

That boy's a lonestar  
Got a heavy head  
Bottle rocket fusing to the sunset  
Burn a little too bright sometimes  
Rubbing chlorine out his eyes sometimes  
Listening to Big Star lying in your car  
You could never run far, I know who you are  
See your spirit like a bluebonnet field  
One out the window, one hand on the wheel

He calls his best friends bubba  
They heard that a hundred times  
Long summers, and finding others to idolize  
No budget, and cutting into the country fried  
Got a lawn chair, open into the fall air

Cut off the screen  
Look outside  
Wondering how much time till you start calling me again  
Got sunshine in brown bag  
Running till the sunlight fades over the state line  
If I'm choosin'  
I'm needin' us back  
When we're dreamin'  
Not overthinkin'  
Can you take me back, boy, you know I'm needin' it?

Didn't know anything  
I was up to bat, you were on my team  
Jumping on one, two, three  
Holding my hand, you can count on me