

## Glorious #1

Remy Zero

All alone in the traffic  
All sense of the game is long gone  
Mouth twisted up and lips like coal  
Tired of spinning, you get anything you want  
We don't have to be lovers  
We don't have to be friends for no one  
Black souls in the desert  
Heads spinning, you get anything you want  
Back down to the Glorious #1  
My prints all over the smoking gun  
Back down to the Glorious #1  
All lines to the living are now undone  
Back down to the Glorious #1  
Her fingers felt like a fire  
Her skin's shifting, the words are so clear  
Left a burning desire  
One flash will get you anything you want  
Back down to the Glorious #1  
My prints all over the smoking gun  
Back down to the Glorious #1  
All lines to the living are now undone  
Back down to the Glorious #1  
Back down to the Glorious #1  
My prints all over the smoking gun  
Back down to the Glorious #1  
All lines to the living are now undone  
Back down to the Glorious #1