

The Swellers, Designated Driver

Woke up on the wrong side of the bed
'cause I'm the only one who sleeps in it.
Last night I tested my investment,
what the fire in my chest meant.
The blizzard helped me understand
that you let me down again.
That you let me down again.

I know you want me to forget.
I know you want me to forget.

Twenty miles and thirty-two degrees.
I hoped the warmth would bring you to your knees.
Last night proved to be an adjustment.
Against my better judgement.
Cleaning up for drunken friends,
I must have slipped your mind again.
I must have slipped your mind again.

I know you want me to forget.
I know you want me to forget.
Where you want to be is right in front of me, and that's okay.
I know you want me to forget.
Forget.

Last night I tested my investment,
what the fire in my chest meant.
No flame lasts when you're this cold,
I'll keep my shoulder to the road.
Would you even know?

I know you want me to forget.
I know you want me to forget.
Where you want to be
is right in front of me,
and that's okay.
I know you want me to forget.
Forget. Forget.