

Olivia

Coin

Call up on a Friday
With your pretty little eyes
Roll them right up a hill
Drawing shapes in the carpet

Washing down a sour taste
With a silly little smile
Push me straight down the stairs
Then you leave my apartment

I know it's Olivia
I know if you want me to
I'll go
But Olivia, it's you

I've been on a bitter end
Cry baby cry
Every now and every then
I catch a scent of your jacket

I know it's Olivia
I know if you want me to
I'll go
But Olivia, it's you

I know it's Olivia
I know if you want me to
I'll go
But Olivia, it's you