

Capital Lights "Coldfront Heatstroke"

Visit "[Coldfront Heatstroke](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Got a girl she's the talk of the town
I'm scared of wavering but she's scared of
settling down
We're one of a kind but there's a catch
I caught through the grapevine that she's
everything I'm not, no
She's a pro and I'm a convict, caught red
handed trying to hold on
I've got a loose hand, can't get a grip, she's on a
power trip trippin on my weakness
Can't stand still when they're lighter than air
You better bid farewell, they're a goner with the wind
I know a girl like that. When I'm in she's out and
when I'm out she's in
Cause she's a cold front, giving me a heatstroke
She's a hit song, ending on a weak note
I go high, she goes low; it's a long roller coaster
ride
She's a saint with a smile on a Sunday
Going out, getting wild on a Monday
Took two weeks to say hello, now I'm too weak to
say goodbye
She was honey and I'm a bee
I started dying away when I was forced to sting
I'm buzzing around with no hope to heal
Until I drop like a fly, yeah, she's a true buzz kill
She can't stand still when I'm lighter than air
She better bid farewell or I'm a goner with the wind
Am I a guy like that? It's easier said than making
right ends meet in the end
I tried holding her close; she said she just needed
more time
So I let her go; suddenly, I was the bad guy
I think it's all just a game that she's playing with my
mind
Like a soap opera twist, left me confused like
She forgot her lines in a scene that she wrote
Plays an evil villain, calls herself a hero
She feels secure and sound and I feel like I'm
losing my mind

Visit [Capital Lights](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

