Hypnotic (feat. Zella Day)

Vanic

I wanna be on the front line, nodding up suit ties
Talking like a headstrong mamma
Got a picture in your wallet,
Making me a habbit wearin' your vintage t-shirt
Tied ribbons on your top pad,
Tellin' me I'm all that, just like the girls from your hometown
Sweet blooded and up-stranded, see if I can stand it, drinking in the shallow waterMagnetic everything about you,
You really got me, nowYou did to me so well
Hypnotic taking over me
Make me feel like someone else
You got me talking in my sleep
I don't wanna come back down
I don't wanna touch the ground
I'm sick of pushing down so deep
Hypnotic taking over me
Ahh, aahh
White threads on my laces {?},
Struck on the hinges, swinging the door to the back yard
'Cause dwellers {?} walk a tight rope
Spot like a bandage touch on the outer surface
Bright eyes of the solstice wherever your mind is heading from a freight train city
Locked up till you moon it,
Brushing my hair back, feeling your lips on my cold neckMagnetic everything about you,
You really got me, now
You did to me so well
Hypnotic taking over me
Make me feel like someone else
You got me talking in my sleep
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Ahh, ahh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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