

Officer

Kate Earl

Forty below, driving on deathly icing roads
Back seat is full of clothes, I gotta talk this over
Run out of gas, wake a stranger up to fill my tank in his pajam
as
I only got ten dollars

I'm not drunk I wanna go home, officer
It's been a long road and I feel awful
I'm not drunk I wanna go home, officer
And that's all, that's all, that's all

She has company and I've walked into the wrong room
So I go to the bathroom and I wash my hands in sulfur water
A twitterpated buzz is coming off of her
My admiration forces me to leave her

She asks me to stay but I've outgrown her, so I'm
Back in my car and I get pulled over

I'm not drunk I wanna go home, officer
It's been a long road and I feel awful
I'm not drunk I wanna go home, officer
And that's all, that's all, that's all

With a warning I check my wipers and defog
I notice my mind is on the floor
But I must move onward

So I pick a song and I sing along
While lofty dreams dance on and on
Over a place I'll live forever

I'm not drunk I wanna go home, officer
It's been a long road and I feel awful
I'm not drunk I wanna go home, officer
And that's all, that's all

I'm not drunk I wanna go home, officer
It's been a long road and everything's awkward
I'm not drunk I wanna go home, officer
And that's all, that's all, that's all