

Night Spots

The Cars

Could be you're crossing the fine line
a silly driver kinda, off the wall
you keep it cool when it's t-t-tight
eyes wide open when you start to fall
you go dancing in the dim lit club
some pressure cooker
crawls up on his knees
flashing sensation like a one on one
stomping around in the jitterbug breeze
oo how you shake me up and down
when we hit the nightspots on the town
it's all behind you when you do catch on
you keep your lovers in a penny jar
a real romantic with a sultry stare
you keep messing with your blonde long hair
it's just an automatic line