

# Parking Lot

Cigarette ashes on the wet cement  
Street corner choir sing an old lament  
Slum lord devil is gonna raise the rent  
Back's been broken and all the money's spent

(chorus)

She said, ooh baby what you want I got  
So crazy, don't move from that spot  
You're burnin' me up with those lips so hot  
You drive me wild in a parking lot  
Yeah, yeah

Scene from a movie that I can't forget  
Keep goin' back to the night we met  
Parked my car when I saw her face  
Sex a la carte in the perfect space

(repeat chorus)

Thought she would rain on a rendezvous  
She showed up late lookin' calm and cool  
Wanted me to take it like a man  
Back seat of a blue sedan

(repeat chorus)

*Written by Frankie Moreno / B.T. Brunelle  
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