It Got All Black

Shivaree

It got all black in the bottom of my glass
I looked up and there was Bridgette Fontaine
I've got poison in my head, I've got chocolate and bread
And I may never leave this room again
Now its dark and you love me, honey, count to ten
I can help you to distinguish your pain
It's so gorgeous to be back in Paris once again
Now I wonder what they put in the rain

This could be true
Or it could take all of an hour
I could just forget you
Have a cocktail and a shower
Like my mother taught me

That everybody loves a mystery
So you can leave it at your name and your rank
If we like it maybe I can get your history
Maybe put a little more in the bank

This could be true
Or we could just be a while here
Find better things to do
Think you might go out of style dear

Ice cream, sunshine, thrill rides, and a song
They can leave you doubled over, burned and broken
If they take too long

This could be true
Or we could be all of an hour
I could still forget you
Have a cocktail and a shower
Like my mother said
It's true

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!