

Cavetown - Idea Of Her

tom:

C

Can't get your name past my lips like a slur

And I think I'm in love with the idea of her

Lie in the morning aurora

What time is it in California?

Throwing up brains through my mouth

Yeah, I'm thinking out loud things

We won't talk about

Remember the time that we snuck in her house?

They don't want me around

But I can't get your name

Past my lips like a slur

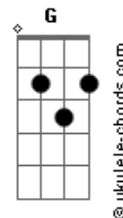
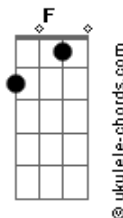
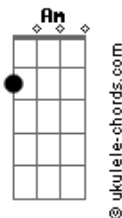
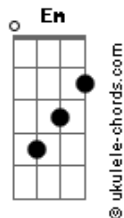
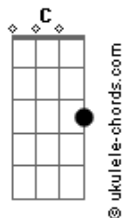
And I think I'm in love with the idea of her

Cried like an annoying cicada

What time is it in California?

(C Em Am F)

Acordes



(C Em Am F)

Gmt minus eight and I'm staying up late

With your face in my head like a drone

If I don't want anyone

Then why do I feel so alone?

I'll reach out if you don't 'caus?

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C Em Am F

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh