

7-Eleven isn't where you're headed, yet we've all been there
Been there, on the way to somewhere
Somewhere getting closer with every 7-Eleven along the way
The way you're gonna pee your pants if dad doesn't pull over immediately
Over immediately to the candy aisle for the treat you'll sneak into the movie
The movie playing in the backseat of the minivan as mom stops to put in fuel,
Fueling the early shift with coffee, relieving the late shift with drinks
Drinks for the after party, but there's no way they'll accept your sister's ID,
ID slammed on the counter, ready for your very first lottery ticket at 18,
18 cartons of breakup ice cream or the slurpee you can't get anywhere else,
Anywhere else is closed, but the neon glow promises someone else is awake inside
Inside where the cosplayers, the prom dresses, and the beer bellies share a moment
A moment briefly lit by fluorescent lights until its participants part ways again
Again, on the road, en route to somewhere
Somewhere beyond the 7-Eleven that is ours, because we've all been there.