Night Moves

Night Moves (KC)

I was a little too tall
Could've used a few pounds
Tight pants points hardly reknown
She was a black haired beauty with big dark eyes
And points all her own sitting way up high
Way up firm and high
Out past the cornfields where the woods got heavy
Out in the back seat of my '60 Chevy
Workin' on mysteries without any clues
Workin' on our night moves
Trying' to make some front page drive-in news
Workin' on our night moves in the summertime
In the sweet summertime
We weren't in love oh no far from it
We weren't searching for some pie in the sky summit
We were just young and restless and bored
Living by the sword
And we'd steal away every chance we could
To the backroom, the alley, the trusty woods

I used her she used me
But neither one cared
We were getting our share
Workin' on our night moves
Trying to lose the awkward teenage blues
Workin' on out night moves
In the summertime
And oh the wonder
Felt the lightning
And we waited on the thunder
Waited on the thunder
I woke last night to the sound of thunder
How far off I sat and wondered
Started humming a song from 1962
Ain't it funny how the night moves
When you just don't seem to have as much to lose
Strange how the night moves
With autumn closing in

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