

# Stateside + Zara Larsson – PinkPantheress

I'm freezing outside, I feel my skin tight  
My coat is inside, but I look up at you  
I tracked your plane ride,  
for when you're in tonight  
Tell me, when is the next time  
I'll run into you?  
It sounds insane, right?  
I'll take the same flight  
Wait at your bedside,  
I'll land right next to you  
I'm going stateside,  
where I'll see you tonight  
Tell me, how did a girl like me  
get into you? (Into you)  
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah  
Ah-ah-ah-ah  
You can be my American, ha, ha (ha, ha)  
Ha, ha, ha, ha (mwah)  
Is it right? I don't know,  
but you're taking my control  
Never been abroad before  
Now I'm knocking through your door  
But you're nice, so I'll stay  
Never met a British girl, you say?  
No one treats me this way  
Are all boys out here the same?  
What can I say? (Uh-huh),  
What can I do? (Uh-huh)  
I'm tryna be the girl  
That you're talking to (you're talking to)  
And maybe you can be my American ha, ha boy  
You can be my American ha, ha boy (boy)  
Why can't you say that you want it too? (Too)  
I'm flying intercontinental with you  
And maybe you can be my American ha, ha boy  
You can be my American, ha, ha

All the years I've put in  
for the American dream  
Is it worth all the work  
If you can be here with me (me)  
'Cause I fly Stockholm to LA,  
leave my feelings on the plane  
Worries fade away (fade away)  
when I hit the stage  
I've been touring stateside  
Kissing my Swedish boy over FaceTime  
Who knew, opening up  
Would make me a headline?  
Boots, that's my ego boost  
Schedule ain't been loose for a minute  
Yeah, I'm that girl,  
I've been it (ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah)  
Oh, oh-oh, ooh, whoa-oh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh, oh-ah  
What can I say? (Uh-huh),  
what can I do? (Uh-huh)  
I'm tryna be the girl that you're talking to  
And baby, you can be my American ha,  
ha boy (you can be my)  
You can be my American ha, ha boy  
Why can't you say that you want it too?  
I'm flying intercontinental with you  
And maybe you can be my American ha, ha boy  
You can be my American ha, ha  
Is it right? I don't know,  
but you're taking my control  
Never been abroad before  
Now I'm knocking through your door  
But you're nice, so I'll stay  
Never met a Swedish girl, you say?  
No one treats me this way  
Are all boys out here the same?



Słowa: brak danych



Muzyka: brak danych