

Streetlights paint your face and I'm paralyzed
We drive to get away, I'm not asking why
'Cause your boyfriend, he gave you, the dice on the rear view
But right now it's me with my feet on the dashboard
And maybe we're something
It's probably nothing
It makes no difference to me
I still tell my friends

I ride all night in your Malibu
I still tell my friends
I ride all night in your Malibu
I still tell my friends

Cars pass, our bodies talk with no dialogue
Preachers and three years of patience for the underdog
Yeah your boyfriend he told you he misses the old
But right now we're parked with my seatbelt unfastened
I know this is something
You say we're just fucking
It makes no difference to me
I still tell my friends

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We're shifting gears 'cause he's calling your phone
You're telling him that you're home all alone
You're so damn hot, way out of my league
That's why my friends will never believe me

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