

Back Seat

Atlas Genius

Cold back street
Flicker of a light that I couldn't meet
Olfactory senses breaking down, slowly fade as a beat
Old back seat
Drunken couple take it too far thinking no one could see
They're just steps on the street

I'll sell you a feeling, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll sell you a meaning, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll sell you a feeling, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa
I'll sell you a meaning, ah ah ah
Oh, whoa

Use that door
Words like knives that no longer cut
The world inflates, so small anymore we could fall through the
grate
We've got time
Gonna waste it all, gonna be fine
We're complicated, but we're as simple as we wanted to be

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