

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Kyls Bushell.

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