

Summer Clothes

Grayscale

Dysfunctional

Yeah, back then we were indestructible
Put all my money on the queen of hearts and lost it
Found demons in the closet
What a time, I felt so alive

Yeah, in my head
I'm holding you close
And tasting the sugar on your collarbones
I know you know
That I miss your soul
How punk music turns you on
And getting you off in summer clothes

(Summer clothes)

(And getting you off in summer clothes)
(Summer clothes)

From tracing your silhouette in Egyptian cotton sheets
To waking alone in bed, your voice still haunting me
Your eyes running like a faucet, sorry and exhausted
Yeah, it's fine, I just wanna die

Yeah, in my head
I'm holding you close
And tasting the sugar on your collarbones
I know you know
That I miss your soul
How punk music turns you on
And getting you off in summer clothes

(Summer clothes)

(And getting you off in summer clothes)
(Summer clothes)

Yeah, in my head
I'm holding you close
And tasting the sugar on your collarbones
I know you know
That I miss your soul
How punk music turns you on
And getting you off...

Yeah, in my head
I'm holding you close
And tasting the sugar on your collarbones
I know you know
That I miss your soul
How punk music turns you on
And getting you off in summer clothes

(Summer clothes)

(Tasting)
(Tasting)
(Tasting)
(Tasting)
(And getting you off in summer clothes)
(Tasting)

(Tasting)
(Tasting)
(And getting you off in summer clothes)
(Summer clothes)