

GPS

Felly

GPS does its best, but I know
How to get home, all on my own
(Before it blows)
I'm obsessed with the left of the road
Why is it switching sides every time I go?
(Where did you go, oh no no)

I don't wanna start crying
I don't wanna get angry
But every time we start driving
All my thoughts start racing
I'm in front but I'm losing
I'm with a crowd but I'm booing
Wouldn't bet on my Prius
But if you're me then you need this
So I'm like

Even with my eyes closed (even with my eyes closed)
I still find a way home, you know
With nothing telling me where to go
My words keep turning
E on the dash, speed on the asphalt
I hope I last until the next stop
Racing like it's me that's behind
Maybe it's just my mind driving me this whole time

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