

Baby, I know that you gotta go
If it's a whim or a plan either I hope
There's a beach in it
And your Friday nights are barefoot in the sand
And there's music and lights
And your left hand has a beer in it
I hope the coast is clear in it

Oh, I love you and I'll leave it at that
It's OK if you don't look back

But if my '98 Pontiac is still driving through your dreams
Takes you flying around this old town in that same old shotgun
seat
When you open your eyes
And that pretty little mind has a memory in it
I hope there's still a little me in it

You ain't gotta call, you ain't gotta write
But if the lonely gets you dialing for my voice one night
'cause miss hearing it
I'll try not to have a tear in it

I won't try to talk you back into "us"
I'll my mouth and my broken heart shut

If my '98 Pontiac is still driving through your dreams
Takes you flying around this old town in that same old shotgun
seat
When you open your eyes
And that pretty little mind has a memory in it
I hope there's still a little me in it

Oh, I love you and I'll leave it at that
Yeah, I know that you ain't coming back

If my '98 Pontiac is still driving through your dreams
Takes you flying around this old town in that same old shotgun
seat
When you open your eyes
And that pretty little mind has a memory in it
I hope there's still a little me in it

I hope there's still a little me in it