

Time Machine

ALMA

We were hanging out at different scenes
I was never into fancy clothes
With you, I fell in love with diamonds
And we bought a house in highlands
Then we started going out together
Looking like the bad guys on the screen
You were my pretty lady
And I was your only baby

Ooh, I think I want a little too much

Honey, we need a time machine
To go back to late December '17
Oh, honey, we need a time machine
I remember losing you and losing me
If only we could go back to '17

You were writing on your poetry
While I was singing songs that sounded shit
Found out where the cherries come from
Filled up every plate at night so—

Ooh, I think I want a little too much, yeah

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La-la, la-la, la, la-la-la
La-la, la, la-la-la
La-la, la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la, la-la, la, la-la-la
La-la, la, la-la-la
La-la, la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la, la-la, la, la-la-la
La-la, la, la-la-la
La-la, la-la
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