Maisie Peters, The Band And I

We played heads-up in a car in Seattle God rock on the radio You look like a superstar And Dom got into Juilliard And I'm really bad at heads-up What do you know!

My drummer fell for a girl in a cookie shop He said he'd make a move, and then he went with 'excuse me' Came a boy and left a man Gotta give it to the band Greatest one in Oregon (Oregon)

And looking back, all I know is

It was Friday nights, it was video gold
Oh, it was shining lights, it was rock and roll
It was the band and I on a twelve-bed bus
And it was making and messing it up
It was endless roads in the same old boots
Oh, it was letting go of everything but you
It was the band and I on a twelve-bed bus
If we're living the dream, I hope we never wake up

Snowstorm in the middle of Texas
Called my mother in a Denny's and lied
Told her I'd been eating then
Told her you were just friend
Told her I was homesick
I hadn't thought of home twice

Drive and then we drive again to an ocean And I think I knew it then for a moment

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Two nights in the El Rey went flying I'm 21 and I feel evergreen The band go home, I stay to write We drive around, I stay the night Guys, I'm pretty sure it's the American Dream

It was changing clocks, it was Tina stoned
Oh, it was midnight stops at border control
Yeah, it was power cuts, it was certain doom
It was living in the Little Rock laundry room
Oh, it was breaking down, it was falling in love
In a gas station by the pickup trucks
In Philadelphia, it was crystal clear
We are the best damn band that's ever played right here
It was magic, babe, pure and strong
It was the last man standing for the Eagles song
It was a far-flung wish when we were young

Now we're living the dream and I hope we never wake up						