

Naive

Transviolet

Laying out above Curson Street
Pool towels on the hard concrete
Made the roof our private beach
Heads full of California dreams

Maybe we were naive
Maybe we were brilliant
Never perfect timing
Always saying dumb shit
We were
Marijuana sunbaked
Turning up the radio
Paint each other's portraits
Feeling like Jack and Rose
Kings of the world
With nowhere but up to go
Yeah maybe we were naive
Maybe we were brilliant

Bleach blonde, 24
Immortalized in video
Forever young in slo mo
On the verge, little did we know

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With nowhere but up to go
Yeah maybe we were naive
Maybe we were brilliant
Yeah, maybe we were lightning
One in a million
Yeah maybe we were

Ooo oo ahh ahh
Ahh ahh
Ooo oo ahh ahh
Ahh ahh

(Maybe we were)

Ooo oo ahh ahh
Ahh ahh
Ooo oo ahh ahh
Ahh ahh

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Ooo oo ahh ahh
Ahh ahh
Ooo oo ahh ahh
Ahh ahh

(Maybe we were lightning)

Ooo oo ahh ahh
Ahh ahh
Ooo oo ahh ahh
Ahh ahh