

## 3rd Gear & 17

Aaron Watson

I held the keys to that Chevrolet  
and you held the keys to my heart  
I'd throw a fit, hit the dash,  
get out and kick the tire  
when that old piece of junk wouldn't start  
It'd be smoking good I'm slam down the hood  
Just to see you laughing at me  
On the other side of a dirty windshield,  
lookin' as pretty as could be

We sure saw a lot of miles,  
never even crossed that county line  
I would've bet the farm, given my right arm  
so you'd always be mine  
Did we crash and burn or make a wrong turn  
or run out of gasoline?  
I lost you around 3rd gear and 17

In the blink of an eye high school flew by  
you went your way and I went mine  
But we swore we'd make it,  
our love could take it  
400 miles could stand the test of time

Well I left that fall to play college ball,  
but my dreams would all come to an end  
'Cause you know the big leagues never called,  
and you went and fell in love with him

We sure saw a lot of miles,  
never even crossed that county line  
I would've bet the farm, given my right arm  
so you'd always be mine  
Did we crash and burn or make a wrong turn  
or run out of gasoline?  
I lost you around 3rd gear and 17

Memories flash through my mind like old faded photographs  
I still think about you in that red Malibu  
and I just can't help but laugh

We sure saw a lot of miles,  
never even crossed that county line  
I would've bet the farm, given my right arm  
so you'd always be mine  
Did we crash and burn or make a wrong turn  
or run out of gasoline?  
I lost you around 3rd gear and 17

Love broke down around 3rd gear and 17  
I lost you around 3rd gear and 17