

Night Spots

The Cars

How could you cross your fine line?
A silly driver, kinda off the wall
You keep it cool when it's t-t-tight
Eyes wide open when you start to fall You go d-dancing in the dim lit club
Some pressure cooker crawls up on his knees
Flashing sensation like a one on one
Stomping around in the jitterbug breeze How you shake me up and down
When we hit the nightspots on the town How you shake me up and down
When we hit the nightspots on the town It's all behind you when you do catch on
You keep your lovers in a penny jar
A real romantic with a sultry stare
You keep on messin' with your blonde, long hair How you shake me up and down
When we hit the nightspots on the town It's just an automatic line
It's just an automatic line
It's just an automatic line
It's just an automatic line

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