

# From the Backseat

Lucy Hale

1. We were burning in a '94 Corolla,  
3 hours deep into South Dakota.  
I was workin' on a lukewarm Coca-Cola  
In the dog days of July.  
And my dad was a Superman stick shift driver,  
Stay at home Lois Lane beside him,  
Kissing to the rhythm of the billboard signs,  
As they went blurring by.  
And even when he would stop to pull over,  
He never took his hand off of her shoulder...

R: You can see for miles,  
You can reach the dials,  
Sit back and smile from the front seat.  
You can chase the sun,  
You can feel the hum of the axles underneath your feet.  
When you're sitting shotgun,  
You're sitting pretty and free.  
But you learn to love from the backseat.

2. So late one day and I'm rolling along,  
With a part time job and blue pom-poms,  
Like every day's a knock off Mellencamp song,  
With his hand right on my knee.  
We made the age old prom night promise,  
Put the corsage right where I want it.  
And we found a road with nobody on it,  
And we didn't stop to think.  
And I didn't care when he killed the motor,  
Shut off the lights and we climbed over.

R: You can see for miles...

Up here I see it clear through the rear-view  
It's good to take the back seat  
When you get to

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