

Head To The Sky

Locnville

I'm cruising with my hands in the air.
We raise hell, give them something to talk about.
Let's talk about your hands in the air.
And raising hell like you've wanted for years, and they'll be like.
Oh my my, who's the guy.
With his back to the world and his head to the sky.
Head to the sky, head, head to the sky.
With his back to the world and his head to the sky.
I've seen the greatest.
And trust they don't give a f*** if you or me make it.
I've been the faithless.
But trust me they don't give a f*** if you or m fake it.
It's funny how we just keep living and the world keeps spinning.
Oh lord, can you see them outside.
And I keep road tripping but I feel like something's missing.
Oh lord, can you hear me out loud.
And the clouds that I used to be walking over.
Are now the clouds that are filling my head.
And the crowds that we used to be talking over.
Are now the crowds that I'm killing instead.
So for now I've got my.

Hands in the air.
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Let's talk about your hands in the air and raising hell like you've wanted f
or years, and they'll be like.
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Head to the sky, head, head to the sky.
With his back to the world and his head to the sky.
Do you remember we were sitting on a rooftop.
In a daze on a summer night smoking, yeah.
We were all about the stars and what was ours.
And if it's ours.
Could we take the night stolen.
Could we spin it around our fingers, watch it linger as it shimmers. Making
stars in your eyes.
Or should we flip it up and give it to the singers in the wind.
And sing it all through the night.
Hit a melody of everything you've ever seen.
Pitch is right and nothing seems wrong.
Then collect the memories of fantasies and enemies.
And f*** them, you've been sleeping too long.
Look we got our.

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