Zara Larsson, All The time

from the breaking of the day t the middle of the night from the breaking of the day t the middle of the night from the breaking of the day t the middle of the night from the breaking of the day t the middle of the night

summertime and I am caught in the feeling getting high and I am up on the ceiling I don't know what you're doing in New York all I know is you ain't on my bedroom floor

I am seeing you undressed in my room but it's just a memory a fantasy are you in your house? are you going out? are you going crazy like me? from the breaking of the day t the middle of the night

I try to forget about you, baby and I die when I think of yu whit someone else and I don't know why I don't know why you're dancing in my mind

from the breaking of the day t the middle of the night all the time from the breaking of the day t the middle of the night all the time

everyone's been wearing your perfume everything is reminding me of you I don't know what I'm doing in New Yoir but all I know is you arn't walking through the door

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