

In our covered wagon times when dad he had his captain eyes
We'd get the steel horse moving on the straights and lines of 9
5

And mom she was our singer and we kept alive on greasy fries
I held onto my stash of jams that ran along in Michelin time

In the back of our old car never going too far
In the back of our old car I think we've gone too far

And there's no way to remind me of pacific plates or what the t
ext was
No better way to remind me of sun heated seats then "love me do
" was

Carolina mark the mile "south of the border" bumper signs
And styles I don't recognize
A weeping willow motel sign
By Georgia I am hypnotized more batteries for my power ma'am
I'm tuning into radio let it change me till we drive again

In the back of our old car never going to far
In the back of our old car I think we've gone too far

And there's no way to remind me of the scented heads In a blue
camino
No better way to remind me of a neato rack then a lead off trac
k was

And in the nighttime you'll sleep
Lean on it lean on it
Don't you wake them lean on it

And then we ran out again and then we ran out again
We ran it out, ran it out