The Backseat

Oh No Oh My

In the backseats of burned out cars.
In the disenchantment lane.
The ideal angels twist and turn, ask forgiveness for future mistakes.
But you and I we've been through this.
Maybe 100 times before.
Always hitching rides with strangers.
Papa warned us about before
But you know the summer always brought it.
That wild and reckless breeze.
And in the backseat, we're just trying to find some room for our knees.
And in the backseat, we're just trying to find some room to breathe.
And in the wild desert sun, we drove straight on through the night.
We rode a fever out of Boston.
Dreamed of California nights.
Come July, we'll ride the Ferris Wheel.

Go round and round and round.
And If you never let me go, well I will never let you down.
But you know the summer always brought it.
That wild and reckless breeze.
And in the backseat, we're just trying to find some room for our knees.
And in the backseat, we're just trying to find some room to breathe.
And these cowboys all go crazy in the heat.
Chasing the lights in all the girls
Along the Santa Anna streets that they're just dying to meet.
It meant nothing to me.
You know the summer always brought it.
That wild and reckless breeze.
And in the backseat we're just trying to find some room for our knees.
Hey!

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