

Loverboy

IC3PEAK

From the bottom of the swimming pool
I watch your white skin turning gold
I know we all beg God for love
Your eyes are piercing blue and cold
The only moving part on your face
Your face is like a death mask

You are so cold, my loverboy
You are so cold to me
You are so cold, my loverboy
You gently comb my hair
You kiss me on the cheek

Goodbye my dear
Pick me flowers on way back
And every time you are away
And every time you are away
I'm sinking in the pool of salty tears
No, please!

You are so cold to me, my loverboy
You are so cold