

# Sunoco

## X Ambassadors

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

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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  
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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

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Me and my friends, we'll never get caught  
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