

The Back Seat of My Car

Paul McCartney

Speed along the highway,
Honey, I want it my way.
But listen to her daddy's song,
Don't stay out too long.
Oo, we're just busy hiding,
Sitting in the back seat of my car.

Looking for a ride and all about,
Looking for a ride in and out of town,
Strolling around and all about,
Looking for a ride in and out of

The laser lights are pretty,
We may end up in Mexico city.
But listen to her daddy's song,
Making love is wrong.
Oo, we're just busy riding,
Sitting in the back seat of my car.

Oh, oh,
Pah-pah-pah-pah-pah-pah,
Pah-pah-pah-pah-pah-pah-pah.
For we was only hiding,
Sitting in the back seat of my car.

Yeah,
And when we finished driving,
We can say we were late in arriving.
And listen to her daddy's song,
We believe that we can't be wrong, yeah!

Oh-oh, we believe that we can't be wrong,
Oh-oh, we believe that we can't be wrong,
We can make it to Mexico city,
Sitting in the back seat of my car.
Oh, oh,

Oh-oh, we believe that we can't be wrong,
Oh-oh, we believe that we can't be wrong,
Oh-oh, we believe that we can't be wrong,
Oh-oh, we believe that we can't be wrong,
Oh-oh, we believe that we can't be wrong,
Oh-oh, we believe that we can't be wrong,
No, no, no,
We believe we can't be wrong,
Yeah! yeah! yeah!
Oh-oh, oh-oh, yeah, oh, yeah.