

Troye Sivan - Plum

Tom: G

Watching you sleep
 Run my hands through your hair and it's got me thinking
 What you mean to me
 There's a chill in the air and a sinking feeling

Coming over me
 Like bitter tangerine
 Like sirens in the streets
 Oh, now

Maybe our time has come
 Maybe we're overgrown
 Even the sweetest plum
 Has only got so long
 Baby, we're barely holding, holding on
 Even the sweetest plum
 Has only got so long

Jealous, you can sleep
 You've been keeping me up and I mouth the words
 I think I wanna speak
 Instead, I'm wasting my time just pressing rewind

To all the nights we shared
 The ripest peach or pear

But change is in the air, oh

Maybe our time has come
 Maybe we're overgrown
 Even the sweetest plum
 Has only got so long
 Baby, we're barely holding, holding on
 Even the sweetest plum
 Has only got so long

I was summer, you were spring
 You can't change what the seasons bring
 Yeah, I was summer and you were spring
 You can't change what the seasons bring

Maybe our time has come
 Maybe we're overgrown
 Even the sweetest plum
 Has only got so long
 Baby, we're barely holding, holding on
 Even the sweetest plum
 Has only got so long

Maybe we're overgrown
 The sweetest plum
 Got so long (got so long)
 The sweetest plum
 Has only got so long

Acordes

