

Kids with Cars

Dallas Smith

Yeah, just kids 1987, two door Civic, with a stick shift

Parked next to a rusted out old Chevy

With a lift kit, high school parking lot

Full of hand-me-downs, and daddy's money

If it rolls it rocks, cause its all yours

And ain't it something Kids with cars, back when who you are

Was all about having a ride on a Friday night

And how many friends you can pack inside

It's just kids with cars, yeah

We're just kids with cars Showing off those brand new custom plates

On that drop top, Cavalier

With the seats back all the way

She's so hot

Just enough money for gas

And bottle of Coke

Found on the dash

Making out, limo tint

Cruise the strip

Do it again

Just Kids with cars, back when who you are

Was all about having a ride on a Friday night

Your first real kiss in the dashboard light

Just kids with cars, yeah

We're just kids with cars That wood panel wagon that you got for free

Didn't have no heat, didn't have AC

But it's got cruise control, and two back seats

And a 12-inch sub that'll rattle your teeth

And that old Ford Bronco dent in the door

Jack belt mud tires, hole in the floor

With the brand new Mustang

Pedal down running

Burning rubber at the stop light

Jet black stunning Kids with cars, back when who you are

Was all about having a ride on a Friday night

And how many friends you can pack inside

It's just kids with cars, yeah

Yeah, we're just kids with cars Yeah, just kids

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