

Quarterback

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It was Friday night and the lights were shinning
Everyone was sitting in the stands
He was being scouted by a big time college
She played trumpet in the marching band
In the parking lot, when the game was over
She had a bus to ride
When he pulled up in his buddy's truck
And the door swung open wide

He was the quarterback
Smile at her, imagine that
How do you explain the star of the game
And the no name girl from the freshman class

She got out at a bonfire party
Never had a drink before
But he held it to her lips and she took her first sip
And before she knew it, she had three more

She always heard that a girls first time,
Is a memory she'll never forget
She found out the hard way about love
When she saw those pictures on the internet

He was the quarterback
Smile at her, imagine that
Who you gonna blame the star of the game
Or the no name girl in the freshman class
He was the quarterback
Smile at her, imagine that
Who you gonna blame, the star of the game
Or the no name girl in the marching band

Oooh-Oooh

Monday morning when the word got out
Everybody picked a side
He had the school and the whole town too
And she had nothing but the truth inside

He was the quarterback
Smile at her, imagine that
Who you gonna blame, the star of the game
Or the no name girl in the freshman class
He was the quarterback
Lied to her, imagine that
He was the quarterback
She was in the freshman class
He was the quarterback
Yeah
Who you gonna blame the star of the game
Or the no name girl in the freshman class