

Friday Night

The Sleeping

All of our heads in the clouds
And I remember staying up all night
In a haze to the sweetest sounds
When I said,
Delicate to the sights
And I can never feel the calm
I felt witnessing headlights drive into our eyes
When I said,
"we're not ready to go back home"

Breathe in baby
I can't touch the ground
Keep it crazy
Let the open road bring us back down

All of the smoke in our lungs
And I remember burning up daylight
Passing the head of the summer's final sun
When I said,
"we're not ready to go back home."
We're not ready to go back"

Breathe in baby
I can't touch the ground
Keep it crazy
Let the open road bring us back down

Keep on passing the trucks
Keep on passing the drugs