

Push Play

Zedd

With my words, across your face,
you're making up stories of your own.
Little bits of white paper,
in pockets deeper than you know.

You painted black upon the whitest lies
you've seen them fall, you have seen them rise,
you painted black upon the whitest lies, lies, your lies.

Push play, stop rewind
you drown your heroes in red wine.
Push play, stop rewind,
you drown your heroes in red wine.
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Close enough to see your hands - sneaking out of these, (his) embrace
Paper thin, whispering, breaking in
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