

Dashboard Confessional, Rooftops And Invitation

the first time you looked at her curves you were hooked
and the glances you took, took hold of you and demanded that you stay
and sunk in their teeth, bit your heart and released
such a charge that you need another touch, another taste, another fix

she just might get you lost
and she just might leave you torn
but she just might save your soul
if she gets you when she gets you any closer

she leads you up, points out skylines and stars, steeple chases in bars
and took your keys and demanded that you stay
the city longs well for rooftops and invitations
all lace in secret places, she moves you to touch with her hands

and she just might get you lost
and she just might leave you torn
but she just might save your soul
if she gets you when she gets you any closer

under the cold sheet, where the welcomed touch of skin and skin will meet
out on the inside where a girls prize is at the tip of your tongue
where every move and each impulse brings clarity
to stay like this is everything you'll ever need

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and she just might leave you torn
but she just might save your soul
but she gets you any closer

can you believe your eyes