

Sunday Driver

Blue County

Sunday Driver
His left elbow is hanging out the window
His left finger steerin' the wheel
His right arm is wrapped around his sweetheart
and it's paradise in his love mobile
And I'm stuck here right behind him
Held hostage by the double yellow line
The sign says 55, he's going thirty
And it's clear that he has no concern for time
Chorus:
He 's a Sunday, Sunday driver
He don't want to get his baby home too soon
He's a Sunday driver
In the middle of my Thursday afternoon
But I will not blink my headlights
no, I will not honk my horn
Cause I know (I know) just what he's feeling
cause I've been in that sweet driver's seat before
Chorus:
He 's a Sunday, a Sunday driver
He don't want to get his baby home too soon
He's a Sunday driver
in the middle of my Thursday afternoon
There's a growing line of angry cars behind us
like a centipede of metal single file
But I will not let them interrupt his romance
I'll be his guardian angel for awhile
Chorus:
He 's a Sunday, a Sunday driver
He don't want to get his baby home too soon
He's a Sunday, Sunday driver
In the middle of my Thursday afternoon
Allen Levi & Billy Aerts
Billy Aerts Music (BMI)
The Moon Is Round (ASCAP)

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