

Caught Up On You

JP Saxe

Can I embrace what I still can't make sense of?
Home's the first place you tried running away from
It's hard to explain, and I kind of don't want to
All that to say, I can't wait to get caught up on you

I say, "I like the way that you get lost in a moment"
You say, "It's the only way that you can ever really hold it"
And I laugh like I always do at hippie shit
You say you'd rather have the fun than be the one making fun of it
I say, "It's sexy how you speak three languages"
You tell me, "Don't say that, you sound so fucking American"
And I kissed you before I let myself ruin it
But if I'd thought it through, I still would have gone through with it

We both like extended metaphors connected loosely
We both like fancy champagne mixed with White Claw or Truly
It taste better 'cause they shouldn't go together
You taste better 'cause we shouldn't go together

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You're high and you're talking about communism
I'm high and I wanna go down on a communist
I think that my kink is intellectualism
Foreplay with songs set to 6/8 time rhythms

You make me want to lie about my reading habits
Care less about my social status
Teach myself to comfortably hold onto something
Knowing I could never have it
You make me want to study up on psychedelia
Spend less time on my social media
Teach myself to comfortably hold onto something
Knowing I could never keep you

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Caught up on you, caught up on you
All that to say, I can't wait to get caught up on you
Caught up on you, caught up on you
All that to say, I can't wait to get caught up on you
Caught up on you, caught up on you
All that to say, I can't wait to get caught up on you

Can I embrace what I still can't make sense of? (Caught up on you, caught up on you)
Home's the first place you tried running away from (All that to say, I can't wait to get caught up on you)
It's hard to explain, and I kind of don't want to (Caught up on you, caught up on you)
All that to say, I can't wait to get caught up on