

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
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

Now that you're with me
Now that you're with me
Now that you're with me
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!