

# Powerslide

Ryan Beatty

Suburban royalty  
'Cause his neighbors let us use the pool  
He gave me pleasure underneath the water  
And it felt so good  
Now we're power sliding till the flat spots stop us  
They call the cops on us  
The time tick tocks, you drop me off

Summer's over when I die  
Can't let go of the heat, can't let go of your hand  
I roll into the deep end  
'Cause I wanna feel the wind blow while I ride  
Sun's up, I glisten  
You're good at transition

You could pass for masculine  
But that's not why I like it, no no no no  
Now we share a couple cigarettes before we go to bed  
And you got the plastic, that's fucking fantastic  
Now we're powersliding till we can both pass out  
You got the TV on, with the volume down for colors in the background

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Get lost!  
His muscles flex when he takes  
A puff from his cigarette  
He's looking tough and so friendly  
I'm im...  
Get lost!  
Stop, I'm taking your picture  
Crack a smile through the lens  
My god, I swear this is perfect  
Let the sunset take us down  
Get lost!  
Ahh, ahh  
Get lost!  
Ahh, ahh

(It's cold!  
Ryan could you skateboard for us?)