

# Rooftops and Invitations

## Dashboard Confessional

The first time you looked at her curves you were hooked  
And the glances you took, took hold of you and demanded that you stay  
And sunk in their teeth, bit your heart and released  
Such a charge that you need another touch, another taste, another fix

She just might get you lost  
And she just might leave you torn  
But she just might save your soul  
If she gets you when she gets you any closer

She leads you up, points out skylines and stars, steeple chases in bars  
And took your keys and demanded that you stay  
The city longs well for rooftops and invitations  
All lace in secret places, she moves you to touch with her hands

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And she just might leave you torn  
But she just might save your soul  
If she gets you when she gets you any closer

Under the cold sheet, where the welcomed touch of skin and skin will meet  
Out on the inside where a girl's prize is at the tip of your tongue  
Where every move and each impulse brings clarity  
To stay like this is everything you'll ever need

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Can you believe your eyes