

Steve Poltz "Impala"

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I love girl, girl love me
It not all, it crack up to be
Soda pop, radio on
Dedicate my girl a song

Gone are days of simple things
Got to buy baby diamond rings
Keep it simple, just don't brag
Got to be high speed low drag

In the Impala of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love

Coffee pot is so bilingual
Self help books on being single
Everything today is so hi-tech
Why can't we just park by the lake and neck?

In the Impala of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love

Love in the 20th century is
Such confusion, such mystery
Where's my modem?
Where's my mother?
Fax incoming, oh, brother

Stars are out, you look fine
Empty clothes, empty bottle of wine
You got nice jambes, that's French for legs
Let's cook in the back like a couple poached eggs

In the Impala of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love, do wop, do wop
Baby of my love, do wop, do wop

Baby of my love, do wop, do wop

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