

Strung

Arca

All fucked up, talkin' bout the windin'
All fucked up, don't look, bring it back down
Cause there used to be a time
When a flat top push and whine

All fucked up, time to hop in my lane
'Cause I fucked up, do it all up, bring it back down
Cause there used to be a time
When a flat top push and whine, that's why
If I say it, believe it
You know that you caught yourself bleeding
You push it, you need it
You tell me to keep it
And then you go off

Move, rewind, blessed our love

Time is of the essence, the presence is defenseless

Go off