

Tate McRae, think later

Live now, think later, I do it so well
Live now, think later, I do it so well
Fall hard, heart breaker, I want him, oh well
Live now, think later, I do it so well

Met you at a night out in Boston
Put your hand on my thigh in the Commons
Been drinking something blue, turn my phone off
'Cause if it's not you, I don't wanna talk
Don't know if it's been a minute or an hour
Kinda cute when you're bribing the bouncer
My friends got scared, and they called the cops
But I'm just at the Ritz with the door locked

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Dance with your hand in my back pocket
I picture your face in my neck locket
Just give me your beating heart, I'll stop it, boy
Don't lie, I know you want it, yeah
Gotta make a quick stop at the ATM
I know you won't make me pay, but I'll just pretend
Laughing in the backseat of the black car
It's not a good night if you don't take it too far

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Don't worry 'bout, don't think about
Ain't stressing 'bout not a fucking thing
Don't worry 'bout, don't think about
Ain't stressing 'bout not a fucking thing

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