SUBURBIA

Troye Sivan

The sunset's longer,
Where I am from,
Where dreams go to die,
While having fun,
The boys fix their cars and,
Girls heat it up,
Love is so good when,
Love is young.Yeah, there's so much history in these streets,
The moms' who speak,
The words that I repeat,
So much history in my head,
The people I've left,
The ones I love,
Have you heard me on the radio?
Did you turn it up?
Are we blown out in stereo, it's suburbia,
Oh oh,
Could we play and be taking home,
Can we play some love?
Yeah, it's easier than letting go of suburbia,
Oh oh, oh oh.Swallow nostalgia,
Trace it with wine,
The heaven glowing,
And chasing time,
Missing the playing,
I can't rewind,
Can't help but feel I've,
Lost what's mine.Yeah, they're all the same but nothing ever changes,
Through the lines that are their faces,
Yeah, they're all the same, but nothing ever changes,
Through the lines that are their faces.

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