

Kate Earl "Officer"

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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
pajamas
I only got ten dollars

Iâ€™m not drunk I wanna go home, officer
Itâ€™s been a long road and I feel awful
Iâ€™m not drunk I wanna go home, officer
And thatâ€™s all, thatâ€™s all, thatâ€™s all

She has company and Iâ€™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 Iâ€™ve outgrown her, so Iâ€™m
Back in my car and I get pulled over

Iâ€™m not drunk I wanna go home, officer

Itâ€™s been a long road and I feel awful
Iâ€™m not drunk I wanna go home, officer
And thatâ€™s all, thatâ€™s all, thatâ€™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

Iâ€™m not drunk I wanna go home, officer
Itâ€™s been a long road and I feel awful
Iâ€™m not drunk I wanna go home, officer
And thatâ€™s all, thatâ€™s all

Iâ€™m not drunk I wanna go home, officer
Itâ€™s been a long road and everythingâ€™s awkward

Iâ€™m not drunk I wanna go home, officer
And thatâ€™s all, thatâ€™s all, thatâ€™s all

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