

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