

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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