

Back Seat (Goldroom Remix)

Atlas Genius

Cold back street, flicker of a light that I couldn't meet
Olfactory senses breaking down, slowly figures it'd be old back seat
Drunken couple take it too far thinking no one could see
Having sex on the street I'll sell you a feeling, ah ah ah, oh, whoa
I'll sell you a meaning, ah ah ah, oh, whoa
I'll say you a feeling, ah ah ah, oh, whoa
I'll say you a meaning, ah ah ah, oh, whoa Use that door, words like knives that no longer cut
The world in flames, so small anymore we could fall through the grate
We got time, gonna waste it all, gonna be fine
We're complicated, but we're as simple as we wanted to be I'll sell you a feeling, ah ah ah, oh, whoa
I'll sell you a meaning, ah ah ah, oh, whoa
I'll say you a feeling, ah ah ah, oh, whoa
I'll say you a meaning, ah ah ah, oh, whoa

Songwriters

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