

Did you know you're on fire?
Did you know that you're beautiful?
Did you know you got me fucked up?
Did you know that you're gorgeous?

Alright, I can still remember how the weed smelled
When you were riding shotgun, no seat belt
Or the SS just taking hits
Sold that car and fucked up that relationship
I built up my walls perhaps too tall
Got issues with trusting but that's not all
Knots tied by fame and not easily undone
I fucked 200 women, said "I love you" to one
She used to speak like she was reading a scene
And make love like she was a model
The only thing about flames that bright
Is they tend to make mine seem darker

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Yeah, yeah, in and out of love
On and off of drugs
I ask you where you've been
And you give me shoulder shrugs
Pink polka dot top from Saint Laurent
I bought you but you never wore
And I don't even send the text
I know you just ignore
And I'm so high
Could be the drugs could be the moment
But either way I can't keep my eyes off you

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