The Louvre

Lorde

Well, summer slipped us underneath her tongue
Our days and nights are perfumed with obsession
Half of my wardrobe is on your bedroom floor
Use our eyes, throw our hands overboardI am your sweetheart psychopathic crush
Drink up your movements, still I can't get enough
I overthink your p-punctuation use
Not my fault, just a thing that my mind doA rush at the beginning
I get caught up, just for a minute
But lover, you're the one to blame, all that you're doing
Can you hear the violence?
Megaphone to my chestBroadcast the boom boom boom boom
And make 'em all dance to it
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And make 'em all dance to itOur thing progresses, I call and you come through
Blow all my friendships to sit in hell with you
But we're the greatest, they'll hang us in the Louvre
Down the back, but who cares, still the LouvreOkay I know that you are not my type (still I fall)
I'm just the sucker who let you fill her mind (but what about love?)
Nothing wrong with it, supernatural
Just move in close to me, closer, you'll feel it coastingA rush at the beginning
I get caught up, just for a minute
But lover, you're the one to blame, all that you're doing
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Songwriters
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