

Learning To Drive

Corey Smith

I got my Chevrolet keys
The first week of June
It was my daddy's ol' truck
But I had it looking like new
I went straight to her house
Took her out for a spin
I kept my hands to myself
'Cause we were still just friends
Back then, we swore
We'd never be more... but

Two hands on the wheel
Turned into one on her knee
Takin' it slow
Turned into picking up speed
Keeping my eyes on the road
Turned into looking in hers
Riding the brakes
Turned into hugging them curves
Yeah, that summer flew by
Learning to drive
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That July was hot
And my AC didn't work
Kept the windows rolled down
And that was fine by her
She'd turn the radio loud
Let her blonde hair fly
Lift her sunglasses up
Show the green in her eyes
As she'd sing every line
To "Strawberry Wine"

And two hands on the wheel
Turned into one on her knee
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Turned into picking up speed
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August was a flash
My foot stayed heavy on the gas
I hung her necklace on the mirror
Put her picture on the dash
I told her I loved her
But she never said it back
Thought we'd last forever
But that summer's all we had
Too fast, too far
Wound up wrecking' my heart

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Turned into one on her knee
Takin' it slow
Turned into picking up speed
Keeping my eyes on the road
Turned into looking in hers
Riding the brakes
Turned into hugging them curves
Yeah, that summer flew by
Left me with tears in my eyes
Kissed my innocence goodbye
Learning to drive
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That summer flew by