

Oranges

PEABOD

Celebration park on a Sunday
Scrolling through my Nano for the pregame
Sweet September sun propping up the forecast the next three days
Somebody's mama brought a bag of oranges for the heat wave

Lately my mind's been like that summer
Can I handle this heat? I wonder
But then like ice in my drink you cool me down
And I start to think

Baby you're like

Oranges at half-time, fresh air and Alpines
I write "I love you" in ink, no pencil, no graphite
'Cause you're my favorite pastime, gave my eyes laugh lines
If time with you cost me then baby I'd spend my last dime
Oranges at half-time
Oranges at half-time

Fresher than OJ from the orange state, you're my main squeeze
You're cooler than Coldplay on a cold day with a brain freeze
You're really something special baby
You make me sentimental baby, hm yeah

When I get sick of the cycle, you're citrus in my cup
When I get hit, you're my hype man, you lift me, pick me up
You keep your composure when I'm seeing ghosts
You pull me in closer

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Oranges at half-time
Oranges at half-time

Celebration park on a Sunday
Celebrate the spark and the runway
Celebrate every gift, every good thing yeah
Celebrate every gift, every good (yeah)
Celebration park on a Sunday
Celebrate the spark and the runway
Celebrate every gift, every good thing yeah
Celebrate every gift, every good thing like

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