

# Crosstown

Kilo Kish

It's not that I want to  
Have you, I think you know I have to grab you get inside my cab  
too  
After you!  
(You pay)  
Black dress, and the moon shine  
Candle lit air sounds about right  
Flipping my hair at the stoplight, high flying  
Take your time on a rainy day  
Sipping coffee in a foggy way  
Can't clear my brain, know what they say  
Girls go insane!  
(I need medication)  
Sunglasses in the evening  
Cocktails with [?] at our meetings  
Everything's repeating  
Come see me! (Please)

Let's get real fucked up  
We won't know which way is up  
Crosstown on the bus now, how's that sound?  
Urban vacation, take me to a place when  
We never mind the looks on their faces  
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We won't know which way is up  
Crosstown on the bus now, how's that sound?  
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Now that you're with me  
YSL on my lips, put your hand on my hips  
Leather at the head rest, our sunset (fancy)  
Afternoon champagne, collar shirt, and dress plain  
Take your photo, and tag me, though  
Airport layover, arm across my shoulders  
Do you know what comes next, but don't expect  
We can get fucked up, blah, blah, blah!