

i feel what's best for everyone is to forget about me when I'm
gone
because it hurts to be missed and no one is deserving this
with my back to a hardwood floor
i understand that I'm not a provider but a center divider
i got lanes to explain the different ways i behave
a life thats a detour to where i am not sure
but if the sun is in my eyes i think i'm doing the right thing
i rely on exit signs, and destination times
and this drive that knows me better than i think i know myself
with that being said i wont play pretend
that I'm not growing up, that I'm not giving in
late nights and all night drives are reminders why i'm alive
and I'm not going anywhere