

# New Years With Carl Weathers

## The Wonder Years

Two miles from the hotel, eight hundred from home  
We're forced to call on all we know  
But all we know's a joke  
The van just started shaking, coughing out black smoke  
We're pulling off in a parking lot cause this might just explode  
Cause it's New Year's Eve and four degrees  
We're stranded, hopeless  
I just want some sleep  
Drew's too busy sexting with some girl he met last show  
Tripping balls from the soft effects of a Nyquil overdose  
Nobody's been asking how we're gonna get home  
Cause we all know  
We'll deal with it tomorrow  
Yeah, we know

It's gonna be our year, boys  
I'd speak up  
But I'm waiting for the irony to fall asleep without me  
And we'll wait and see  
With some luck and patching up  
I think I'll be home this week

We'll deal with it our own way  
And we'll stay, and we'll wait,  
And we'll wake in this awkward mess we made  
A landscape forged from pizza crust  
And what's left of a case  
We'll make friends in every state  
Like the cops in the parking lot  
Or staff of Steak'N'Shake

It's gonna be our year, boys  
I'd speak up  
But I'm waiting for the irony to fall asleep without me  
And we'll wait and see  
With some luck and patching up  
I think I'll be home this week

But I'm too tired to speak  
I'll say, "Hey man, I'll see you in Cleveland"

Someone go tell the universe we're not concerned  
We know that it's out to get us  
But we'll never learn  
So if you're thinking you just got the best of me  
Man, we don't go down that easy

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I'd speak up  
But I'm waiting for the irony to fall asleep without me  
And we'll wait and see  
With some luck and patching up  
I think I'll be home this week