

Getaway Green

All Time Low

Sipping cherry cola
Staring at the poster on the wall
What's the point of going out
When you could just give me a call?
Sitting on your sofa
Reminiscing over 23
You touched yourself, the way I used to
Now that's just a memory

Weekend wonderful, fade-away youth
Summer symphony, what could I do?

We were getaway green
In a world of black and white
Getaway green
Like the Costa Mesa traffic lights
Keep on, keep on, keep on
Telling me I'm what you need
Like getaway green
Getaway green

I know I'm not supposed to
Color in the lines when it comes to you
Undefined and out of my mind
'Til you get lost and lonely, too
I guess I get the message
We don't have to stress this anymore

If it happens, then it happens
Happy to have you at all

Weekend wonderful
Fade-away youth
Summer symphony
What could I do?

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Do you want to know how the story ends?
Hazy and spun out, just more than friends
Weekend wonderful, a dizzy dream
A colorful lie, we made a hell of a team

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