

# Night Drive

## The All-american Rejects

When you're feeling down  
I'm comin' round  
To pick you up  
And take you out  
It won't be long  
'Till those blues are gone  
The city's waiting  
Beckoning for us  
It leads us on  
Let it lead us on  
It's the perfect night  
To just drive on by  
Let the dashboard underscore  
Everything we've seen  
While the world plays for our pleasure  
On our windshield silver screen  
And I don't know just where we're going  
And I don't care where we've been  
But we just coast on through  
Coz while I'm here with you, you know  
There's no place I'd rather be  
No place I'd rather be  
Such a quiet joy  
Knowing that I'm your pick-up fix

And you're my favourite boy  
You're feeling tired  
And I'm bleary-eyed  
And the highway lines  
Pass by in two/four double-time  
And we don't even recognise  
A single name on the street signs  
Nothing else is calling us  
But all we've left behind  
Is like a hell-hound on our trail  
and a burden on our mind  
Coz we know...  
...we gotta go home.  
Such a quiet joy

Driving anywhere  
Knowing that you are there.  
But you don't call,  
You don't call me no more  
And i waited all day  
You know you'll always  
Be my favourite boy

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