

What Happens Now?

Dasha

Take me back to June, sky was powder blue
Even on a weekday we'd be out 'til 2
Driving with a view, singing out of tune
Got me so distracted, could only stare at you, you, you
How you hurt so good, but the summers almost over, air is getting col-
der
But I understood before it even happened that this would feel like ma-
gic

But now we're older, what happens now?
I can't control it, all my love, I should've sold it
I could've smoked it, would've rolled it, should've known it
What happens now? What happens now that we're older?
Golden days, they can't be over
All my love, I should've sold it
I could've smoked it, would've rolled it, should've known it
What happens now? What happens now?
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What happens now? What happens now?

Barefoot in my boots, you in skater shoes
Racing down the hallway, screaming that I lose
Then it was "see you soon", my flight takes off at noon
And all this overthinking, all these wasted feelings

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But I just can't seem to put us down
(What happens now? What happens now?)
So is it too late honey for us now
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So is it too late honey for us now
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That we're older
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