

# Trace Adkins, Nothin' But Taillights

She used to sit in the passenger seat  
Tappin' on the dash with her bare feet  
Poppin' that gum and paintin' her toenails blue  
She'd turn on the radio and crank it up  
That girl could never get it loud enough  
She'd make up words to songs she thought she knew  
Yeah Saturday nights we'd lead the parade  
Of tricked out Fords and Chevrolets  
We'd cruise through town and head down to the lake  
Well I was hangin' with the boys a little bit later  
Talkin' 'bout tires and carburetors  
When I happened to see my whole world drive away  
Now I've got nothin' but taillights  
Nothin' but goodbye  
Nothin' but leavin' goin' on  
And I'm nothin' but sorry  
Got nothin' but memories  
She's nothin' but taillights gone  
I ain't sayin' she stole that car  
But that was May and this is March  
And all I get are tickets in the mail  
She was doin' eighty-five in Tennessee  
Clocked in Kansas doin' ninety-three  
I just hope she lets me post her bail  
Cause I've got nothin' but taillights  
Nothin' but goodbye  
Nothin' but leavin' goin' on  
And I'm nothin' but sorry  
Got nothin' but memories  
She's nothin' but taillights gone...come back baby  
I've got nothin' but taillights  
Nothin' but goodbye  
Nothin' but leavin' goin' on  
And I'm nothin' but sorry  
Got nothin' but memories  
She's nothin' but taillights gone  
Lord she's nothin' but taillights gone