

## **Ditty Bops, The**

### **"Moon Over the Freeway"**

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Moon over the freeway catch us as we ride  
We just left the city, left it far behind  
Silhouettes of palm trees, airplanes cross the moon  
Living in the moment of the girl who left too soon  
It's warm, my favorite song comes on  
Let's roll the windows down and drive  
It feels like summer is a comin' round the corner  
Here she comes  
Brings us shells that listen to what we have to say  
Blows us summer kisses as she turns and walks away  
There she goes, there she goes  
Drive right on, the night is young  
We could drive on and on forever as the hours slip on  
by  
They slip like perfect fitting sweaters  
Over shoulders cold from shortened days and wintry  
nights  
Left me in September, I thought that she was gone  
Invited her to come again, so she could tag along  
Barefoot on the pavement  
Warm against our feet  
Houses filled with music  
As we drift through lonely streets

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