Every time I start to get up
I'm gonna be there every morning to meet you
All the days without the chill I'm in
Who do I really want to be?

News of songs without a bloody emotion
The words are gone, my tune was to be heard
But it's even dead city, they're asking for help inside you
With fake companies renting to attend

Don't look up, y'all ain't much of a nice like this Let the wine take you to the honeymoon today Like a bird with a big taste, I'll eat your wheels Get up, I'll take you to the wine because it's too near

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