

## Dying Breed

Marc E. Bassy

I like what you look like in the morning  
After we were out the whole night...  
Picture perfect fine for the photos  
Real you really my type  
I like when we put our fucking phones away  
Stare each other down in my room  
They don't need to know about the games we play  
Nobody compares to you

Baby don't try to be  
Anyone else for me  
Ooh they don't make em like you  
You're the last of a dying breed...  
Don't try to be  
Anyone else for me  
Ooh they don't make em like you  
You're the last of a dying breed...  
Last of a dying breed, baby  
Last of a dying breed, baby  
Last of a dying breed, baby

Runny mascara night terror  
Running through my mind all day  
Feel just like I'm talking to the mirror  
Everytime you look my way  
I like when we put the fucking past away  
Stories got way too old  
You're making me feel like I was a castaway  
Coming inside from the cold

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