

Untitled

Thomas Dybdahl

I Need Love, Baby Love, Not Trouble
Run like hell bitterness found
my love's gone bad god is dead now I'm weary
always on time, always in place,
to put a big smile on your face but no more
snap your fingers one more time I cut you up
and leave you dying all for one
but one for me
my face is pale
my eyes don't see

I need love, baby love, and not trouble
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