Coffee Talk

Broadside

Lately, all I wanna do
is lay around with you
and complain about the youth.
How we'll never leave your room,
tell me everything that bothers you.

Aimlessly driving on the highway,
hoping that you'll check your phone
and that you're still awake.

Please don't take this as anything
but honest,
I'm still stuck on
last Thursday
when you undressed
and whispered my name.

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is lay around with you
and complain about the youth.
How we'll never leave your room,
tell me everything that bothers you.

And damn girl, you don't even know.
Looking at my eyes,
staring at my soul.
I forgot how to be alone.
Stay up all night
when you're not at home.

Waffle house,
black coffee in our mugs.
We're hazy eyed,
but not because we're fucked up,
it's just that we've been up all night.
Sharing stories of our past,
empty vows of how you'd keep in touch,
If I can always make you laugh.

And all I wanna do
is just lay around with you.

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and complain about the youth.
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And damn girl, you don't even know.
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And my chest ignites when I hear you speak,
miss your company long before you leave.

Your scent, it lingers all within my sheets,
and your touch, girl, brings me to my knees.

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