

FUNERAL GREY

Waterparks

11 pm she walked in with her friends
And now I'm tripping off the deep end
So call me a Lyft or a black hearse
'Cause I know you'll make my head spin, yeah

And I said, "What's your favorite color?" She pointed at her waist
And I said, "That's not a color, it's a shade"
She said, "Don't disagree with me," and then

And then she walked away
I didn't get her name
I can't explain
The look on her face
She wore a sweater
In summer weather, yeah
She wore a sweater
It was funeral grey
And now it's killing me
I just want you to be
My next mistake
That I'm gonna make
She wore a sweater
In summer weather, yeah
She wore a sweater
It was funeral grey

3 am she walked in, took a hit
I said, "That shit is gonna kill you"
She kinda smiled and she blew it in my face
And said, "Well, now you're gonna die too"

Yeah, I said that you can call me, beep me
If you want my skin
She rolled her eyes and then she said
"I know your dying wish is to be baptized in my spit"

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Float my way
I'm melting for you
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