

3,2,1

Tucker Wetmore

Standing on my step kinda felt like freedom
Malibu one suitcase short of leaving
You were the driver, I was the reason
There was mascara on your shirt
If I'da known where that left turn was leading
You'da seen me running in a rear view
Like you tied my heart to your car
Turn the key in three, two

One day you called me baby, these days it's only 80
Proof you probably hate me, I don't blame you, I blame me
For them sunset taillight's sinking, tonight I'm just thinking
Three words, too late, damn girl, you're the one that got away

Counting on a bottle to flood these memories
They're still floating and it's almost empty
Take the whiskey rain of this century
To drown you out
Make you do a U-turn
If it was me it was up to
Girl, just like that
I'd take you back in three, two

One day you called me baby, these days it's only 80
Proof you probably hate me, I don't blame you, I blame me
For them sunset taillight's sinking, tonight I'm just thinking
Three words, too late, damn girl, you're the one that got away

Yeah in about three, two

One I'ma call you baby, try to change your mind 180
I know you probably hate me, I don't blame you, I blame me
For them sunset taillight's sinking, tonight I'm just thinking
Three words, too late, damn girl, you're the one that got away

Got away