

Back To Mars

beabadoobee

Ask me again, are we friends or are we something more?
Doesn't it hurt to think about how we were just before?
Doesn't matter if sometimes we cannot stick to being friends
Doesn't matter if we break up just to act all fine again

Take me to the South of France where we could just be old friends
We'd go to the beach and you could braid my hair
You could braid my hair