

New Stole

Tricky

Stills in your pocket, see inside light
What do you want me to do?
I don't know my name, and I don't care for friends
How can I take care of you?
The stars left, the morning came
You know I'm just a good time girl
Leaving you lonely, I don't care at all
No, I can't be good for you
I become weary, you won't get to know me
But what you receive will be pure
I gave you small doses 'cause my heart's been wasted
And I can't belong anymore
It's closing time, and the aftermath
His heartache's been coming on slow
Warm and he's curling, our lips are enfolding
Gold on my chest as he falls

Don't be imprisoned by judgments and wisdom
Come to my lap, be a man
I'm off the breast and I'm learning to hunt
Regiani, yeah, he'd understand
Be bold, but don't fight me and don't try to move me, no
No need for Rowlands to wake up the dormant
The seasons are coming around

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