

Ronnie Milsap, She Loves My Car

Drive all night up and down the highway
It may be a Monday but it feels like Friday
Pushing faster, pulling her close
It doesn't matter to her where we go.

She loves my car, she loves my car
It's just a machine
She loves my car, she loves my car
I wish she loved me the way she loves my car.

All that chrome that she combs her hair in
The rearview mirror that she loves to stare in
The heat of the engine, the thrill of the ride
That's all I've got to keep her satisfied.

She loves my car, she loves my car
It's just a machine
She loves my car, she loves my car
I wish she loved me the way she loves my car.

Don't stop, keep on rolling, stop, keep on rolling
Don't stop, keep on rolling, stop, keep on rolling
Til the dark, we're going too far.

She loves my car, she loves my car
It's just a machine
She loves my car, she loves my car
I wish she loved me the way she loves my car.

She loves my car, she loves my car
It's just a machine
She loves my car, she loves my car
I wish she loved me the way she loves my car.

Oh, my car...