

Courtside

Tim Atlas

You walk into a room
Like you're burning down the West Coast
And I can't find
What's left of my mind

You danced, you drank cheap wine
And spilled it on your red coat
But you laughed it off
You don't even blush

Wanna wake up by you
With a courtside view
You're out of my league
But you're in my room
Don't let me let go
Don't let me let go

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With a courtside view
You're out of my league
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Don't let me let go
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Tequila on my lips
Suddenly I'm tongue-tied
And I can't find
What's left of my mind

I swore love off since I turned 16
I wanna hold you and tear at the seams
If you're down
If you're down, down, down

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