

## Hard dreams

Gesaffelstein

I can think of anything as hard as your love  
If only I could understand what it is made of  
I can think of anything as rough as your love  
If only I could understand what it is made of

I trick myself with gasoline  
The fire grows inside my skin  
No fantasy, no in-betweens  
Don't tell me no lies

Finger on the trigger  
Letting it all out  
Bursting with desire  
I can deal without

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If only I could understand what it is made of  
I can think of anything as rough as your love  
If only I could understand what it is made of

Crouching in the empty scene  
I see your face on the video screen  
I'm your slave and you're my queen  
I picture ourselves in a Hollywood dream  
Crouching on the empty scene  
Did I see your face on the video screen?  
I'm a slave to you, my queen  
Imagine ourselves in a Hollywood dream