

Sunday Driver

Blue County

Aw, yeah
His left elbow, is hanging out the window
His left finger, is steering the wheel
His right arm is, wrapped around his sweetheart
And it's paradise inside his love mobile
Well I am stuck here, right behind him
I'm held hostage by the double yellow line
The sign says fifty five, he's going thirty
And it's clear to me that he has no concern for time

He's a Sunday, a Sunday driver
He don't want to get his baby home too soon
He's a Sunday, a Sunday driver
In the middle of my Thursday afternoon

Oh I will not, blink my headlights
Oh no I will not honk my horn
'Cause I know, I know just what he's feeling
'Cause I've been in that sweet, driver's seat before

He's a Sunday, a Sunday driver
He don't want to get his baby home too soon
He's a Sunday, a Sunday driver
In the middle of my Thursday afternoon

There is a growing line of angry cars behind us
It's the center fear of mental and single file
I will not interrupt his romance
Well, I'll be his guardian angel for a while

He's a Sunday, a Sunday driver
He don't want to get his baby home too soon
He's a Sunday, a Sunday driver
In the middle of my Thursday afternoon
Yeah in the middle of my Thursday afternoon