

This isn't where I wanna be
Your friends car, the oldies cause these things just end the same
Front seat back, but all I heard was rain
As it beat down on the hood
You said that this night could get good
Just because it can, doesn't mean it should
It doesn't mean it should

(Hook)

You made me sick on the drive home
The slow route, and toll roads.
You make it clear I'm not alone.
I'm not alone.
So I lay down, for comfort
Speak small words and numbers
I count every single second we were here
And then you whispered in my ear
Where do you want to go? I don't know.
Why is so unsure? Collider
You made me sick on the drive home
The slow route, and toll roads.
You make it clear I'm not alone
But all I want to know is who you think you are is this who you want to be
Cause you thought you found a coward when you put your hands on me
To hell with you and yours,
I don't need you anymore
I don't need you anymore
To hell with you and yours

You made me sick on the drive home
The slow route, and toll roads.
You make it clear I'm not alone
All I want to know who is who you think you are is this who you want to be
Cause you thought you found a coward when you put your hands on me