

# 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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