

You, her
You, her and me
We, with the wheels
Drive to the beach

With no sleep
We're racing to beat
The sun as it rides to the top
Of the palm trees

Stay in the conversation
While she's in the rear seat
Maybe she's not listening to us
The thoughts in her hands are distracting enough

White summer dresses
Over our heads
We can't see
Are you coming or going?

She yodels at me
Please stop the car
I can't move my hands
Or my feet

You take her
Out to the street
Bawling, she asks you
What's happening to me?

I walk to a payphone
Call for an ambulance
Hate her like nobody
Knows