

# Back Seat

## Atlas Genius

Cold back street  
Flicker of a light that I couldn't meet  
Olfactory senses breaking down, slowly figures it'd be  
Old back seat  
Drunken couple take it too far thinking no one could see  
Having sex on the street I'll sell you a feeling, ah ah ah  
Oh, whoa  
I'll sell you a meaning, ah ah ah  
Oh, whoa  
I'll sell you a feeling, ah ah ah  
Oh, whoa  
I'll sell you a meaning, ah ah ah  
Oh, whoa  
Use that door  
Words like knives that no longer cut  
The world in flames, so small anymore we could fall through the grate  
We got time  
Gonna waste it all, gonna be fine  
We're complicated, but we're as simple as we wanted to be  
I'll sell you a feeling, ah ah ah  
Oh, whoa  
I'll sell you a meaning, ah ah ah  
Oh, whoa  
I'll sell you a feeling, ah ah ah  
Oh, whoa  
I'll sell you a meaning, ah ah ah  
Oh, whoa

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>