

Bleach

Fickle Friends

We talk a lot
Friends maybe not
You're back in town on Thursday
We keep it light
Mexican night
But everyone knows we're thirsty
What's this thing between you and me?
You pull me to the side
This could be love
This could be love
This could be love

Dressed for the beach
A packet of bleach
A bottle of wine, not cheap stuff
Go with the flow
Out of control
Joke that it's cuffing season
What's this thing between you and me?
Might be our shared star sign
This could be love
This could be love
This could be love

And you're sofa surfing
The whole month of July
So it can't feel casual
And we're in a whirlwind
Getting sick from butterflies
What will happen if we fall?

A pillow wall
We're not animals
And we try to fight the feeling
Destiny has
Ulterior plans
I guess that we won't be sleeping
What's this thing between you and me?
Been brewing for a while
This could be love
This could be love
This could be love

This could be love alright
Never in my whole life
Yeah, this could be love alright