

Too Fast Driving

[Lisa Loeb](#)

Driving I was thinking
You're my flat tire
Too late at night in the
Pitch black, out of sightAnd too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast drivingDriving I was thinking you're my flat tire
Not a blow out but a screeching halt
Lots of ice, no saltAnd too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast drivingDon't want to think about
How much and what's the limit
Don't want to think about
The limit and am I in itAm I in it? Am I in it?
Am I in it? Am I in it?Driving I was thinking
You're my flat tire
You're gonna crashYou're stupid loud
You're reckless
You're spinning outAnd too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast driving

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