Low Beam

Her's

Tuck in the bend and hit the corner right
Red blood boys behind the bike
Cruising together, tryna make a scene
Nothing at all can come between

They're feeling lucky tryna make you crack
Stand up boy, or take it back
You'll get a shiner like you've never seen
Ride it out or keep it clean

I'm just a lover boy
I'm not cut out to be cruel
Cuddled in corduroy
Usually acting the fool

Soft at the edges still
Keeping my lights on low beam
Thinking of different thrills
Tryina find love in my dreams

I know what you're on about
I know that you're wrong
I know what you're on about
I know that you're wrong

I know what you're thinking you can take me for a ride
Baby, hit me harder 'cause I'm never gonna hide
You can keep on running, but you're running out of track
Imma keep it coming, that's a matter of fact

Step on the gas and let the rubber burn
Sun retires as they return
There's only one thing you can guarantee
Night belongs to the cavalry

They gotta taste for everything you got
Take your chance while the engine's hot
Forever leather lovers on the street
Stand your ground, or take a seat

I'm just a lover boy
I'm not cut out to be cruel
Cuddled in corduroy
Usually acting the fool

Soft at the edges still (I'm bruising up like a peach)
Keeping my lights on low beam (Doesn't mean that I'm weak)
Thinking of different thrills (Getting lost in my head)
Trying to find love in my dreams (until I'm back in my bed)

I know what you're on about
I know that you're wrong
Baby let me bail out
I just don't belong

I know what you're thinking you can take me for a ride
Baby, hit me harder 'cause I'm never gonna hide

You can keep on running, but you're running out of track
Imma keep it coming, that's a matter of fact

I know what you're thinking you can take me for a ride
Baby, do your worst you know I'm never gonna hide
You can keep on running, but you're running out of track
Imma keep it coming, that's a matter of fact

I know what you're thinking you can take me for a ride
Grip me by the collar, baby, never gonna hide
You can keep on running, but you're running out of track
Imma keep it coming, that's a matter of fact