

Something Came Over Me

Wild Flag

Something's coming over me
Got cabin fever, now I can't see
I feel hot, I feel cold
I'd tell you why, but I'm not that bold
There's a scratch on my cheek
I feel faint but never weak
When you're near
I'm seeing visions, they're just not so clear

But you're coming through in stereo, in stereo sound
And summer's creeping up slowly
We're gonna let the good times, let the good times toll

Well let me ask your advice:
If I fall once will I fall twice, out of control?
I wanna know
Cause I want you to hear now,
I want you here now,
I want you here now,
I want you here, right now

Cause you're coming through in stereo, in stereo sound
Summer's creeping up slowly
We're gonna let the good times, let the good times toll

Yeah, you were always headed down the wrong path
But you'll be back, you'll be back around
Summer's creeping up slowly
We're gonna let the good times, let the good times roll