Ryan Star, Back Of Your Car

It's the perfect time of night,
To be losing your clothes now.
If you carefully take them off,
Then I'll carefully show you how.
In a minute we'll be gone,
So we might as well just f***.
'Cause the churches they're all filled,
Empty prayers are out of luck.

Woah, woah
You're not yourself, you're not yourself tonight.
Woah, woah
You've got your life, now get yourself in mine.
Woah, woah
You won't be sad, you won't be satisfied.
Woah, woah

It's the perfect time of night,
To be losing your mind now.
As the curtains finally fall,
Will you kindly take your bow.
So love our time, don't waste your life.
It's the perfect time of night,
To be losing your clothes.

Woah, woah
You're not yourself, you're not yourself tonight.
Woah, woah

You've got your life, now get yourself in mine.
Woah, woah
You won't be sad, but you won't be satisfied.
Woah, woah

Are you here?
So much fear.
It's the first
time you need.
It's the first
time you bleed.

I'll wait for you in the back of my car,
Lets find out who you really are.
I'll never change if you want me to,
You better change if I ask you.
So tell me what is the matter with this,
They say it starts with just one kiss.
We're never gonna be here again.

Woah, woah
You lost yourself, you lost yourself tonight.
Woah, woah
You've got your life, now get yourself in mine.
Woah, woah
You won't be sad, but you won't be satisfied