

11:11

Tyler Rich

Black coffee from a Texaco
A lotto ticket cause you never know
Another up all night, moving slow
It's 11AM but I'm good to go
Black leather buckets, yeah the seats get hot
Window down wind just cooling it off
No it ain't the red light making me stop
It's four ones on the dashboard clock

It's 11:11 and I can't help make a wish
I wish you wouldn't have left, no not the way that you did
Why the hell did I say things that I didn't mean
Why didn't I say you were everything, everything
11:11, I hope it's there on your phone
I hope you're thinking of me and you, there being alone
Like I do, I hope you miss me like I miss you
It's 11:11

It's 12, one two three four five
Then it's two for ones with the guys
The sun sets and the white stars start to rise
It's gonna be a good, good night, yeah
Then it's 10 o' clock and we all pay
We all go our own separate ways
I turn the key, little bit dazed
Right there on the microwave

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Yeah it's 11:11
Oh it's 11:11
And I miss you