

40 Degrees

Beatsteaks

I don't have the answer
But I have a plan
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Let's go Ibiza and feed me the drugs
I got the money, you bring something corrupt
We're sick and tired but we can't get enough
Drown in cocaine and pass out at 40 degrees

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Let's go to Paris la beauté est dans la rue
L'éclat c'est moi et je t'aime moi non plus, bleh
Let's go get stoned 'cause we love how it feels
To sip champagne and pass out at 40 degrees

40 degrees
40 degrees
40 degrees
40 degrees

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Let's go Ibiza and feed me the drugs
Let's go Ibiza and see where it's at

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