

Rooftop

Lady Lamb

If I'm the cop then you're the robber
We'll play cowboys and Indians in the yard for the slaughter

I had a dream you'd be on this rooftop
If you're not, then that's okay
But if you are, well
I'm thinking that it's fate

If I'm the sap then you're the maple
And I'll stick close to you 'till I make it to your table

Over the microphone, over the video projector
I almost called your name but then I refrained
'Cause I will catch you some other way if it's fate
If it's fate, if it's fate