

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?

Hot box, quiet talks, swimming pools at night

Our skin sweet, incomplete, but you know what I like

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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

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