

# Outskirts of Paradise

Bad Suns

Rolled down the window now  
I've lost my way within this town  
The tranquil glow of the song I know, it guides me  
I'm stuck in strip mall times  
The mood swings under porcelain skies  
Won't you be my friend, won't you be my friend for now?

I'm on the outskirts of paradise  
Chasing desire through the night  
Picturing ways to take flight  
When the time comes

When the time comes  
Separate yourself, integrate yourself  
When the time comes  
Separate yourself, integrate yourself

Awestruck or asinine  
An ephemeral sense of space and time  
A familiar face, a pulse that escalates  
I'm stuck in strip mall times  
I don't mean to be impolite  
Won't you be my friend, won't you be my friend for now?  
For just a little bit, hey

I'm on the outskirts of paradise  
Chasing desire through the night  
Picture in ways that they fly  
When the time comes  
Outskirts of paradise  
Chasing desire through the night  
Picture in ways that they fly  
When the time comes

When the time comes  
Separate yourself, integrate yourself  
When the time comes  
Separate yourself, integrate yourself

Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Separate yourself, integrate yourself  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Separate yourself, integrate yourself

When the time comes  
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