

Quarterback

Kira Isabella

It was Friday night
And the lights were shinin'
Everyone was sittin' in the stands
He was being scouted by a big time college
She played trumpet in the marching band

In the parking lot when the game was over
She had a bus to ride
But he pulled up in his buddy's truck
And the door swung open wide

He was the quarterback
Smilin' at her, imagine that
How do you explain the star of the game
And the no-name girl from the freshman class

She got out at a bonfire party
Never had a drink before
But he held it to her lips
And she took her first sip
Before she knew it, she had three more

She always heard that a girl's first time
Is a memory she'll never forget
She found out the hard way about love
When she saw those pictures on the Internet

Yeah he was the quarterback
Smilin' at her, imagine that
Who you gonna blame, the star of the game
Or the no-name girl in the freshman class

He was the quarterback
Smilin' at her, imagine that
Who you gonna blame, the star of the game
Or the no-name girl in the marching band

Monday morning when the word got out
Everybody picked a side
He had the school and the whole town too

And she had nothing but the truth inside

He was the quarterback
Smilin' at her, imagine that
Who you gonna blame, the star of the game
Or the no-name girl in the freshman class

He was the quarterback
Smilin' at her, imagine that

He was the quarterback
She was in the freshman class

He was a quarterback, yeah
Who you gonna blame, the star of the game
Or the no-name girl in the freshman class

Lyrics submitted by Kyls Bushell.

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