

In the rush  
the rush of my senses  
in the heat  
the heat of this moment  
in the Palace of Nations  
I think I can love you out of weakness  
In the heat of this moment I stick myself in laughter  
Run for it  
I'm running away  
know-it-all  
I will return again  
pushing myself so helpless  
hopeless  
when I can love you out of weakness  
Which of us is to blame!  
I'm stupid  
I only know enough to get out of the rain  
Oh, I really tiptoe, I really tiptoe  
Stop  
when you cease to amaze me  
take a look  
my part in the pattern  
I know it'll never matter  
so I stick myself in laughter  
I may love you out of weakness  
is that what I was afraid of!