

## Beach House

Jamie McDell

Driving to your beach house  
I want to find some peace, trying to get some sleep  
If I just sang forever, would I have nothing left  
But gone and done my best?

And ooh, I wanna change my number and never call again  
But you are all that I look forward to, but that don't fit right yet  
It don't sit right yet

Having colder showers  
I want to fix my head by freezing it instead  
If I just sat here breathing  
Could I feel proud and brave for living through today?

And ooh, I want to write my teachers and tell em they were wrong  
But the truth is, I'm not saving people, I'm just writing songs  
Just trying to feel well

Driving to your beach house  
In my working car with my groceries and my bottles of wine  
And I've been private schooled  
Yeah, I've been raised and dressed and given hands and blessed  
And I'll be back this weekend  
To our house and home, no, I don't live alone, I married in the summer  
But I can't find a job  
And we're still doing fine and it's all in my mind driving to your beach house