

Recent Memory

Daya

I'm not someone who is kind to my feelings just so you know
It's hard to tell you how much I think about you; easy to let you go
I'm holding onto the taste of your lips, it's killing me slow
I want it over and over again want you to get out of my head and me out my clothes

I want you to be
More than a recent memory
I want you to be
More than a recent memory
I want you to be
More than a moment in history
I want you to be
More than a recent memory

I picture you on a dark night, flashes of red and gold
Your hands on my body, we're so high dancing in clouds of smoke
Wish I could tell you to stay, yeah pull me in and hold me close
But I live it over and over again and every memory ends with me on my own

I want you to be
More than a recent memory
I want you to be
More than a recent memory
I want you to be
More than a moment in history
I want you to be
More than a recent memory
I want you to be
A recent memory
I want you to be
A recent memory