From the Backseat

Lucy Hale

We were burning in a '94 Corolla
Three hours deep into South Dakota
I was working on a lukewarm Coca Cola
In the dog days of JulyAnd my dad was a Superman stick shift driver
Stay at home Louis Lane beside him
Kissing to the rhythm of the billboard signs
As they went blurring by
Even when he would stop to pull over
He never took his hand off of her shoulderYou can see for miles
You can reach the dials
Sit back and smile from the front seat
You can chase the sun
You can feel the hum of the axles
Underneath your feet
When you're sitting shotgun
You seem pretty and free
But you learn to love from the backseatSo blink one day and I'm rolling along
With a part time job and blue pom-poms
Like every day's a knock off Mellowcamp song
With his hand right on my kneeAnd we made the age old prom-night promise
Put the corsage right where I want it
We found a road with nobody on it
And we didn't stop to think
And I didn't care when he killed the motor
Shut off the lights and we climbed overYou can see for miles
You can reach the dials
Sit back and smile from the front seat
You can chase the sun
You can feel the hum of the axles
Underneath your feet
When you're sitting shotgun
You seem pretty and free
But you learn to love from the backseatUp here I see it clear
Through the rear-view
It's good to take the backseat
When you get toYou can see for miles
You can reach the dials
Sit back and smile from the front seat
You can chase the sun

You can feel the hum of the axles
Underneath your feet
When you're sitting shotgun
You seem pretty and free
But you learn to loveYou can see for miles
You can reach the dials
Sit back and smile from the front seat
You can chase the sun
You can feel the hum of the axles
Underneath your feet
When you're sitting shotgun
You seem pretty and free
But you learn to love from the backseatWe were burning in a '94 Corolla
Three hours deep into South Dakota
I was working on a lukewarm Coca Cola

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/