

Delicate

Pia Toscano

This ain't for the best
My reputation's never been worse, so
You must like me for me

Dive bar on the East Side, where you at?
Phone lights up my nightstand in the black
Come here, you can meet me in the back
Dark jeans and your Nikes, look at you
Oh damn, never seen that color blue
Just think of the fun things we could do
'Cause I like you

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We can't make
Any promises now, can we, babe?
But you can make me a drink

Is it cool that I said all that?
Is it chill that you're in my head?
'Cause I know that it's delicate
Is it cool that I said all that?
Is it too soon to do this yet?
'Cause I know that it's delicate
Isn't it? Isn't it?
Isn't it? Isn't it?
Isn't it? Isn't it?
Isn't it? Isn't it? Delicate?

Third floor on the West Side, me and you
Handsome, you're a mansion with a view
Do the girls back home touch you like I do?
Long night, with your hands up in my hair
Echoes of your footsteps on the stairs
Stay here, honey, I don't wanna share
'Cause I like you

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Sometimes I wonder when you sleep

Are you ever dreaming of me?
Sometimes when I look into your eyes
I pretend you're mine, all the damn time

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