

# San Junipero

Bryce Vine

Satellites don't fly in the moonlight  
Ain't no planes up there in the sky  
Just an island lost on the ocean (Ocean)  
No one here keeps track of time, no  
The coffee hot, tastes just like Havana  
But troubles melt when soaked in wine  
We all got mansions down by the water (Water)  
But there's no furniture inside  
All just strangers passin' time

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Everything is beautiful here in this fucked up paradise  
They don't like us askin' questions  
Ain't no other place quite like  
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Let the sheets fall down by your waistline (Waistline)  
When you're thinking, where do you go?  
'Cause you ain't like most people in this town  
And I've been here long enough to know, yeah  
Oh, that it's heaven but it doesn't help  
'Cause it's a heaven for somebody else  
And I don't like this style, no  
And you just came along  
Singin' Misfits songs  
And dancing like you meant to by yourself, oh

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'Cause it's do or die and do or die again  
Suffer never try and try again  
Because it's just a rush  
Oh these seasons never ever gonna change  
I think we'd be crazy not to stay  
Because it's just enough

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