

Backseat Goodbye, Lucky Lucky Me

the college kids are singing love songs on the balcony below me.
it's friday night two for one your either loved or you're lonely.
it's getting colder you can play it off with a scarf or a sweater.
if worse comes to worse you can say that it will only get better.
i woke up this morning with hopes that tonight i might find you.
lucky lucky me with the smoothness of a tailor i asked your name.
you coughed twice then after two more tries you finally heard. smiled real bright like some christmas
if we weren't in the city i'd ask you to watch the stars with me.
but the lights are too bright so we'll just have to pretend. the back porch lamp is lovely, fine, illuminating
i woke up this morning hopes that tonight i might be loved. 'cause if your young then you're young and
false sense of hope and my blue jean pants.
clean white socks with my hands in my pockets i walked your way.
you know the rest, you tried your best not to laugh.
an innocent kid with a stutter and a love for the past.
if you like me clap your hands if you don't just walk away. it's a beautiful night and oh how i hope you
if we hurry we can catch reruns on channel 2. you've been wanting to leave since you got here.
so leaving's just what we'll do.
we can get lost on purpose for a little while longer.
the sunset's ours then it's home like i promised you.