

Bowling For Soup, Cold Shower Tuesdays

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 weren't in line

I call 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
Junior 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
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And the little things
And that's the last thing we talked about