

# Quarterback

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It was Friday night and the lights were shinning  
Everyone was sitting in the stands  
He was being scouted by a big time college  
She played trumpet in the marching band  
In the parking lot, when the game was over  
She had a bus to ride  
When he pulled up in his buddy's truck  
And the door swung open wide

He was the quarterback  
Smile at her, imagine that  
How do you explain the star of the game  
And the no name girl from the freshman class

She got out at a bonfire party  
Never had a drink before  
But he held it to her lips and she took her first sip  
And before she knew it, she had three more

She always heard that a girls first time,  
Is a memory she'll never forget  
She found out the hard way about love  
When she saw those pictures on the internet

He was the quarterback  
Smile at her, imagine that  
Who you gonna blame the star of the game  
Or the no name girl in the freshman class  
He was the quarterback  
Smile at her, imagine that  
Who you gonna blame, the star of the game  
Or the no name girl in the marching band

Oooh-Oooh

Monday morning when the word got out  
Everybody picked a side  
He had the school and the whole town too  
And she had nothing but the truth inside

He was the quarterback  
Smile at her, imagine that  
Who you gonna blame, the star of the game  
Or the no name girl in the freshman class  
He was the quarterback  
Lied to her, imagine that  
He was the quarterback  
She was in the freshman class  
He was the quarterback  
Yeah  
Who you gonna blame the star of the game  
Or the no name girl in the freshman class