

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"
In the car we were looking for ourselves but found each other
In the car we groped for excuses not to be alone anymore
In the car we were waiting for our lives to start their endings
In the car we were never making love, we were never making love
We were never making love

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