

Wrong Faces

Balthazar

I'm diving in your hair, I'm diving in your scent
I'm surfing your moods, I am surfing 'till the end
It's the fever of anticipation's running through our veins
'Till I get its own connotation chasing its own remains

It never leaves me, comes to me once too often
But I'm not the man who would want your act to soften
So go ahead now

And I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't
I don't wanna know if you don't wanna show
It's alright, alright, alright, alright
It's alright to me 'cause, honey, I see
You got to be free

And now I'm traveling, traveling, traveling all around
But without you next to me, it just does not count
I'm calling it out on the streets in all the wrong places
Whoever's there to meet, I'm kissing all the wrong faces

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