

# The Backseat

## The Gaslight Anthem

In the back seats of burned out cars  
In the disenchantment lane  
The ideal angels twist and turn  
And ask forgiveness for future mistakes

But you and I, we've been through this  
Maybe a hundred times before  
Always hitchin' rides with strangers  
That papa warned us about before

But you know the summer always brought in  
That wild and reckless breeze  
And in the backseats we just tried to find  
Some room for our knees

And in the backseats we just tried to find some room to breathe  
And in the backseats we just tried to find some room to breathe

And in the wild desert sun  
We drove straight on through the night  
We rode the fever out of Austin  
Dreamed of California lights

Come July, we'll ride the ferris wheel  
Go 'round and 'round and 'round  
And if you never let me go  
Well, I will never let you down

And you know the summer always brought in  
All those wild and reckless breezes  
And in the backseats we just tried to find  
Some room for our knees

And in the backseats we just tried to find some room to breathe  
And in the backseats we just tried to find some room to breathe

And these cowboys all go crazy in the heat  
Chasin' the lights and all the girls along the Santa Ana streets  
They're just dyin' to meet  
It meant nothin' to me

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You know the summer always brought in  
That wild and reckless breeze  
And in the backseats we just tried to find  
Some room for our knees, hey