

## Swollen

Paw

Frankie had this old two door  
An Oldsmobile seventy-four  
It rode six inches off the ground  
It must have weighed ten thousand pounds  
But when Frank left it just broke down  
Like our young hearts

We worked together every day  
And rode together every night  
We kept the cooler in the trunk full  
We spent our summers in that car  
It was our bedroom and our bar  
Like our young hearts

And we're riding  
In that beat up car  
Just riding  
With our swollen hearts  
Yeah, I'm missin'  
I miss that beat up car  
Like our young hearts  
I think about it still

Like how we'd drive  
All night  
Driving after dark  
Gonna meet our girlfriends at the park  
And then we'd go  
Riding... Riding for the sake of riding  
We're riding for the sake of riding  
Riding for the sake riding  
Riding for the sake of...

Riding in that beat up car now  
Our young hearts, our young hearts swollen shut  
Well, I think that  
I think that mine is still now  
I think you, I think you miss it too  
Like my young heart  
Like your young, young heart