

Slowly, tender
Can't keep our hands off each other
I've got feelings
I got, I got, I got them and it's good
It's the last day of the week
And I should probably head back home
Got about a hundred missed calls on my telephone
Was supposed to be one night said
That I wouldn't stay for long
But now it's been three days
Wake up with your t-shirt on

We've been sneaking 'round now for a while
Tried to fight it but I can't deny
Friends are asking what I do at night
I got a good excuse

'Cause it started in the lobby
Couldn't keep our hands off
In the elevator all our clothes were coming off
Netflix and chill but we kept the lights on
Stayed in bed from five-two-five, five-two-five
From five-two-five
Stayed in bed from five-two-five, five-two-five

So tell me what you're doing tomorrow
'Cause I am free
Feel like I could hang
With you seven days of the week
Keep me up every night
This ain't no lullaby
You feed my appetite

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The sun is rising way too soon
But I'm still in this hotel room
Baby got that Monday blues
Think I'll stay in bed
Think I'll stay in bed with you

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From five-two-five

Stayed in bed from five-two-five, five-two-five