

Sixty-Nine Pimpmobile by Tom Farley

A
I was hitchin' to D.C. from Norfolk VA, totin' everything that I owned

Expectin' to be truckin' with my hitch-hikin' mama but I ended up travelin' alone
D

I was stuck outside of Newport News stranded in the freezin' rain
A

Prayin' if I ever saddled a driver I would promise never to complain
E

And the next set of lights pulled up on the right and I thought that it couldn't be real
A

'Cause I caught myself a ride with electroglide in a sixty-nine pimpmobile

A
It had a red leather roof and the bottom was black

A
And opera windows with the curtains in back

A
It had dice on the mirrors and rugs on the floor

A
Flag on the 'tenna of the radio

A
It has buckets in front and fins in the rear

A
And a straight transmission with seven different gears

Chorus

D
And I said "Oh my God, put down that number

A
I simply can't believe that it's true"

D
Crusin' down the interstate at ninety miles an hour

A
Don't give you time to take in the view....Oh Lord

D
The driver was in stitches....I was shittin' in my britches

A
I thought my hitchin' days were through

E
He said "Hang on, son, we'll get there on time

D A
D.C.'s just a little farther down the line"

A.....D.....A.....D.....A.....JAM AS LONG AS WE WANT

