Coach Said Not To, Saint Chapelle

I roll my film and you roll your cigarette. This balcony skyline make our silhouette.
And I smile at the city, ache for that country.
How much better does this life get when he says,
Who are you? What do you speak? I don't feel that I can so, please kiss me.
It's a gesture we both understand, both understand.

Cold floor. Rose windows. Red light and a new yellow dress.
And everyone wants to take off their shoes and let their bare feet softly impress on you, they softly

So I sing;

Get down here, dance with me. Wreck your life my way.
Feel terribly clean and you'll find the things that you say do not matter to me.

And me and my homies, we kick it like Snoop.
And we sip on our 40's and rest on the stoop.
And we punk like it's nothing, b-boy till morning.
These tall motherfuckers they know how to groove.
I have a summer.
I have a fall and I find myself somewhere new and
I feel I'm learning how it feels now to be always misconstrued, misconstrued.

So I sing;

Get down here, dance with me. Wreck your life my way.
Feel terribly clean and you'll find the things that you say do not matter to me.

And I sing;
Get down here, dance with me. Wreck your life in a wonderful way.
Feel terribly clean and you will find the things that you say do not matter as you're dancing.

Get down here, dance with me. Wreck your life my way.
Feel terribly clean and you'll find the things that you say do not matter to me.

So I sing;

Get down here, dance with me. Wreck your life my way.
Feel terribly clean and you'll find that the shit that you say does not matter to me.