

# Roman Holiday

Halsey

Do you remember the taste of my lips  
That night I stole a bit of my mother's perfume?  
'Cause I remember when my father put his fist  
Through the wall that separated the dining room  
And I remember the fear in your eyes  
The very first time we snuck into the city pool  
Late December with my heart in my chest and the clouds of my breath  
Didn't know where we were running to  
But don't look back We'll be looking for sunlight  
Or the headlights  
Till our wide eyes burn blind  
We'll be lacing the same shoes  
That we've worn through  
To the bottom of the line  
And we know that we're headstrong  
And our heart's gone  
And the timing's never right  
But for now let's get away  
On a Roman holiday Could you imagine the taste of your lips  
If we never tried to kiss on the drive to Queens?  
'Cause I imagine the weight of your ribs  
If you lied between my hips in the backseat  
And I imagine the tears in your eyes  
The very first night I'll sleep without you  
And when it happens I'll be miles away  
And a few months later  
Didn't know where I was running to  
But I won't look back We'll be looking for sunlight  
Or the headlights  
Till our wide eyes burn blind  
We'll be lacing the same shoes  
That we've worn through  
To the bottom of the line  
And we know that we're headstrong  
And our heart's gone  
And the timing's never right  
But for now let's get away  
On a Roman holiday Feet first, don't fall  
Or we'll be running again

Keep close, stand tall We'll be looking for sunlight  
Or the headlights  
Till our wide eyes burn blind  
We'll be lacing the same shoes  
That we've worn through  
To the bottom of the line  
And we know that we're headstrong  
And our heart's gone  
And the timing's never right  
But for now let's get away  
On a Roman holiday

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