

Barenaked Ladies, In The Car

She fed me strawberries
and freezer-burned ice cream
I said "Goodbye, I guess"
She lifted up her dress
and so I must confess,
we made out one more
time before I left for good
She thought I'd come back but I
wouldn't want to seem like other guys

A book-and-record love,
we sat and read our books,
between those longing looks,
compounded by our fear,
My tongue inside her ear,
my tongue inside her
in the basement of her mother's
house where she once taped the
first three sides of Sandanista! for my car

We were looking for ourselves
and found each other
In the Car
it was rare to do much more
than simply mess around
In the Car
It was mostly mutual masturbation
And though we spoke of penetration
I'd have to wait for someone else to try it out

Once I had this dream
where I slept with her mom
Unless I've got this wrong, a secret all along
Unless she hears this song,
unless she hears it
on a tape inside her car
with her new husband and she
turns to him and says "I think that's me"

In the Car
We were looking for ourselves
but found each other
In the Car
We groped for excuses
not to be alone anymore
In the Car
We were waiting for our lives
to start their endings
In the Car
We were never making love
We were never making love
We were never making love