

All Your Favorite Bands – Dawes

Late night drives and **hot** french fries and **friends** around the country

From **Charlottesville** to **good** old Santa **Fe**

When I **think** of you, you **still** got on that **hat** that says let's party

I **hope** that thing is **never** thrown a-way

/ G C G - / - D7 G - / :

I hope that **life** without a chaperone is **what** you thought it'd be

I hope your **brother's** El Camino runs for-**ever**

I hope the **world** sees the same person that you've **always been** to me

And may **all** your favorite **bands** stay **together**

/ C - G - / / C - EmD C / G D G - /

Now I'm just **waking** up and I'm not thinking **clearly** so don't quote me

With **one** eye open I'm **writing** you this **song**

Ain't it **funny** how some **people** pop in-to your head so easily

I **haven't** seen you **in** there for so **long**

Chorus x2