

Tourist

Quinn XCII

There's a house over the hill that somebody died in
There's a pool down in the backyard I would love to lie in
It's the first time that I'm in the Hills, I kind of like it
So I hope you don't leave me alone
You got celebs on the left and right working the night shift
Can't tell if they lying to my face, they come off righteous
No way I could match the old days to what half this night is
So I pray you don't leave me alone

Ain't tripping on my leather seats, my windows down
'Cause it hurts for me to know, hurts for me to know
Veins ripping, oh, don't let them see how I changed the sound
Yeah, it hurts for me to know
I'm not a tourist no more, no more

Mercedes Benz on these narrow streets I'm tryna ride in
Drug dealers in their mansions that they love to hide in
Dog days, but many Cali nights, we start to like this
So I hope that you leave me alone

Ain't tripping on my leather seats, my windows down
'Cause it hurts for me to know, hurts for me to know
Veins ripping, oh, don't let them see how I changed the sound
Yeah, it hurts for me to know
I'm not a tourist no more, no more
I'm not a tourist no more, no more, no

10 years have gone by and I'm burning up, I'm burning up
Remind me now, why did I run out here?
Rumors on the side that I'm earning some, but not enough
Money and love from you is true

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'Cause it hurts for me to know, hurts for me to know
Veins ripping, oh, don't let them see how I changed the sound
Yeah, it hurts for me to know
I'm not a tourist no more, no more
I'm not a tourist no more, no more
I'm not a tourist, no