

## Lower Class Brats

### "Miami Nights"

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Baby, won't you stay with me?  
I know it's late.  
I wanna set your body ablaze.  
Let the angels sing their praises  
While the burning sun rises, over the beach.

Lay your head upon my chest.  
We're not safe at these heights.  
But, it's alright when we're alive.  
This drip burns like wax in the back of my dreams.  
The lights that lead these streets flicker in and out.  
While the creeps are all tied up by the fire.  
It's alright.

Cause tonight we coast in on a wave.  
Baby, we shouldn't have pushed it from the back of the  
ride,  
On something more kind.  
Let me fix you up.  
Lady, we shouldn't rush this love to meet these  
deadlines,  
On something more fine.  
Let me fix you up, on more time.  
It's alright.

In here, red drips from the walls.  
In here, the walls have a pulse.

We are peeling this room apart.  
Looking for a new star.  
We're sending this ship to the edge.  
With sails ahead, just like I said.  
Baby won't you stay with me.  
I know it's late I wanna set your body on fire.

The lights that lead these streets, the whites of your  
eyes.  
Flicker in and out.  
We're not safe at these heights.  
And all the hands of all the angels couldn't help us  
now.

You make me feel alive.  
Tonight.  
I'll show you the lights.  
You make me feel alright.

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