

Nostalgia

Bryce Vine

Last night I had a dream
Shit was crazy vivid like a memory
Rolling up the covers of a magazine
Smoking in your parents whip with salmon seats
Lit like we were seventeen
Green Day on the radio
Driving with nowhere to go
Friday watchin' Friday
Had it my way I would never grow up
We were young and we were dumb and in love

Ya ya ya making out in the living room
Ya ya ya sneakin' out never difficult
Cold outside, skinny dippin' in the swimming pool
Life's so wild, been a while

Since I put my fucking phone down
And slowed down
I don't wanna be alone now
Not now
Wanna run, wanna run
Run it back to nostalgia

Let me put my fucking phone down
And slow it down
I don't wanna be alone now
Not now
Wanna run, wanna run
Run it back to nostalgia

I miss being broke
I miss that vanilla in my coke
Colors in my head
I get philosophic when I smoke
I should prolly hit this party get it poppin' 'cause I don't do this often
Like I used to back when Luda had a fro

Ya ya ya making out in the living room
Ya ya ya sneakin' out never difficult
Cold outside, skinny dippin' in the swimming pool
Life's so wild, been a while

Since I put my fuckin' phone down
And slowed down
But I don't wanna be alone now
Not now
Wanna run, wanna run
Running back to nostalgia

Let me put my fucking phone down
And slow it down
I don't wanna be alone now
Not now
Wanna run, wanna run
Run it back to nostalgia

(Runnin', runnin' back, runnin' back to nostalgia)

(Runnin', runnin' back, runnin' back)
Wanna run, wanna run
Run it back to nostalgia

(Runnin', runnin' back, runnin' back to nostalgia)
(Runnin', runnin' back, runnin' back)
Wanna run, wanna run
Run it back to nostalgia