

Written In The Sand

Andy Brown

Turn me on, turn me off, then you turn me back on by the weekend
And you won't say the words that I want but you flirt when you're drinking
I see those bubbles pop up like you're texting then they disappear
Let's cut through the quick and let's get to what we're doing here

Are we just a backseat, try to get it while we can
Are we names in a tattoo or just a number on a hand
Are we last call kissing or will we be reminiscing with each other for the next 40 years
Are we written in the stars, baby, or are we written in the sand

Yeah, I want you to want me to take you back home to my mama
Put my name on your lips, call me yours and forget all this drama
Your makeup is next to my toothbrush but you never put it away on the shelf
I'm asking you baby 'cause I'm tired of asking myself

Are we just a backseat, try to get it while we can
Are we names in a tattoo or just a number on a hand
Are we last call kissing, are we dancing in the kitchen, baby, tell me what it is or what it isn't
Are we written in the stars, baby, or are we written in the sand

Are we just a backseat, try to get it while we can
Are we names in a tattoo or a number I should wash right off my hand
Are we last call kissing or will we be reminiscing with each other for the next 40 years
Are we written in the stars, baby, or are we written in the sand
Are we written in the stars baby, are we written in the sand
Are we written in the stars baby, are we written in the sand