

Speeding

Rudimental

With the lights down low,
She waited home

He never called the phone,
He never picked her up just like he said he would

And so she sent him loving messages
Ask him straight what this is

The light down low,
She waited home

He never called the phone,
He never picked her up just like he said he would

And so she sent him loving messages
Ask him Straight What this is

Driving, speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling

Driving, speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling

My black and blue a-against the wall, wall..ah-oh
My scream is muted-ed as we fa-all

You never stick around, fade into your background
Now this is ish, it's - it's out the window..oh..ah-oh

And I'm driving speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling

Driving speeding, believing, friday evening, feeling
A flash of all your childish games, games, ah-ames

Remains as we're standing face-to-face
Yeah, for always playing that field

My defence stands with no shield
Now this is-h is out the window and I'm..

The lights down low,
She waited home

He never called the phone,
He never picked her up just like he said he would

And so she sent him loving messages
Ask him straight what this is

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