

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
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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