

Gie Few "American Cars"

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I stole an American car
it took me two places I'd never been
one was just beyond my home state line
& the other was in the state pen
I felt guilty for what I'd done
I pulled off to the side of the road & prayed
there were newspaper men all around at the scene
you probably read about it the very next day

As I sit here behind this windscreen tonight
I wonder back through my awkward flight
we were teenagers in classrooms, but young adults in
bars
I search my mind over & grit my teeth
& dance down the right lane of old 18
I believe in broken hearts & American Cars

I was the one who never got away
she lost her shirt taking a gamble on me
I choked back liquor & was speechless
as she opened the door on permanent leave
but while I sped along the open road
& tasted my last breath of free air
in that two-tone coupe in my brief embrace
I left that mess in my rearview mirror
As I sit here behind this windscreen tonight
I wonder back through my awkward flight
we were teenagers in classrooms, but young adults in
bars
I search my mind over & grit my teeth
& dance down the right lane of old 18
I believe in broken hearts & American Cars

Three years later I stepped through the front gate
feeling stronger in body & mind
she & I had made a vow, or a pact of some sort
never to search & never to be unkind
how can one day lay in the middle of spring
& the next be the middle of fall
I started wondering if I was ever really there
or if I'd stolen that car at all

Well, as I sit here behind this windscreen tonight
I wonder back through my awkward flight
we were teenagers in classrooms, but young adults in
bars
I search my mind over & grit my teeth
& dance down the right lane of old 18
I believe in broken hearts & American Cars

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