

Driving

Sunday morning, Whidbey Island
I've got my pedal to the floor
Life is good here on Whidbey Island
The tourists don't come around any more
I've got my '22 Chevy and a gallon of gasoline
And you're the prettiest woman I have ever seen
And we're driving, driving.

Sunday morning, Whidbey Island
The air is cool and the road is clear
All alone here on Whidbey Island
Since Andy's truck broke down last year
I haven't seen a traffic cop since 2024
I wonder if there's anyone on the mainland any more
But we're driving, driving
Driving, no particular place to go
Driving, nothing on the radio

Sunday evening, Whidbey Island
Time to turn and head for home
There is no bridge now from Whidbey Island
We've gone as far as we can go
I hear the crunch of gravel as I turn my car around
Your shadow right next to mine as the sun is going down
And we're driving, driving, driving, driving.