

Used Cars

My sisters in the front seat with an ice cream cone
My mas in the black 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 mans hands
Hes telling us all about the break hed give us
If he could, but he just cant

Well if I could, I swear I know just what Id do
Now, mister, the day the lottery I win
I aint 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 hed 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 aint ever gonna ride in no used car again