

Eleventy Seven, Nostalgiaatopia

We could take this road to nowhere
In my '89 and floor it through state lines
And we'll reach our destination
Whatever it might be
As long as you don't leave

Cause I don't ever want to slow this down
Everything I've ever wanted has been found
We could drive into the future with our memories
Holding on to how things used to be

We could through away our cell phones
And only answer calls
Coming from the stars

We could catch the drive in movires
And let the hours pass
Cause nothing perfect can last

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