

Loverboy

Sir Sly

I can't ever be your everything
But I wanna be your loverboy, your loverboy
Girl, this life is what we make it
Done with all the fake shit
I only wanna be your loverboy
Your loverboy, your loverboy

I like chocolate and roses
Breakfast in bed and polaroid poses
I like holding you closely
Tracing with fingers your lips and your nose ring
Sometimes I think I went soft
Sad boy got played out cut up and ripped off
Begging god for a lift up
Like begging for time from a wristwatch
Opening up after deafening loss
Is definitely hard
Let me be happy, I've carried my cross

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I like being myself around you
Some red wine and you cut to the truth
"Headfirst" feels like a prophecy
We can make life what we want it to be
Bliss on the hip and the neck
I'm not ready for the big sleep yet

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(Silly fuckin' loverboy)