

# Lisa Loeb, Too Fast Driving

Driving I was...thinking  
You're my flat tire  
Too late at night in the pitch black, out of sight  
And too fast driving  
And too fast driving  
And too fast driving

Driving I was...thinking  
You're my flat tire  
Not a blow out, but a screeching halt, lots of ice, no salt  
And too fast driving  
And too fast driving  
And too fast driving

Don't want to think about how much, and what's the limit  
Don't want to think about the limit and am I in it  
Am 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 crash, you're stupid loud  
You're reckless, you're spinning out  
And too fast driving  
And too fast driving  
And too fast driving