

# Eleventeen

## "Drive"

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With this long ride home I search for the truth  
Candid thoughts display my youth  
Frustration Distraction so scared that I cant get out of  
this  
I need to find my way home

What if I fell straight down  
then broke out of this mess that IÃƒfÃƒ…Ãƒ,Ãƒ³e been  
living in  
Could I get back the things youth took from me

ThereÃƒfÃƒ…Ãƒ,Ãƒ` no ringing on the telephone

When the world expects you to be beautiful  
And you can't stand the sight of your face in the mirror  
We reach for things that turn to dust  
IÃƒfÃƒ…Ãƒ,Ãƒ³e been in the water to long I started to  
turn bad

What if I fell straight down  
What if I fell straight down

ThereÃƒfÃƒ…Ãƒ,Ãƒ` ringing on the telephone  
There is never anyone home

What if I fell what if I fell

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