

How this gets so serious
I was just a little curious
Now I'm afraid this is dangerous
I drive hundred miles an hour
There's a first time for everything
This is a place that I've never been
I can feel the adrenaline
I drive hundred miles an hour

Is this the feeling they sing about?
Put on the brakes but can't slow it down
I don't know how this love should go
But if it's just like the radio

Then I'll be watching every breath you take
And if you want a pretty wicked game
'Cause all I've got to go off
Are lessons from a love song
Why don't you tell me our sweet little lies
So I can die here in your arms tonight
'Cause all I've got to go off
Are lessons from a love song

Since we were lovesome
Lessons from a love song

This new air feels hard to breathe
Is this how it's supposed to be?
If sweet dreams are made of these
Then why can't I be sure if

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I don't know how this love should go
But if it's just like the radio

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Baby, this time we'll write our own song
And maybe someday somebody learns from
Where this is heading, we'll never know
But if it's just like the radio

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And if you want a pretty wicked game
'Cause all I've got to go off
Are lessons from a love song
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So I can die here in your arms tonight
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Since we were lovesome
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