

Brand New, Not The Sun

Please don't be technology
Cause I can't turn off your love like some cold machine
Don't feed me scraps from your bed
I won't be the stray coming back just to be fed

Don't be waves
Come to seal my fate, marine
Just pretend that you want me

To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my

Well don't be that note I can't hold
Well don't be that joke that I told and told 'til it got old
Don't be that hand 'round my throat so I can't breathe (so I can't breathe)
Say you're my friend but why won't you be my family?

Well, if you breed
Just don't tell me

And be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe

To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
Be my serene

Tell me you know what I mean (Prove me wrong)
You've set on me but you are not the sun
And you will not listen (How do I know who I am?)

(Burn it down) Outside your cold lips again
(Come around) You've set on me but you are not the sun
You will not listen

Just pretend that you love me

And be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my babe, to be my babe
To be my