

Strain Your Memory

The Menzingers

May the highways cross their fingers and hope
That we may one day find ourselves home
She sticks her head outside the passenger window
Sighs as traffic stops and goes
It's been two weeks now living in this southern town
We hoped the change would change our restless minds
A little rewind to a simpler time
I swear it's temporary living in this cheap motel
Somewhere in the bible belt

We made love at that Marietta Motel 6
You fell asleep on my shoulder of commitment
Took it as a sign everything would be fine
Sometimes it takes these kind of nights just to realize
How we want to spend the rest of our lives

Could a diamond in the rough ever be enough
I've been mining for your love
Since the day that we met
I've spent every second in your minefield digging it up
Can you strain your memory back to the times
When trouble wasn't always, always on our minds
Trouble wasn't always on our minds
Back to the times when trouble wasn't always on our minds

And now the hotel maids were banging down the door
As if they came looking for some answers
When ya gonna leave? Where ya gonna go?
Will you get your shit together?
When are you gonna marry her?
Well maybe you don't deserve her
Maybe the whole thing was doomed from the start
This inquisition is tearing me apart

Could a diamond in the rough ever be enough
I've been mining for your love
Since the day that we met
I've spent every second in your minefield digging it up
Can you strain your memory back to the times
When trouble wasn't always on our minds
Can you strain your memory one more time
When trouble wasn't always, always on our minds
When trouble wasn't always on our minds
Back to the times when trouble wasn't always on our minds