

Speeding

Rudimental

With the lights down low,
She waited home
He never called the phone,
He never picked her up just like he said he would
And so she sent him loving messages
Ask him straight what this is
The light down low,
She waited home
He never called the phone,
He never picked her up just like he said he would
And so she sent him loving messages Ask him Straight What this is
Driving, speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling
Driving speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling
My black and? blue a-against the wall, wall..ah-oh
My scream is muted-ed as we fa-all
you never stick around, fade into your background
Now this is ish, it's - it's out the window..oh..ah-oh

And i'm driving speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling
Driving speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling
A flash of all your childish games, games, ah-ames
Remains as we're? standing face-to-face
Yeah, for always playing that field
My defence stands with no shield
Now this is-h is out the window and i'm ..
The lights down low,
She waited home
He never called the phone,
He never picked her up just like he said he would
And so she sent him loving messages
Ask him straight what this is
Driving, speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling
Driving speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling
Driving, speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling
Driving speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling

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