From the Backseat

Lucy Hale

You were burning in a '94 Corolla,
3 hours deep in the South Dakota
I was workin' on a lukewarm Coca-Cola
In the dog days of July

And 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 shoulder

You 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 backseat,

So late one day and I'm rolling along,
With a part time job
And blue pom-poms,
Like every days a knock off Mellencamp song
With his hand right on my knee,

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 over,

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Up here I see it clear through the rear-view
It's good to take the back seat
When you get to

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