

Rolling Stone

Brighten

Black jeans
Black shirt
Black tights
Mini skirt
Black phone
Black car
Black lungs
Black tar
I've been on the road, I've seen her before
I know how it goes when that girl gets bored
Black nails
Black lips
Black book
Black list

That us, babe
Black leather jacket torn cuff, babe
Patch on the back of it in love, babe
I ain't scared of nothing
I just wanna be a rolling stone

You're fire, babe
Smoke from a cigarette desire, babe
Never getting sick of it
You're mine, babe
And I ain't scared of nothing
I just wanna be a rolling stone
I just wanna be a rolling stone
I just wanna be a rolling stone

Red lipstick tattoo on her shoulder
Tell me if you wanna pull it over
Old dirty shirt balled up by another one
White crooked teeth biting down on her bubblegum
Biter when she kisses, and she wishes she was different
She envisions being innocent and I say, baby, listen

We're together now
We're together now
We're together and that's something that's forever now

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Smoke from a cigarette desire, babe
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I just wanna be a rolling stone
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Our fire

Our hearts
Our love
Torn apart
You and me, oh
I just wanna be a rolling stone