

All Time Low, Noel

Think about it 'till anticipation makes you shake and we both lose control.
Put the pedal to the floor, lay the seat back, lock the doors,
we're gonna make this worth our while.
It's getting harder to breathe...

"Jealous hearts will leave us all in ruins,"
that's what we'll say as we hide out from our friends, hear the message once again,
"Lets get this right."

Your lips are a hot flame, baby and our chemistry is kerosene...
Take it off, take it all off, maybe we can get down and burn up in the heat...

Times like these feel so dangerous,
When you know you're gonna find out,
how right it feels,
to ignore the ones you love the most,
This can't be right.

Your lips are a hot flame, baby and our chemistry is kerosene...
As we kiss to the sound of your stereo, don't say a word... I won't say a word...

Don't treat this like a secret,
just keep it quiet while we know that we could tear best friends apart
with all the lies we've told...

Your lips are a hot flame, baby and our chemistry is kerosene...
Take it off, take it all off, maybe,
and I'm lost for words when thoughts don't compare - write it down...