

## Drive

## Have Mercy

It was always you in the dress in the blistering cold  
Saying you can't go home  
Why you can't go home?  
Couldn't ever tell if it was your breath from the cold or the cigarette  
But you can't go home  
Why can't you go home?

You used to call me late to pick you up  
You're never okay, you're never fine  
You used to call me late to pick you up  
And I would always call you mine  
We fell in love, fell in love with the innocence  
We were too young, too young, not aware of it  
You used to call me late to pick you up  
And never tell me why  
And all we'd do is drive

I'm still a beast of burning  
You're still a dream to me  
Yet I'm so uncertain  
I won't ever come to terms with everything  
Does it run through your head?  
Does it keep you awake?  
I got this batch of jokes and phrases  
And it's more than I can take

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You've got someone new who loves you  
House and a bunch of kids  
I never took the same route  
And it's all I think about  
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