

Peachy

Bad Suns

Sing me a song
While the street lamps flicker on
You've got my blue jean jacket on
I sing along, I sing along

Ride like the wind
Feel the rush of blood within
I feel invincible again
You let me in, you let me in

Off the ground
Turn my life upside down
Woah, I'm on the ceiling
Are you feeling like me?

It's hard to imagine
Hard to believe
Can this really happen?
Are we just a dream?

I feel like I'm weightless
I've lost gravity
It's hard to imagine
It's hard to believe

Fourth of July
Your blue and bloodshot sparkling eyes
Look towards the symphony of lights
I'm feeling peachy, take a bite

Over the moon
Catch a car back to your room
Smell like candles and perfume
Alexa plays our favorite tune

Off the ground
Turn my life upside down
Woah, I'm on the ceiling
Are you feeling like me?

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I've lost gravity
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It's hard to believe

Don't change
Even on the worst days
Funerals and birthdays
Turbulence and earthquakes
Don't wait

Don't change

Even on the worst days
Funerals and birthdays
Turbulence and earthquakes
Don't wait

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Turn my life upside down
Woah, I'm on the ceiling
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It's hard to believe

(Don't change, even on the worst days)
It's hard to imagine
(Funerals and birthdays, turbulence and earthquakes)
It's hard to imagine
(Don't wait)

(Don't change, even on the worst days)
It's hard to imagine
(Funerals and birthdays)
It's hard to imagine
It's hard to believe