

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

Diesel Boy

The hood of your car and the Florida skyline / You told me your secrets with your head pressed to mine / We lay close together like ivy entwined / You are all of my songs and the sun as it shines / So much beauty and style / What a beautiful smile / Like the perfect Picasso / Both color and grace / I call my machine to hear your voice one more time and my stomach gets weak as your voice comes through the line / The air is quiet, calm, and still / Just as it always and forever will / And my radio plays the same old song / And it makes me forget that you are gone

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