Do you know that
Your heart is not a weapon?
You wield it like a knife
Sent me straight to Heaven
Met you there last night
Always up to something
Cupid caught me slippin'
Trippin', feeling like

If I never see you again
No, I won't know spring
No flowers blooming for me
If I never see you again, no
Who know the moon by name?
I'll talk to whoever will listen
Listen

She gives me hope even though she on this tightrope On God, on God
She give me hope, tell me look up to the sky
That's God, that's God
Water to wine, down the bottle
Giving it my all what a sweet communion
Even if it's wrong, what a sweet delusion
Fixed illusions, talking 'bout

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