Portable Living Room

Oh said you'd rule Does he say when he's got to be something in your flame Does love go with you and your flying scene Oh don't go will you I suddenly fly Under the room where the love goes by

Said you'd rule Do eyes go black and suit you Do others run when you become A portable living room Oh don't go will you I suddenly fly Under the room where the love goes by

Heal on high, My sigh, Heal on high

You flee your home you're one hundred and three Bless this world bless man for me You've finally gone touched your home When your love is mine

When your love is mine On summers sometimes You just hate your hell But i don't know what's worth your love Only on times Take me to the movies oh nothing groovy on There is a room

Alpha