

Too Fast Driving

Lisa Loeb

Driving I was...thinking
You're my flat tire
Too late at night in the pitch black, out of sight
And too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast driving

Driving I was...thinking
You're my flat tire
Not a blow out, but a screeching halt, lots of ice, no salt
And too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast driving

Don't want to think about how much, and what's the limit
Don't want to think about the limit and am I in it
Am I in it?
Am I in it?
Am I in it?
Am I in it?

Driving I was...thinking
You're my flat tire
You're gonna crash, you're stupid loud
You're reckless, you're spinning out
And too fast driving
And too fast driving
And too fast driving