

Tangerine

Anarbor

I can't keep up
I can't keep up the pace
I push my luck
It pushed me out the way
I keep on walking till I'm walking off the deep end
Ripe for the picking would you pick me for the weekend

Tangerine skies
Open my eyes
Give me a sign

Fresh squeezed
So sour and so sweet
It be like
Yes please
It's got me on my knees I'm praying
Won't feel so hollow
If I wake up tomorrow
Drinks on me it

Tangerine

I can't remember the days they last forever
The nights all mix together
Sip my juice to make it better
Fresh squeezed
I poked my head in for a second just to peak in
I thought just maybe I could sneak a little drink in

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