

## She Loves My Car

Bobby Caldwell

Drive all night up and down the highway  
May be a Monday but it feels like Friday  
Pushing faster, pulling her close  
It doesn't matter to her where we go

She loves my car  
It's just a machine  
She loves my car  
I wish she loved me  
The way she loves my car

All that chrome she loves to stare in  
A rear-view mirror that she combs her hair in  
The heat of the engine, the thrill of the ride  
That's all I need to keep her satisfied

She loves my car  
It's just a machine  
She loves my car  
I wish she loved me  
The way she loves my car

Don't stop keep on rollin'  
Into the dark, we've gone too far  
She's got me driving blind  
And I don't mind