

# 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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