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When I Sing In My Car

Reference number PT0925

I'm an awkward girl.  
I laugh at my own jokes.  
No one else does.  
Just kidding, they do.

And I'm an average girl.  
I'm good at fitting in.  
But I don't stand out.  
I know it's true.

In the choir, I sing like this:  
"la, la, la" sort of meekly.  
When I'm at church, I sing like this:  
ah, we do it weekly.

But in the car and on the road,  
I become a star.  
I sing like "BOOM, BOOM, BOOM"  
with amazing belting and whoa  
when I sing in my car.

I pull up to the school with curlers in my hair.  
Tinted windows.  
No one can see me.  
I'm rollin' to my spot, with curlers in my hair.  
Kind of like, yeah!  
Pretty much everybody wants to be me.

When I'm in class, I talk like this:

*(spoken)*

"Bonjour, Monsieur Principal"

*(sung)*

sort of formal.

In front of boys, I talk like this:

*(laugh awkwardly)*

pretty normal.

But in my car and on my own, it gets pretty bizarre.

I sing like "BOOM, BOOM, BOOM"

and what's even happening?

Whoa when I sing in my car.

I'm like riffing, whoa like Whitney Houston's chops.

Oh!

I'm like Beyonce, oh ring the alarm and call the cops!

Cause I just went there.

I just hit that.

With ma seat belt on, inhibitions gone

and BOOM, BOOM, BOOM

like I'm in my room, room, room!

Feeling hot as I hit the spot. Yeah!

In the parking lot.

Feeling free to be, cause no one can hear me, yeah!

In real life, I talk like this: not so outright but more obliquely.

When I'm at school, I'm more like this:

I don't do stuff all that uniquely.

But when school's out, I'll hit the road.

I'll drive super far!

I'll be like BOOM, BOOM, BOOM,

ooh, ooh, ooh, whoa!

Yes, when school's out, I'll hit the road.

I'll drive super far.

I'll be like BOOM, BOOM, BOOM,

ooh, ooh, ooh, a cooler person.

Like whoa!

When I sing in my car.

Ooh!

Oh!

Yeah!