

Roadtrip

Belle Mariano

Won't you turn the music up for me?
In the middle of nowhere, brush my hand against your cheek
And I'm lovestruck in your passenger seat
Drive me up to your place 'til there's no one else but you and me

The sky is such a pretty shade of pink (pretty shade of pink)
I'll tell you 'bout my secrets and you'll tell me what you think
There on your backseat reclined, you can tell me 'bout your life
And then we'll dream about the things that we could be

So when will you come pick me up from my place again?
Cause I'm waiting for when we can begin
And I'm praying that this roadtrip's not a game of pretend
Oh, I'm hoping that this won't ever end

Why don't you play music anymore?
This is going nowhere, it's nothing like before
Now I'm wondering in your passenger seat
Will you still drive me to your place?
Is there still such thing as you and me?

So when will you come pick me up from my place again?
Cause I'm worried we won't ever begin
And I feel like we're both heading towards separate ends
Won't you let me know if that's the case by then?

I see it up ahead, it's coming closer
A freeway that's so distant from me
Beside it is a highway that feels like home
And we don't know where we're both meant to be

So when will you come pick me up from my place again?
It's a question that you can't comprehend
Now I'm traveling alone and it's a lot to take in
Guess I'll have to learn to be alone 'til then
Sad to say, our roadtrip's come to an end