

Rolling down the window of the driver's seat
Looking for a place to breathe
Knowing where I'm at and where I'm meant to be
Trying to close the space between

But you're just right, not enough
Look around you're missing all the good stuff
Small town, big shot
Four kids hanging in a parking lot
Trying to know better than
Counting on the weatherman

Thoughts can take you on a ride
I'm a satellite, you're a starry night
And I'm just trying to stay between the lines
Your own advice, own advice, yeah you're

Just right, not enough
Look around you're missing all the good stuff
Small town, big shot
Four kids hanging in a parking lot
Trying to know better than
Just counting on the weatherman

Counting on the weatherman

Talking about summertime
Hanging on sidelines
Steady on landslides
Over once you realized
You were just right

You were just right
You were just right