

Autopilot

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Two-buck chuck
Open carry
Not sure why you've been distant
But I have a theory

You said it wasn't my fault
You've seen this before
She's a getaway car, man
A revolving door

I thought you knew me better
Better than you seem to
Finally finding myself
Am I gonna lose you?
Am I gonna lose you?

The wheels came right off
It was a horrible night
It's true you might find each other
Later in life

You could move back to Hailey
You could try New York
And get lost in the shuffle
Get back on the horse

I wanna know you better
Better than I used to
I don't wanna lose you
I don't wanna have to

Call it autopilot
Or a midlife crisis
Sounds like hindsight bias
You can always get me back
You can always get me back
You can always get me back