

Just Kids

Ilse DeLange

Our summer nights
Graffiti with flashlights
I held 'em tight
Riding with you on your bike
Our secret place
Bubble gum and cherry taste
I left a trace
My lipstick on your face

Neon sound
Flashing rattles from the underground
We were wild, we were young and proud
And we did it side by side
We did it side by side

Do you remember it
We were just kids living the thrill of it
For the thrill of it
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For the thrill of it

Kings and queens in tank tops or ripped up jeans
Video dreams
Baby, it was you and me
We were alone
Mixtape from the radios
Tangled up so close
You and me and my headphones

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