

# Treehouse

Conan Gray

I see your face in the moving lights  
The leaves are falling as time slips by  
And I wish in this moment  
That I could've died right there

The wind was howling but we weren't scared  
Remember living on bikes those years  
When we lost all control and  
Scuffed up the soles of our shoes

So baby come with me now  
High above the leaves, bring  
Apple juice and freezies  
Relearn how to dream we'd  
Make our little nest  
It's always the best  
Back at the treehouse  
Let's go back to the treehouse

We fixed our eyes on those flashing signs  
We didn't think we'd make it out alive  
But we rode on those coasters  
'Till apples were oranges too

And the ocean's freezing, they warned us well  
But our hearts were burning; our limbs propelled  
Into icy saltwater  
To us it's euphoria still

So baby come with me now  
High above the leaves, bring  
Apple juice and freezies  
Relearn how to dream we'd  
Make our little nest  
It's always the best

Back at the treehouse  
Back to the treehouse

And I see it coming, not so inviting  
The blue coast is calling, I'm so scared of falling  
Seasons are changing, we're rearranging  
Our plans in the sand, I'm so tired, could we just  
Skip down the road back home?

Please, baby, come with me  
Forget about your fears  
The world could all be yours  
If you'd stop being a realist  
There's no need to stress  
You'll be a success  
Back at the treehouse  
Let's go back to the treehouse  
Back to the treehouse  
Back to the treehouse