Back Seat

Atlas Genius

Cold back street
Flicker of a light that I couldn't meet
Olfactory senses breaking down, slowly figures it'd be
Old back seat
Drunken couple take it too far thinking no one could see
Having sex on the streetI'll say (sell?) you a feeling, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll say you a meaning, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll say you a feeling, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll say you a meaning, ah ah ah
Oh, whoaUse that door
Words like knives that no longer cut
The world in flames, so small anymore we could fall through the grate
We got time
Gonna waste it all, gonna be fine
We're complicated, but we're as simple as we wanted to beI'll say (sell?) you a feeling, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll say you a meaning, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll say you a feeling, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll say you a meaning, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa

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