# Zara Larsson, All The time

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

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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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