

Noun

Bakar

It's been a while
Hands tied behind my back
Face mashed in the ground
Didn't know if I was alive
Now I feel like a noun
Still teething, don't recognise the feeling, like a child
I been lost, now I'm found

And I been feeling more yellow than my San Pellegrino
Run away to a place, somewhere only we know
Run around, couple zoots, bottle full of vino
Summer '19, I was really on Moschino
Really on my Deebo
Really I'm with CEO
Copped another Tesla
I might call Elon and tell him free CM
Till it's all backwards
Still don't smoke Backwoods
Lagoons what I been on

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Sitting on the tube in a tube
On a bubble, it don't move
It just floats to the groove of your heartbeat
Nothing new, win or lose
I'm in trouble with the blues
On the coast, Malibu, I need your heartbeat
In the car she was playing carseat
White stripes up his nose, Seven Nation Army
It's priority, should've been the Priory
Half of the crowd all pointing at Charlie
Yeah
Talk to me, darling
I can be your heartbeat
Stoned for too long
Now your home has moved on
Don't resort to your car keys
I could be your target

Oh oh it's been a while
Oh face mashed on the ground
Oh now I'm feeling like a noun
Oh now I'm feeling like a child

Oh oh it's been a while
Oh now I'm feeling like a child
Oh now I'm feeling like a noun
Oh I was lost, now I'm found

Oh oh it's been a while

Oh face mashed on the ground
Oh now I'm feeling like a noun
Oh now I'm feeling like a child

Oh oh it's been a while
Oh I was lost, now I'm found
Oh it's been a while, it's been a while