

Lifetime, Bobby Truck Tricks

Can I come over?

I don't know if I wanna talk, cause phones they can't do for me.

I need to see your eyes.

Sometimes it's so far from me.

I can't explain whether words or minds can't find common ground.

The first thing I did was throw up the shades and look to the night.

Can it be my third winter here stuck in a small town.

You rode your bike past dark window shades,
looked down from my roof and not hollered a thing.

Can I be so sad and not so close to forgetting last snowfalls time?

Precurse seasons cold and come of age.

Even cold nights can't shake dreaming trains, endless truck.

This time it's not worth fighting.

I think I really like you.

Can I come over?

Warm words and eyes and not going back.

Can I come over?

Warm words and eyes and not going back.

And I don't even care because I'm already there.

And I don't even care because I'm already there.