

You got a fast car; I want a ticket to anywhere.
Maybe we make a deal, maybe together we can get somewhere
Any place is better. Starting from zero, got nothing to lose.
Maybe we'll make something; me, myself, I got nothing to prove

You got a fast car; I got a plan to get us out of here.
I been working at the convenience store, managed to save just a little bit of money.
Won't have to drive too far, just 'cross the border and into the city.
You and I can both get jobs, and finally see what it means to be living.

See, my old man's got a problem: he lives with the bottle, that's the way it is.
He says his body's too old for working; his body's too young to look like his.
My mama went off and left him. She wanted more from life than he could give.
I said, somebody's got to take care of him. So I quit school and that's what I did.

You got a fast car. Is it fast enough so we can fly away?
We gotta make a decision, leave tonight or live and die this way.

So, I remember when we were driving, driving in your car. Speed so fast, I felt like I was drunk.
City lights lay out before us, and your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder.
And I, had a feeling that I belonged.
I had a feeling I could be someone, be someone, be someone.

You got a fast car. We go cruising to entertain ourselves.
You still ain't got a job, and I work in a market as a checkout girl.
I know things will get better, you'll find work and I'll get promoted.
We'll move out of the shelter, buy a bigger house and live in the suburbs.

So, I remember when we were driving, driving in your car. Speed so fast, I felt like I was drunk.
City lights lay out before us, and your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder.
And I, had a feeling that I belonged.
I had a feeling I could be someone, be someone, be someone.

You got a fast car. I got a job that pays all our bills.
You stay out drinking late at the bar, see more of your friends than you do of your kids.
I'd always hoped for better, thought maybe together you and me would find it.
I got no plans, I ain't going nowhere, so take your fast car and keep on driving.

So, I remember when we were driving, driving in your car. Speed so fast, I felt like I was drunk.
City lights lay out before us, and your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder.
And I, had a feeling that I belonged.
I had a feeling I could be someone, be someone, be someone.

You got a fast car. Is it fast enough so you can fly away?
You gotta make a decision: leave tonight or live and die this way.