

Flipside

Ripe

Good girl, so I'm told
Pure and fragile soul
Things I seem to bend and break
You seem to uphold
Have you lost your way?
I find it kinda strange
You'd be drawn to anything that's about to unfold

I should apologize
If you were not warned that I
I was born a roving soul
And I should clarify
You should not expect that I
Would take you more than half the way home

And I'll warn you, baby
Things I do are best kept out of the light
They're only for your eyes
And I'll show you, mama
Dreams were always meant to catch fire
Come join me
Gunning toward the flipside, no

Won't you hear me out?
You who fear to drown
I swear that the water's nice
Once you learn to swim around
And it's alright to dive
With survival on your mind
You can take it step by step
'Til you find solid ground

Child treading water in the deep, God knows
There's a certain kind of peace, God knows
There's a kind of sweet release
God knows you must try to see how it goes

Until you face your fear
How can you hope to grow?
To find joy in the wild unknown

And I'll warn you, baby
Things I do are best kept out of the light
They're only for your eyes
And I'll show you, mama
Dreams were always meant to catch fire
Come join me
Gunning toward the flipside

Gather round, gather round, gather round
All you told to settle down, settle down, settle down
Ooh, play it loud, play it loud, play it loud
We weren't meant to settle down, settle down
Settle

Me and my friends go out by night
To mess around and feel alright

And if you think that that sounds nice
Come join me gunning toward the flipside

My baby
Things I do are best kept out of the light
They're only for your eyes
And I'll show you, mama
Dreams were always meant to catch fire
Come join me
Gunning toward the flipside
(Whoa-oh-oh)
My baby, keep me out of the light
They're only for your eyes
I'll show you, mama
Dreams were always meant to catch fire
Come join me gunning toward the flipside
Gunning towards