

## Radiate

Carola

Sunday morning it's a quarter to five  
You keep on talkin' like your love is a prize  
Bird in flight, spreading her wings  
Sittin' pretty in a city of sin

I don't mind, adventure with a stranger  
Trouble deep at the scene of the crime  
Testify, that I'm not superstitious  
It's tough enough, to find out why you

Radiate, you bait your love with money  
Celebrate, a body to behold  
Generate, a state of wild emotion  
Don't waste your money  
My love is not for sale

Funny faces in the shadows of night  
Pain and pleasure is your only disguise  
Radiate, your face's on the fire  
Stay awake, love is a lie

In the street, where life is your creation  
Trouble deep if you wake up on your own  
I'm a slave to sweet investigation  
It's tough enough, to find out why you

Radiate, you bait your love with money...