# Pit Stop (Take Me Home)

## Lovage

I was driving in my car, late at night all alone
Then he stopped me, asked me for a ride
There you were on your ownNow ask me why do I feel my heart's on fire
Ask me why do I feel this strange desire
Ask me why do I feel like I'm falling, I'm fallingTake me home
What a wonderful way to go
Take me home
What a wonderful way to goLicking your greasy spoon, jukebox playing my tune
Making out in your room, blowing up your balloon
Playing you like a bassoon but if I only knew
Where we were driving to, I wouldn't have let you fill my tankI pulled in to your truck stop
And I'm sleeping on the asphalt eighteen
Wheelin' and siphon gas and I'm feeling you're my big 10-4Now ask me why do I feel my heart's on fire
Ask me why do I feel this strange desire
Ask me why do I feel like I'm falling, fallingTake me home
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