

Eleventeen, Drive

With this long ride home I search for the truth
Candid thoughts display my youth
Frustration Distraction so scared that I cant get out of this
I need to find my way home

What if I fell straight down
then broke out of this mess that I've been living in
Could I get back the things youth took from me

There no ringing on the telephone

When the world expects you to be beautiful
And you can't stand the sight of your face in the mirror
We reach for things that turn to dust
I've been in the water too long I started to turn bad

What if I fell straight down
What if I fell straight down

There ringing on the telephone
There is never anyone home

What if I fell what if I fell