out of hand  
Well, Lord Mr. Ford, what have you done  
Come away with me Lucille  
In my smoking, choking automobile

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