

# Motown

Grayscale

You tease like Paris heat in July  
Chlorine and summer dreams swimming in your eyes  
Drive to you all night long, all night long  
I'm coming through right now, pick up the phone  
I always thought we'd find a way  
But not today until she says, "Why we waiting?  
Why we waiting?"

Now she's begging me to go down  
She's staring at my soul now  
Legs shaking, driving with my hair now  
She's singing to the Motown  
Now we're moving to her floor now  
I know we're being too loud  
Temptations playing in the background  
She's singing to the Motown

You feel like Brooklyn streets late at night  
Dirty with harmony, all intertwined  
I want you biting my tongue and holding on  
You've got those rose gold lips, phenomenon  
I always knew that we'd get here someday  
Let superstition play, no more waiting  
Why we waiting?

Now she's begging me to go down  
She's staring at my soul now  
Legs shaking, driving with my hair now  
She's singing to the Motown  
Now we're moving to her floor now  
I know we're being too loud  
Temptations playing in the background  
She's singing to the Motown

Now she's begging me to go down  
She's staring at my soul now  
Legs shaking, driving with my hair now  
She's singing to the Motown  
Now we're moving to her floor now  
I know we're being too loud  
Temptations playing in the background  
She's singing to the Motown