

Cold Shower Tuesdays

Bowling for Soup

Her finger traced I love you
In the palm of my hand
That's still the only time
My belly's ever hit the floor like that Your feet in my lap
We drove away the past
Knowing we would turn around again Tell her I'm not sorry, mention my Ferrari
Just don't tell her that I miss her
She wanted in, I wanted out
And that's the last thing we talked about Remember how our hands matched
Love lines, same size
I guess I should have checked
To see the life lines were in line I called on the phone
You still felt alone
And talked about the songs
That made you cry Tell her I'm not sorry, mention my Ferrari
Just don't tell her that I miss her
She wanted in, I wanted out
And that's the last thing we talked about
She wanted in, I wanted out
And that's the last thing we talked about Campfire cookies
And John Hughes movies
Jr. Mints and cold shower Tuesdays
November shivers and rear view mirrors
And the little things like that, little things like that Tell her I'm not sorry, mention my Ferrari
Just don't tell her that I miss her
She wanted in, I wanted out
And that's the last thing we talked about Campfire cookies
And John Hughes movies
Jr. Mints and that's the last thing we talked about
November shivers and rear view mirrors
And the little things like that
And that's the last thing we talked about

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