

Freshman Year

[Nikita Quasim](#)

Saturday night my first high school dance
Showin' up late in my sundays best
Seen you before ahh but not in that dress
The dj's last song and I lost the dare
So with my heart and my pride on the line
I asked you to dance for our first time right there
Holding hands in the hall
All night wait for your call it's 2 am and were still on the phone
Hanging out at the mall oh that old picture show
I reach for your lips girl first taste of love
That old ford truck was your daddy's worst fear
Oh I remember the way love felt in freshman year
Graduated in may we went our seperate ways
Til the hole in my heart was too much to take
You made that drive down to my dorm room that night
Every knock at the door you go and hide

And I thought I'd drown in the tears that you cried
Just a holdin on tight
We found a way to relight that old fire that night
We were young and wild hanging out too late at night
At all those college bars, cheap natty light
Just like one of the guys you stuck right by my side
At every football game there with a smile
Two in the crowd screaming "go dawgs. go!"
Oh I remember the way love felt in freshman year
Oh we're still young and wild hanging out to late at night
In all these college bars. cheap natty light
Just like one of the guys you stuck right by my side
At every football game there with a smile
Two in the crowd screaming "go dawgs, go!"
Oh I remember the way love felt in freshman year
Oh that's freshman year

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