

Fast Times

Sabrina Carpenter

Sun's up too soon like daylight savings
Mixed emotions are congregating
Picturin' us in all these places
Ahead of myself's an understatement
Sky looks so purple, I can taste it
Couple days in, I call you "baby"
Three stories up here contemplatin'
But what the fuck is patience?

These are fast times and fast nights, yeah
No time for rewrites, we couldn't help it
Outlines on bed sides, yeah
Give me a second to forget I ever really meant it
Fast times and fast nights, yeah
Closed eyes and closed blinds, we couldn't help it
Outlines on bed sides, yeah
Give me a second to forget I ever really meant it

My feelings used to be serrated
But you speak in such a perfect cadence
Tiptoeing past so many stages
But what the fuck is patience?

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These, these are
These are the fast times
These, these are
These are the—

Fast times and fast nights, yeah (Yeah)
No time for rewrites, we couldn't help it
Outlines on bed sides, yeah (Yeah)
Give me a second to forget I ever really meant it
Fast times and fast nights, yeah
Closed eyes and closed blinds, we couldn't help it
Outlines on bed sides, yeah
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