

Smoking Popes, Blue Carolina

It's everything that I can do right now
To not think about you moving further off with every passing second
And every night of this lonely summertime
I feel you missing from my heart, a part was kidnapped from my soul

Well I can hardly wait until I get the sun and your lips both pressing on my skin
Well I can hardly wait until I feel that thrill in my heart that starts inside your eyes
And a song in my head that burns so good on my tongue
Yes I will, yeah, yeah
Yes I will

The night is aging as the sun warms your face
Won't you turn around and stay for good, the air is getting much too cold
I am nervous and anxious, it really counts this time
And you know all my favorite singers have stolen all of my best lines

Well I can hardly wait until I get the sun and your lips both pressing on my skin
Well I can hardly wait until I feel that thrill in my heart that starts inside your eyes
And a song in my head that burns so good on my tongue
Yes I will, yeah, yeah
Yes I will, yeah, yeah
Yes I will

Someday I'll burn this bed
Only two feet wide, but where I'll hide for the next 17 days
I will ask myself, "How badly do I want this?"
I really want this
Well I can hardly wait until I get the sun and your lips both pressing on my skin
Well I can hardly wait until I feel that thrill in my heart that starts inside your eyes
And a song in my head that burns so good on my tongue
Yes I will, yeah, yeah
Yes I will, yeah, yeah
Yes I will