

Paint a picture of it, little anarchist  
Making movies on his dad's camera  
He's turning eighteen, looks like twenty-three  
Buying 40s with his fake ID

I was a lightning rod  
And I never felt so lost

Doing donuts in the parking lot  
Me and my friends, we'll never get caught  
6 AM and I feel like I'll never leave this place alive  
But I swear I'm gonna die on my feet  
Never come back to these upstate streets  
I'm seeing my future  
And I feel like I'm getting high off the neon glow  
Standing at the crossroads  
Here at the Sunoco

Pack of cigarettes, Code-Red Mountain Dew  
Yellow fingertips around her waist, I  
Comb my hair over, over my widow's peak  
Chili Peppers on my car speakers

I was so camouflaged  
And I never felt so lost

Doing donuts in the parking lot  
Me and my friends, we'll never get caught  
6 AM and I feel like I'll never leave this place alive  
But I swear I'm gonna die on my feet  
Never come back to these upstate streets  
I'm seeing my future  
And I feel like I'm getting high off the neon glow  
Standing at the crossroads  
Here at the Sunoco

Here at the Sunoco  
Oh

And I'm trying my best, but I can't win  
Trying to keep all my secrets in  
But your hand on my chest  
And the heat of my skin  
Brings me right back there again

Doing donuts in the parking lot  
Me and my friends, we'll never get caught  
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