

So listen to it
You've got to make it fit
And if you mess it up
You've got to start
All over all over again
Oh again
Once more
Once more and again
So try to give it up
And listen hard to your heart
And smile at me
Make it short, make it sweet
Well you may complain about your destiny
Not giving you the cards you would like to see
Well you may complain about your destiny
Not giving you the cards you would like to see
So give it up
And you may see
All the gold stars in your skies
Give it up
And you may feel
Tiny little kisses from me
Oh don't be late
Make it quick
I tell you now
I won't wait
Make it up
As we go along
Make it short
But most of all
Most of all make it sweet
So break my heart
As you break it down
And I loose my thought
And we loose motion