

wrinkles

Grady

You got some wheels?
Then you go for a drive
Ferraris sinking in a garage make me sigh

Her skin is peeling cause she's perfectly ripe
It's not a blemish, it's a proofing of life

What's the point of a beach day if you don't swallow the sun?

I'm gonna soak this shit up
I've become a sponge absorbing some rays
And leaking with fun
If I'm gonna sweat, it won't be about the little stuff
So I'm exposing my buns
The sky is a brush painting me a few shades
Cause fuck it I'm young
And if I'm gonna sweat
It won't be about the little stuff

Don't be conceited, cause we're all gonna die
Collect some wrinkles and display them with pride
She's at the cafe Senequier in St Tropez
She isn't afraid to put some colour on her face
I'm a couple tables away and I don't even know her name
But she's so cool

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