

That's a death-defying walk she's got
Dancing to the parking lot ooh, 18

What she does to t-shirts
So good makes my eyes hurt ooh, 18

Somebody ought to write a song about it so I did
Makes me wish I was a kid again 18

We were made out of asbestos
Dairy Queen for breakfast at 18 18

Rock and roll was king
And cars were everything at 18 18
Nobody could have told us anything and if they tried
It gave us something to fight about at 18

Blue jeans, young hearts knockin' out big dreams
You and me work we're burning like gasoline
It's amazing that we ever lived past 18

Shooting city limit signs
Chasing girls and wasting time ooh, 18
Pretending we were tough
Telling stories that we made up ooh, 18
Dressing like the pictures hanging in our bedroom
We tore out of a magazine at 18

Cruisin' in convertibles, completely indestructible
We were hookin' up and hangin' out
Believing what we sang about 18
Kroeger on a Friday night, making circles out of headlights