

Warsaw

DMA's

Saw it all in your eyes
Crossed and shining, through your endless lane
It's not a sign but a dirty question left unanswered
Where's my conscience, she's gone dancing
But I still can't explain

Woah baby, you gotta hear the song that I'm queueing
Woah baby, you've got it going on, got it going on

Saw it all in our time
Now you've been choking, I'm still walking now
It's a state of mind that leaves the lonely shot unanswered
Where's my conscience, she's still dancing
And I still can't explain

Woah baby, you gotta hear the song that I'm queueing
Woah baby, you've got it going on, got it going on

Woah baby, you gotta hear the song that I'm queueing
Woah baby, you've got it going on, got it going on

And you don't need to find me
And you don't need to find me
And you don't need to find me