

# Transitional Car

Don Henry / Pete Fey

I'm in between lovers, I'm in between jobs  
I'm in between the covers til noon steals the moon  
And I dress like a slob  
**But you could change my luck darlin' rearrange the stars  
If you'd come and take a ride in my transitional car**

She handles like a redneck, burpin up beer  
She freezes in the winter, boils in the summer  
Like the Martian atmosphere  
**But she'd purr just like a lion if I ever got so far  
As to have you for a ride in my transitional car**

I used to travel first class now I pump my own gas  
Baby all this mileage takes it's toll  
Let's the air out of your tires, turns your sparks into misfires  
Leaving big old pot holes in your soul

I used to have a sweet thing and a big Mercedes Benz  
But she took me for a ride divorced me and beside  
She was allergic to my friends  
**But you have got the eyes that see beyond the scars  
Who doesn't judge a man by his transitional car**

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