

# After Dark

## PoZitive Orchestra

I got your name and number, you seem kinda surprised.  
Maybe it's 'cause I can be, you know, like cold as ice.  
In crowded situations I always want to go.  
And if I see you leaving, I beat you to the door.  
I'm gonna tell you something, you're better than fake-wild.  
I see the future.  
In it, they try to kill your style, your manner, and your motives.  
I've seen the way it goes.  
So memorize my number, that's why I got a phone.  
Call me after dark.

I can make the sun rise daily right up from your landscape painting.  
I will be in the front row later when your brush becomes a mic.  
Maybe we could change this game forever.  
Shapes our breath makes in cold weather.  
They might say we're both crazy...I'm just glad I found you, baby.  
I don't want someone telling me no-oh-oh, "you're out of time"  
I don't mind being debated as long as you're with me tonight.  
I'm not gonna give up easy, we were made to cross the line.  
I don't want the things that we do...I don't want to let them die.

Lyrics provided by  
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