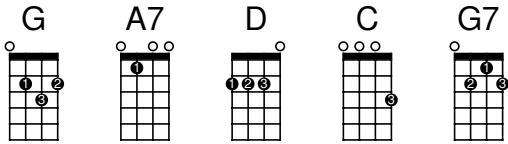


# Lord Mr. Ford

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-dollarating 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]drive, 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]