

Howling

Anabel Englund

Hot nights coming
Keep the car running
Lavender fingers
Swallow my pollen

Gold I swam into your spell
On the rite of God we fell
You were plush and I laid bare
You had me howling
Cold I fell into your skin
On the night you let me under your sin
You had me howling
You had me howling

Ooh ooh blush
Ooh ooh blush
Ooh ooh

Golden siren
Under explosion
Come lay your weakness down
On the floor in the backseat

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