

Sabrina Carpenter, Fast Times

Sun's up too soon like daylight savings
Mixed emotions are congregating
Picturing us in all these places
Ahead of myself's an understatement
Sky looks so purple I can taste it
Couple days in I call you baby
3 stories up here contemplating
But what the fuck is patience

These are
Fast times
And fast nights yeah
No time for rewrites
We couldn't help it
Outlines
On bed sides yeah
Give me a second to forget I ever really meant it
Fast times
And fast nights yeah
Closed eyes
And closed blinds
We couldn't help it
Outlines
On bed sides yeah
Give me a second to forget the way I really meant it

My feelings used to be serrated
But you speak in such a perfect cadence
Tip toeing past so many stages
But what the fuck is patience

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