Roman Holiday (Instrumental)

Halsey

Do you remember the taste of my lips
That night I stole a bit of my mother's perfume?
'Cause I remember when my father put his fist
Through the wall that separated the dining room
And I remember the fear in your eyes
The very first time we snuck into the city pool
Late December with my heart in my chest and the clouds of my breath
Didn't know where we were running to
But don't look backWe'll be looking for sunlight
Or the headlights
Till our wide eyes burn blind
We'll be lacing the same shoes
That we've worn through
To the bottom of the line
And we know that we're headstrong
And our heart's gone
And the timing's never right
But for now let's get away
On a Roman holidayCould you imagine the taste of your lips
If we never tried to kiss on the drive to Queens?
'Cause I imagine the weight of your ribs
If you lied between my hips in the backseat
And I imagine the tears in your eyes
The very first night I'll sleep without you
And when it happens I'll be miles away
And a few months late
Didn't know where I was running to
But I won't look backWe'll be looking for sunlight
Or the headlights
Till our wide eyes burn blind
We'll be lacing the same shoes
That we've worn through
To the bottom of the line
And we know that we're headstrong
And our heart's gone
And the timing's never right
But for now let's get away
On a Roman holidayFeet first, don't fall
Or we'll be running again

Keep close, stand tallWe'll be looking for sunlight
Or the headlights
Till our wide eyes burn blind
We'll be lacing the same shoes
That we've worn through
To the bottom of the line
And we know that we're headstrong
And our heart's gone
And the timing's never right
But for now let's get away
On a Roman holiday

Songwriters
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