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Advent sunday morning

Don't say I look good 'cause I don't
I just don't

Long before advent of sunday morning
it's saturday night

Why I get high? 'Cause it makes me smile
tied to the beat of hope

Linger on love but it's hard to find
still no girl . . .

Love-shy
Born nothing die nothing
Born insecure to your luring eyes

Let us be dumb, drunk and armed
awareness is the key

Stray about charmed, no eat and no
no sleep

I'm left with insane girls 'cause the sane ones
don't want me

My love ammo you'll spit right back at me
and claim that's love . . .

Love-shy
Born nothing die nothing
Born insecure to your luring eyes

your lips, your slice, your breasts, your kiss and again
your eyes

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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