

Back Seat

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 say (sell?) you a feeling, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll say 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 say (sell?) you a feeling, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll say 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

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