

# F-150

Robyn Ottolini

I can drive by your street and not feel a thing  
Play all of those songs you used to play me  
Get drunk with my friends and not think to call  
Could think of you a little, but I don't think of you at all  
I've been growing up, getting strong, moving on

Then I see an F-150  
And all the memories of you just hit me  
You're driving right through my mind  
And every time I think I'm fine  
I see the headlights of an F-150

I can make out with a boy I just met tonight  
And not feel guilty, not drunk cry  
I can sip whiskey straight not think of your name  
Be in any bar and not look for your face  
I've been doing better and okay, yeah

But then I see an F-150  
And all the memories of you just hit me  
You're driving right through my mind  
And every time I think I'm fine  
I see the headlights of an F-150

But it's not even your F-150

Let me tell you what it is:  
It's the drive-ins, the late nights, the tailgates, and the bonfires  
Slowing down, growing up, making love, it all sneaks back up  
Maybe soon it won't sneak back up

When I see an F-150  
And all the memories of you won't hit me  
You'll be moving on with your life and I'll be moving on with mine  
And I'll be fine

When I see an F-150  
And all the memories of you won't hit me  
You'll be moving on with your life and I'll be moving on with mine  
And I'll be actually fine  
When I see an F-150

I don't even notice all those F-150's  
I've been making myself new memories  
At the drive-ins, the late nights, the tailgates, and the bonfires, yeah  
I'll be slowing down, growing up, making love  
But it won't be us, no  
When I see an F-150  
I'll take back what it took from me