

Gaslight Anthem, The "The Backseat"

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In the backseats of burned out cars
In the disenchantment lane
The ideal angels twist and turn, ask forgiveness for
future mistakes
But you and I we've been through this
Maybe a hundred times before
Always hitching rides with strangers
Papa warned us about before

But you know the summer always brought it
That wild and reckless breeze
And in the backseat, we're just trying to find some
room for our knees
And in the backseat, we're just trying to find some
room to breathe

And in the wild desert sun, we drove straight on
through the night
We rode a fever out of Boston
Dreamed of California nights
Come July, we'll ride the Ferris wheel
Go round and round and round
And if you never let me go, well I will never let you
down

But you know the summer always brought it
That wild and reckless breeze
And in the backseat, we're just trying to find some
room for our knees
And in the backseat, we're just trying to find some
room to breathe

And these cowboys all go crazy in the heat
Chasing the lights in all the girls
Along the Santa Ana streets that they're just dying to
meet
It meant nothing to me

You know the summer always brought it
That wild and reckless breeze
And in the backseat we're just trying to find some room

for our knees
Hey!

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