

Top Floor

Naughty Boy

I can see the city lights
From where I stand on the top floor
And I'm not sure if I'm dead I raise my hands to clouds
To check if heaven is with me now
Cause the devil's in my bed She won't love me like she could
She won't hold me like you would I bid this city goodnight
And cover the street lights like my eyes
When it's quiet I'll go I'm saying my sweetest goodbye
Under billboards
Of fastfoods and mobile phones Cause they don't treat me like they should
Cause they don't need me like you would My toes curl clutched to the edge
I'm filled up with regret
Could you forgive me yet? Would you know if I fell
From this hotel?

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