Sofa

Bonnen

She's reinventing loving me,
When were resembling cutlery on the sofa.
It must have been about 5:01 and my blue ripped jeans,

And my eyes are closed and i'm way to tired,
Hoodie still smells of the beach bonfire,
On the sofa, where we lay, i wanna stay inside all day,
And it's cold outside, again.
And were both so high.

We could fly to Berlin, Tokyo or Jamaica,
We can go where we want say the word and i'll take ya.
But i'd rather stay on the sofa,
on the sofa, with you.

When the morning comes were not watching Fomula 1,
It's not what we breath for,
We kick off the day with Friends on T4.
Tea, boiled and brewed,
Two sugars aint to sweet for you.

On the sofa where lay, i wanna stay inside all day,
And it's cold outside, again.
And were still so high.

We could fly to Berlin, Tokyo or Jamaica,
We can go where we want say the word and i'll take ya.
But i'd rather stay on the sofa,
On the sofa, with you.

And it feels like,
I'm flying.
And it feels like,
We could go to Berlin, Tokyo or Jamaica.
Through the streets of New York,
That is where i will take ya.
Paris, Rome to Rio passing through Las Vegas.

We can go where you want say the word and i'll take her,
But i'd rather stay, on the sofa,

On the sofa, on the sofa with you.

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