

## KILL THE HEADLIGHTS

G  
Shake hands with the racquet, toss the ball up high  
Am  
Smoke it down the middle line, make Pete Sampras cry  
Bm  
A dream you never got to live, a jacket strapped on tight  
Am G  
Kill the headlights, my old friend, slip into the night

G  
Solve for x squared pi times y minus xyz  
Am  
Engineer a universe where we could all be free  
Bm  
You had what it took, then took a needle in the thigh  
Am G  
Kill the headlights, my old friend, slip into the night

Am  
You never made the big time  
G  
But just to get this far  
Am Bm  
Here's to all your lucky stars

G  
To you my friend I drink too much, wish you could take the keys  
Am  
These back roads swelling like waves on stormy seas  
Bm  
You'd turn 'em on and right back off and say they worked just fine  
Am G  
Kill the headlights, my old friend, slip into the night