

# The American Analog Set, You Own Me

I drove up all the way  
Put a pencil to a page  
And it only took a day

Though you had to move away  
You didn't have to stay  
With a girl that's half your age

'Cause you own me  
Control me  
You own me

We just had so much to say  
Every word carefully laid  
And we didn't learn a thing

So I drove up all the way  
And put a pencil to a page  
For a girl that's half my age, my age