

## Okaga, CA

Tyler, the Creator

Let's just run away from here (cause it's not, cause it's not)  
Working out on Earth, my dear (cause It's not, cause it's not)  
What you really want girl  
My heart stops pumping blood, when I see you (I see you, when I see you)  
But I try to play it cool because (I like you, I really like you)

Girl, you're so special  
To me, to me

Let's move to California  
Right now (pack your bags, go pack your bags)  
I have wings on my back, so we don't (take the plane, have to take the plane)  
Girl, I know you ready, I can see it in your eyes  
(Boy, I know you're not, I can tell you're terrified)  
Nobody has to know and if they did, they wouldn't care  
(When you rub my hands switching fifth gear)  
Forget about it baby, let's not waste our afternoon (forget about it baby)  
Cause we're gonna go fly to the moon (we're gonna go fly to the moon)  
Yeah, but anyway (Pack your bags, need you pack your bags)  
Leave your crew, bring your coat, cause it's cold ( leave your crew, bring y  
our coat)

(Don't you wanna go back  
Let's go, let's go  
Right now)  
I think I believe you (Let me show you how girl)  
It's nice that I need to  
The earth is so rough I'm not calling your bluff  
What, what, what  
I think I believe you  
Take me higher  
Let's make our way over  
To the cave  
Today  
There we will stay

X-Y-Z her  
Welcome me in  
Then we'll begin

Suckin on my ears  
Fingers rubbing through your hair  
Fast fuck yeah, we behaving bad, uh  
Probably couldn't tell but I be blushing when you with me  
When you kiss me, swear to God, blood was rushing to my chimney  
Laying on my trampoline, looking at the stars  
From my fake space fog machine  
Laying on my arm, it's dead  
From the pressure of your head  
I said I loved you, said it back  
Like it was scripted, but you meant it, like the flavor of that lemonade  
That we was sippin on our sushi-ridden dinner date  
Oh, you think you special now?  
Other bitches trippin' now  
Cause we're fleeing to the moon  
Fuck Earth, man we sick of y'all

Wings on my backs and we ain't gotta cop a ticket, nah  
Nah, nah

Oh yeah  
Oh yeah, let's go to the moon!  
Oh yeah, let's go to the moon!  
Oh yeah, let's go to the moon! (Let's go!)  
Oh yeah, let's go to the moon!  
Oh yeah, let's go to the moon!  
(Watch this) Let's go to the moon!  
(Favorite director)  
(Gonna be good)  
Come on, baby  
What you wanna do?  
I'll be okay  
(I really like you)

Take me away  
Fuck what they say  
To another place  
Another day  
We in outer space  
We'll waste our days  
Sade, Sade, Sade  
Oh, right now  
Yes!  
Let's go to the moon (Yes!)  
(It's about to start)