

Too Fast Driving

[Lisa Loeb](#)

Driving I was thinking
You're my flat tire
Too late at night in the
Pitch black, out of sight
And too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast driving
Driving I was thinking you're my flat tire
Not a blow out but a screeching halt
Lots of ice, no salt
And too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast driving
Don't want to think about
How much and what's the limit
Don't want to think about
The limit and am I in it
Am I in it? Am I in it?
Am I in it? Am I in it?
Driving I was thinking
You're my flat tire
You're gonna crash
You're stupid loud
You're reckless
You're spinning out
And too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast driving

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