

ROAM

Rivals

I don't want to lose all my head space
So I tend to roam
Blacked out in a blue Corvette with a man I barely know
Yeah, I need to roam
Yeah, I need to roam
Yeah, I need to roam

Grey concrete straight to my teeth
Cause my body left my soul
Want endless drives on really hot nights
Cause my air it barely flows

My mind it runs on jet fuel
Fly me away from here
I want nothing more than to get away
Into the atmosphere

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My hair in the wind, they breathe me in
Cause I tend to run away
Run red lights, I roll the dice
So I never have to stay

I really don't feel guilty
Cause my soul it tends to veer
I want nothing more than to get away
Into the atmosphere

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