

drive

Scott Helman

We know well there's a place that's meant for us
There's an etch in the door where she grew up
And I know it's a risk that silver dream
But it's pulling on us like a string on a seam

Mum's on the porch and she's waving
Dad's by her side holding her hand tight
I'm in the driver's seat and I say "You alright?"
She grabs my hand and we drive

And we drive

Skip me like a stone, show me where we're going cause
I know not knowing is the way we want it
Don't look back cause we're driving on a fault line
Me and you yeah we know it's time that
We make love with the world that's out of place
Twisted trees on a cold, Cali highway
Bottle shop in the shadow of the Fenway
Bad on time but we'll never be late yeah

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