

1998

Matthew Koma

Coconut chewing gum.
Insecurely on your tongue.
Bumpin' up cause we were young.
And we wanna.
Strung out Juliet.
My initials on her neck.
And when the sweat fell off her chest.
I thought I owned her.
And when you wanted redemption, I was suicide.
And you where somewhere hide inside.
I wonder where we've come to been.
Screamin out loud on safety pins.
All the crooked maps we made.
Locked in 1998.
Tap on clap on candle wax.
Smell of that perfume takes me back.
All the crooked tracks we laid.
Locked in 1998.
Oh oh oh oh oh...
Poloroid memories.
And the sound of libertines.
Your sarcastic lips on me.
Are slightly open.
Peter Pan ecstasy.
Tinker Bell on LSD
Innocent insanity.
Of empty ocean, the ocean wide
And when you wanted redemption, I was suicide.
And you were somewhere hide inside.
I wonder where we've come to been.
Screamin' out loud on safety pins.
All the crooked maps we made.
Locked in 1998.
Tap one clap one candle wax.
Smell of that perfume takes me back.
All the crooked tracks we laid.
Locked in 1998.
I don't know how we got here.
Well get back there.
I don't know how we got here.
Well get back there.
I wonder where we've come to been.
Screamin' out loud on safety pins.
All the crooked maps we made.
Locked in 1998.
Tap on clap on candle wax.
Smell of that perfume takes me back.
All the crooked tracks we laid.
Locked in 1998.
Oh oh oh oh oh...