

Questions (feat. Frances Rose)

Chordashian

Wanna feel but I'm still dry.
You push forward; I pull back.
These stars are real, they don't hold back;
Light up the sky then fade to black. Overexposure, wish you could hold her closer,
before we turn to dust again.
These nights look like gold.
So solid, we hold on to them before we turn to dust. Release me.
There's no need to question why.
There's no need to waste our times.
Release me. There's no question. [Instrumental] (Question) There's no question (Question) Made a deal, we're
underwraps;
Pushing it forward, front to back.
Feels so surreal just play the act.
Shake like a secret, raise the track. Overexposure, wish you could hold her closer,
before we turn to dust again.
These nights look like gold.
So solid, we hold on to them before we turn to dust. Release me.
There's no need to question why.
There's no need to waste our time.
Release me. There's no question. Release me. (x2)
There's no question (Question) There's no question (Question)

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