

Wherever I Go

Michael Brun

Driving down this road for an hour, tryna get away
I could go to Rome or De Janeiro, but it all looks the same

Miles and miles, I've traveled the world
I've never felt someone like you
I can't explain it, you're inside my head
Wherever I go, I see you

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Every time we touch, turn to fire, but we both love the pain
Turning up the radio, it's static, but I only hear your name

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Is it good?