

## 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