

Backseat Rider

Sara Kays

You lived down the block
We met for the first time at the bus stop
We sat side by side
Third seat from the back, we talked the whole ride
Six years later you bought your first car
And you told me to wait outside
Then you pulled up and somebody else
Was sitting in the passenger side

So I sat in the backseat, it didn't bother me
But after five weeks of sitting in silence behind her
While you talked of movies I've never seen
I realized that's how we used to be
But now my best friend is the driver
And I'm the backseat rider

Maybe it's my fault
Spent summer break away and forgot to call
Or maybe you forgot
Around this time last summer we sat in the parking lot
And you told me when you got your first car
That you and I would go for a drive
But now we're here and somebody else
Is sitting in the passenger side

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I gave you back the clothes that you used to borrow
You dropped me off at home, said you'll see me tomorrow

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