

Can we go now?

Weekend

You light my fire like a cigarette
I see your colors
Never forget me
We travel wild
Making our own streets

Heart stop and I feel it even more, how?
Our hands are cold, are you sure now?

Hot box, quiet talks, swimming pools at night
Our skin sweet, incomplete, but you know what I like
I love you, tenderly, tragically
I love you, tenderly, tragically

Slow it down
Your eyes are fading
Turn up the sound
We used to run all night
Never come down
We trace through the seams of your new car seat

Heart stop and I feel it even more, how?
Our hands are cold, are you sure now?

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I love you, tenderly, tragically
I love you, tenderly, tragically
I love you, tenderly, tragically
(Follow the trees)
(Your hands on mine)
I love you, tenderly, tragically
(Follow the trees)
(Your hands on mine)

Hot box, quiet talks, swimming pools at night
Our skin sweet, incomplete, but you know what I like
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