

# In the Car

## Barenaked Ladies

She fed me strawberries and freezer-burned ice cream  
I said, "Goodbye, I guess"  
She lifted up her dress and so I must confess  
We made out one more time before I left for good  
She thought I'd come back  
But I wouldn't want to seem like other guys  
A book-and-record love, we sat and read our books  
Between those longing looks, compounded by our fear  
My tongue inside her ear, my tongue inside her  
In the basement of her mother's house where we once taped  
The first three sides of Sandinista for my car  
We were looking for ourselves and found each other  
In the car it was rare to do much more than simply mess around  
In the car it was mostly mutual masturbation  
Though we spoke of penetration  
I'd have to wait for someone else to try it out  
Once I had this dream where I slept with her mom  
Unless I've got this wrong, a secret all along  
Unless she hears this song  
Unless she hears it on a tape inside her car  
With her new husband and she  
Turns to him and says, "I think that's me"

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