

Frankie had this old two door
An Oldsmobile seventy-four
It rode six inches off the ground
It must have weighed ten thousand pounds
But when Frank left it just broke down
Like our young hearts

We worked together every day
And rode together every night
We kept the cooler in the trunk full
We spent our summers in that car
It was our bedroom and our bar
Like our young hearts

And we're riding
In that beat up car
Just riding
With our swollen hearts
Yeah, I'm missin'
I miss that beat up car
Like our young hearts
I think about it still

Like how we'd drive
All night
Driving after dark
Gonna meet our girlfriends at the park
And then we'd go
Riding... Riding for the sake of riding
We're riding for the sake of riding
Riding for the sake riding
Riding for the sake of...

Riding in that beat up car now
Our young hearts, our young hearts swollen shut
Well, I think that
I think that mine is still now
I think you, I think you miss it too
Like my young heart
Like your young, young heart