

Postelles, The

"White Night"

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I won't go, I won't stay
'Til you give me a taste
I wanna feel like that

So I shake, and you sweat
And we dance, now let's sing
Oh no, no, no, no, no I wanna feel like that

So, tell me do you like that? (I don't think I like that)
Well, maybe we should stop this (I wish we never
started)

Oh maybe we should go
I wanna feel okay

I got a problem and it drains my soul
Don't tell, nobody knows
I used to feel all right, well now I'm u-u-u-uptight
'Cause the white night, oh oh
The white night, woah
White night for me

Oh, so it's a long way down in New York City
And I fell so fast, it wasn't pretty
It's a long way down, but I wanna go

Oh, 'cause I'm a symptomatic automatic city really
misses at
But I don't really care that much 'cause I know where
my head is at
Well, oh, now I'm a symptomatic automatic city really
dizzy track

Oh, tell me do you like that? (I don't think I like that)
Well, maybe we should stop this (I wish we never
started)

Well, maybe whe should go
To make this go away

I got a problem and it drains my soul

Don't tell, nobody knows
I used to feel all right, now I'm u-u-u-uptight
'Cause the white night, oh oh
The white night, woah
White night for me

'Cause it's a long way down in New York City

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