

Driving Weather

NERIAH

It was 105 degrees Fahrenheit
Ah ah ah
In your skin-tight shirt, you had me mesmerized
Ah ah ah
Your Hair was bleached in the sun
You had smoke in your lungs
And my name on your tongue
I like the way that it rolls off baby
You were taking your time down the 405

And you
Called it driving weather
Ah ah ah
We were driving together
Ah ah ah

Both feet on the dash
Headed for the crash

Now it's nice to remember
Ah ah ah
The driving weather

What a picture perfect kinda memory
Ah ah ah
Looking right at you from the passenger seat
Ah ah ah

Ya had one hand on the wheel
And we were passing the pier
I was all out of fear
Cause you showed me what love is baby
Laying in your arms, swear it was meant to be

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