

# 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 bet  
Backseats 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 bet  
If 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 unlocked  
Lesson, 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 song  
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 your best bet

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