

# Our Time

Russ

Yeah, maybe this just not our time  
You got your life, I got mine  
You're too far away, let's be real  
To get too attached, let's be real  
Baby on the other hand  
We be kicking it  
Can't find nothing wrong with you  
You stay up with me  
Help me with a song or two  
Your momma loves me and I think my momma loves you too

I love you dearly  
I love it when you near me  
I love how you don't care how I make weekly what they make yearly  
Yes, I love your accent  
I love your compassion  
Let's just sing it sweetly  
And on the flip side  
Barely sent an invite  
But that's all it took you on a plane I'm on your insides  
Fuckin' to my homies  
I can't be the only  
This can't be her first time

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Yeah  
I can't tell, do I miss you enough to drink?  
Or did I drink enough to miss you?  
So in love I'm scared to blink  
God forbid I miss a moment with you we share in the bed  
Takin' leaps of faith of love together, we sharin' on the ledge  
And around that time my trust issues be kicking in (kicking in)  
I swear Latina and trouble is just a synonym  
Despite chemistry it's so hard to overlook how we met  
Miami hotel girl, it's hard to forget

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