

Monongahela Park

Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

It's been too fucking long. I haven't seen you since we were kids

And I rode a freight train out to come visit you at Pitt

And you laugh so loud. Let your hand rest on my knee.

I sip on a tonic cause I been trying not to drink

And I flash back to us – Monongahela Park

And the cheap bottle of scotch

We shared as the sky went dark

I'll drive you home, it's getting late

You smile and ask me if we could stay

I'll take you home, you're on the way

We watch as the night starts its slow decay

I'll drive you home, it's getting late

Cherry blows off your cig. And you say you wanna hear the band

And ask if it's hard for me to still sing about Dianne

And I kinda shrug. I mean, it's not really up to me.

I hand you a light and say, "Dolly still sings about Jolene."

And I flash back to us – Monongahela Park

Where we're chain smoking at dusk

Our damaged teenage hearts

I'll drive you home, it's getting late

You say it's been a year since you've felt ok

I'll take you home, you're on the way

You lean in and I turn my face away

I'll drive you home, it's getting late

My hearts a nail bomb

I built it so no one could ever get close again

I try to stay calm

But you slam the door, and I'm already shaking and

I collapse on the street

I saw the look on your face; I know what it means

I'll drive you home, it's getting late

You leaned in and I turned my face away