

# Terminally Chill (YACHT Remix)

## Neon Indian

Just asleep she's been waiting to creep for a long time  
Friendly eyes so small they rise from the waist line  
In dreams came callipygous things to my bedside  
And shrimped so she's pullin' the plugs to the outside  
Like the days when lovesick haze chemical fried  
Lock your face point to minimum waits friends to decide  
Mostly nights when your perfumes hide to revive  
On all my soup we caught in the tide

Songwriters

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