

Mozambique

Scars on 45

Baby don't but
Follow me back down
This is how the story goes
In shady parts of town

Slowly I changed
You cut me down to size
Thought I was a king
And you would be my queen through everything
But now we're nothing

Say what you want
Do as you please
Turn the tables
Follow me to Mozambique
Say what you want
Do as you please
And follow me to Mozambique

Baby don't but
I'll take you out in style
My feelings be ignored
I can walk the line

If only I could change
Change your frame of mind
I would be a king
You would be my queen of everything
We want the same things

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