

Outskirts of Paradise

Bad Suns

Rolled down the window now
I've lost my way within this town
The tranquil glow of the song I know, it guides me
I'm stuck in strip mall times
The mood swings under porcelain skies
Won't you be my friend, won't you be my friend for now?

I'm on the outskirts of paradise
Chasing desire through the night
Picturing ways to take flight
When the time comes

When the time comes
Separate yourself, integrate yourself
When the time comes
Separate yourself, integrate yourself

Awestruck or asinine
An ephemeral sense of space and time
A familiar face, a pulse that escalates
I'm stuck in strip mall times
I don't mean to be impolite
Won't you be my friend, won't you be my friend for now?
For just a little bit, hey

I'm on the outskirts of paradise
Chasing desire through the night
Picture in ways that they fly
When the time comes
Outskirts of paradise
Chasing desire through the night
Picture in ways that they fly
When the time comes

When the time comes
Separate yourself, integrate yourself
When the time comes
Separate yourself, integrate yourself

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Separate yourself, integrate yourself
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Separate yourself, integrate yourself

When the time comes
Separate yourself, integrate yourself
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Separate yourself, integrate yourself