Berkeley's Breathing

Emily Kinney

You know that I haven't gone to bed yet
Just call me up, I'm a sure bet
Berkeley's been breathing since first time we met
I'm wide awake, I'm a sure betBackseats and salt stings, the air crisp and breezy
Card key hotel room, boy, I'm just that easy
Oh, you know that I haven't gone to bed yet
Just call me up, I'm a sure betIf you want in, there's no need for a knock
We keep our doors at night unlocked
Tip-tap the glass, cigarette or small talk
I'm wide awake, my door's unlocked
Rain poured, my heart tore, but you didn't mind much
A red face from hot days and built-up lust blood rush
Oh, if you want in, there's no need for a knock
We keep our doors at night unlockedLesson, lesson learned
You'll just sit, my fingertips get burned
Open flame, windowsill all night long
Take what's left of my best unfinished song
My unfinished song
Song, my songYou know that I haven't gone to bed yet
Just call me up, I'm a sure bet
Berkeley's been breathing since first time we met
I'm wide awake, I'm your best bet

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