

Coldfront Heatstroke

Capital Lights

Got a girl shes the talk of the town
Im scared of wavering but shes scared of settling down
Were one of a kind but theres a catch
I caught through the grapevine that shes everything Im not, no
Shes a pro and Im a convict, caught red handed trying to hold on
Ive got a lose hand, can't get a grip, shes on a power trip trippin on my weakness
Can't stand still when they're lighter than air
You better bid farewell, they're a goner with the wind
I know a girl like that. When Im in shes out and when Im out shes in
Cause shes a cold front, giving me a heatstroke
Shes a hit song, ending on a weak note
I go high, she goes low; its a long roller coaster ride
Shes a saint with a smile on a Sunday
Going out, getting wild on a Monday
Took two weeks to say hello, now Im too weak to say goodbye
She was honey and Im a bee
I started dying away when I was forced to sting
Im buzzing around with no hope to heal
Until I drop like a fly, yeah, shes a true buzz kill
She can't stand still when Im lighter than air
She better bid farewell or Im a goner with the wind
Am I a guy like that? Its easier said than making right ends meet in the end
I tried holding her close; she said she just needed more time
So I let her go; suddenly, I was the bad guy
I think its all just a game that she's playing with my mind
Like a soap opera twist, left me confused like
She forgot her lines in a scene that she wrote
Plays an evil villain, calls herself a hero
She feels secure and sound and I feel like Im losing my mind

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