

# Nailpin

## "The Ending"

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Guess we were in a trance and always dancin' different beats.

We tried to sync our moves, but lost the groove and lost the heat.

And while we cut a rug, hooked on you like a drug but what we had was never mine to love.

This is the final part, the ending, so we can stop pretending.

This is not were I wanna be tonight cause I can not pretend that it feels right.

Heart pounding to the kicks, put in the mix and scratched by you.

Stuck in an endless loop, so switch the route to input too.

Let's quit the awkward shake, it feels so awfully fake. It's time to skip a beat and take a break.

This is the final part, the ending, so we can stop pretending.

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