

# Outlaws of Love

Adam Lambert

Oh, nowhere left to go  
Are we getting closer? Closer?  
No, all we know is "No"  
Nights are getting colder, colder

Hey, tears all fall the same  
We all feel the rain  
We can't change...

Everywhere we go we're looking for the sun  
Nowhere to grow old, we're always on the run  
They say we'll rot in Hell, but I don't think we will  
They've branded us enough, "Outlaws of Love".

Scars make us who we are  
Hearts and homes are broken, broken  
Far, we could go so far  
With our minds wide open, open

Hey, tears all fall the same  
We all feel the rain  
We can't change...

Everywhere we go we're looking for the sun  
Nowhere to grow old, we're always on the run  
They say we'll rot in Hell, but I don't think we will  
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Yeah yeeeeahh mmmmmm  
Oooooooooooooo...

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