Hunter

Anna Calvi

I dressed myself in leather
With flowers in my hair
The red light of the window
Nothing can compare

One more taste
One more time
One more time
I open the door wide
I wanted to survive
Nothing lasts
Nothing lasts

The bodies and the rhythm
And flowers in my hair
The red light on the leather
Nothing will compare

And now I want to play
Now I want to play
Now I want to play
Now I want to play

One more taste
One more time
One more time
I open the door wide
I wanted to survive
Nothing lasts
Nothing lasts

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!