

Searching

Bakar

Drink myself right under the bar, but, girl, what's new?
I'm tryna make it out the firehouse by nine o'clock, noon
And I'm a little, little late for sure
Hold your breath for my knock on your door
Tryna make it back home to mine, for my lovely lady

It's so old, sick and tired of trying, I should've told the truth
I know you're so sick and tired of mine, I know you hate to lose
That's why I'm so, so sorry my lady
Spin your gears and your wheels like Mercedes
Tryna keep my end of the bar, my end of the bargain

I'm still searching, still searching for now
I'm still working, I'm still working it out
And girl you wanna live a private life
But you ain't dealing with the sacrifice
You're still working, you're still working it out

I see myself as a bit of a star, but girl, that's you
I'm tryna learn to turn the lights down before they start to close on you
And I'm a little, little sad for sure
Send a text, I'll be gone in the morn
I can't believe that I'm saying goodbye to my lovely lady

You so bold, singing "We'll be fine", like we signed a truce
But real people, they don't want me gone and sticking round for fools
That's why I'm so, so sorry my lady
Spin your gears and your wheels like Mercedes
Tryna keep my end of the bar, my end of the bargain

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Throw this down for my lady, my lady, yeah
Recorded live in London
For my lady, my lady, my lady, my lady
My lady
My lady run away, my baby comes again, yeah
Oh, man