

Powerslide

Ryan Beatty

Suburban royalty
'Cause his neighbors let us use the pool
He gave me pleasure underneath the water
And it felt so good
Now we're power sliding till the flat spots stop us
They call the cops on us
The time tick tocks, you drop me off

Summer's over when I die
Can't let go of the heat, can't let go of your hand
I roll into the deep end
'Cause I wanna feel the wind blow while I ride
Sun's up, I glisten
You're good at transition

You could pass for masculine
But that's not why I like it, no no no no
Now we share a couple cigarettes before we go to bed
And you got the plastic, that's fucking fantastic
Now we're powersliding till we can both pass out
You got the TV on, with the volume down for colors in the background

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Get lost!
His muscles flex when he takes
A puff from his cigarette
He's looking tough and so friendly
I'm im...
Get lost!
Stop, I'm taking your picture
Crack a smile through the lens
My god, I swear this is perfect
Let the sunset take us down
Get lost!
Ahh, ahh
Get lost!
Ahh, ahh

(It's cold!
Ryan could you skateboard for us?)