Rooftops And Invitations

Dashboard Confessional

The first time you looked
At her curves you were hooked
And the glances you took, took hold of you
And demanded that you stayAnd sunk in their teeth
Bit you hard and released
Such a charge that you need
Another touch, another taste, another fixShe just might get you lost
And she just might leave you torn
But she just might save your soul
If she gets you and she gets you any closerAnd she leads you up
Points out skylines and stars
Steeplechases and bars and took your keys
And demanded that you stayThe city longs well for rooftops and invitations
All lace and secret places
She moves you to touch with her handsAnd she just might get you lost
(She just might get you lost)
And she just might leave you torn
(She just might leave you torn)
But she just might save your soul
If she gets you and she gets you any closerUnder the cool sheet where the welcome touch
Of skin and skin will meet
Hot on the inside, where the girl's prize
Is at the tip of your tongueWhere every move and each impulse
Brings clarity
To stay like this is everything
You'll ever needShe just might get you lost
And she just might leave you torn
But she just might save your soul
If she gets you any closerAnd she just might get you lost
(She just might get you lost)
And she just might leave you torn
(She just might leave you torn)But she just might save your soul
If she gets you any closer
(If she gets you any closer)And she just might get you lost
(She just might get you lost)
And she just might leave you torn
(She just might leave you torn)
But she just might save your soul
If she gets you any closerCan you believe your eyes?

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