

Bungalow

Scott Helman

There's a place I go
Where there's no heat
But it never gets cold
And that I know for sure

There's a rusted gate
And a chandelier
A flowered door
And a mattress on the floor

She lays me down so low
Here under the stars

And knowing it won't last
Just tears me apart

This is how it goes
This is how it goes
Baby we're rolling
Just a boat on the ocean

Up in the sky
Heaven so close

Taking off your clothes
Taking off my clothes
Give me a moment
I don't care if it's stolen

Way up high
In your sweet, little bungalow

Oooh...

She's got a temper
Yeah, like a red head
A tabby cat
And a tattoo she regrets

She's a carpenter
With a book of poems
Got another side that
No one really knows

Watching through the window
You smile in the dark

Knowing we can't stay here
But you left a mark

This is how it goes
This is how it goes
Baby we're rolling
Just a boat on the ocean

Up in the sky
Heaven so close

Taking off your clothes
Taking off my clothes
Give me a moment
I don't care if it's stolen

Way up high
In your sweet, little bungalow

Oooh...

This is enough, don't be insecure
As long as you kiss me, when I walk through your window
To your door and I'll know when
The night is filled with cold

We'll be warm and nothing matters
When the world is moving slow
I got you in my arms, now it's fine
Don't feel low

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This is how it goes
Baby we're rolling
Just a boat on the ocean

Up in the sky
Heaven so close

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