

Katy B

"The Driveway"

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Remember last summer,
Under the shooting stars?
We made a wish were together forever,
And let nobody tear us apart.

And how fun was that ride down to Mexico?
We took a chance on those road side tacos,
And we got sick by the side of the road.

And the fall came,
And we had that big pot lot party;
And your little sixteen year old brother,
Spilt wine all over my carpet.
And I got mad, you thought it was funny,
I stayed mad all winter;
It's so sad,
A thing like that,
Becomes such a splinter.

I tried it your way,
But I got nothing to show.
It's been the same, same,
And the story's getting old.
So, I guess the driveway,
Is the end of the road.
For us it's too, late.
Let the credits start to roll.

I'm almost twenty-three,
And I'm barely hanging on.
I can't keep crashing couches
And going to sleep at dawn.
And when were you going to take me somewhere that I
can dress up?
Where we can act grown up.
Do you ever wanna clean up?

We share a car, you thought it was okay;
You couldn't have cut it closer.
I'm sick of it, this is it;
And now the party's over.

I tried it your way,
But I got nothing to show.
It's been the same, same, and
The story's getting old.
So, I guess the driveway,
Is the end of the road.
For us it's too, late.
Let the credits start to roll.

Someday, you'll make, some girl, happy;
I know, you'll get though.
You'll know, just what, to say, to do;
Because I showed you.

I tried it your way,
But I got nothing to show.
It's been the same, same,
And the story's getting old.
So, I guess the driveway,
Is the end of the road.
For us it's too, late.
Let the credits start to roll.

Let the credits start to roll.
Oh, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yeah.
Oh, it's too late, it's too late, it's too late
I guess the driveway; will be the end of the road.

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