

Seizemic

Tom Vek

Why don't you change your scene
And see if you still love it?
Hold it down, I'll introduce you
If honesty still stands for anything
All your lovers are joined up
By the dance we live inside
You feel it, it's hot like heaven
Give me breeze
Hit me so, hit me so hard
Hit me so hard, yeah
Color ways and cutaways
Won't outline what you want
I'm envisaging a leisure seizure
Of seismic proportions