

Cars

"Nightspots"

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Could be you're corssing 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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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