

2AM

Bear Hands

I would never ask you
To do something I wouldn't do
I could never lose you
At least I'd never choose to
All your friends are sober
Yeah we're getting older
Going out's a drag now
All my spots have closed
And we can fantasize
Without much of a mess
And making love is fine but
All I want is to

Forget how old I am
(Can't remember anything else)
Nothing good happens past 2AM
I put the ball in your court
Text me back
I want a full report
I want cash in hand
I'm still waiting for my man
(Has he even left the house)
Short a couple dollars but I think he'll understand
I put my best dress on
Get back in bed
Nothing good happens past 2AM

Can't turn back it's too late
I saw you drink the Kool Aid
But I don't want no undue
Attention coming from you
All your friends are sober
Yeah we're getting older
Staying in at home
It's good enough for both us
Free to fantasize
Without hearing I told ya
Making love is fine but

All I want is to

Forget how old I am
(Can't remember anything else)
Nothing good happens past 2AM
I put the ball in your court
Text me back
I want a full report
I want cash in hand
I'm still waiting for my man
(Has he even left the house)
Short a couple dollars but I think he'll understand
I put my best dress on
Get back in bed
Nothing good happens past 2AM

And what I thought was possible
Don't seem possible no more

I struggle to keep up with you
And what I thought was possible
Don't seem possible no more
I never could keep up with you

Can we forget how old I am
(Can't remember anything else)
Nothing good happens past 2AM
I put the ball in your court
Text me back
I want a full report
I want cash in hand
I'm still waiting for my man
(Has he even left the house)
Twenty seven years young, don't make sense
I put my best dress on
Get back in bed
Nothing good happens past 2AM, amen