

The Greeting Committee - Elise

tom:

I can count every freckle
 Can count every line
 You've rolled your eyes over at me for

In a parking lot light
 With a stripped smile
 You're making that look
 Like it's funny that you're causing me trouble

In a back car seat, reminding me
 That even in a wreck, I've got someone for holding

I'm losing sleep
 Oh, how could I ever
 Close my eyes when your brown and good days green
 Are right next to me?

I'm losing my mind
 I swore it wouldn't happen this time
 But if love makes you stupid, you're making me

The biggest fool you'll ever find
 So make me yours
 From this day forward
 And I'll grow to be somebody you deserve
 With promises for all they're worth

I'll remember every word
 And every silly little quirk
 The way you bite your lips, pretending you're innocent

And all of it's spent in a blanket fort of secrets
 Oh, you make me a child
 In love with the world through your lens

And all of it's spent
 In the sheets you kick to the end of the bed
 I make every morning, with your side a bit of a mess
 'Cause that's how you like it
 And I really like you
 Oh, I love you to death

[Final] Em F Fm C

Acordes

