

1987

Phoneboy

I heard
You're missing turns
And your favorite three words
I'm not too gone
The TV's on
Until I learn
A simple way
To pretend that we're in 1987
Throw it into first 'cause you're so tempting

Paint me a picture of you
Paint me a picture of you
Of you

I heard
Someone else
Falling off the top shelf
I'm here for you
Be here for me
Until I heard
That cigarettes
Like to burn down to the filter
When you're sleeping
Waking up in pieces every weekend

Ohh, I just want your lips to taste
I just want my lips to taste like
You
Paint me a picture of you
Of you

Paint me a picture of you
Paint me a picture of you
Of you