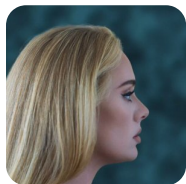


# I Drink Wine – Adele

How can one become so bounded  
By choices that somebody else makes?  
How come we've both become a version  
Of a person we don't even like?  
We're in love with the world  
But the world just wants to bring us down  
By putting ideas in our heads  
That corrupt our hearts somehow  
When I was a child  
Every single thing could blow my mind  
Soaking it all up for fun  
But now I only soak up wine  
They say to play hard, you work hard  
Find balance in the sacrifice  
Yet I don't know anybody  
Who's truly satisfied  
You better believe I'm trying  
To keep climbing (climbing, climbing)  
But the higher we climb  
Feels like we're both none the wiser (ahh)  
So I hope I learn to get over myself  
Stop trying to be somebody else  
So we can love each other for free  
Everybody wants something  
You just want me  
Why am I obsessing  
About the things I can't control?  
Why am I seeking approval  
From people I don't even know?  
In these crazy times I hope to find  
Something I can cling on to  
'Cause I need some substance in my life  
Something real, something that feels true  
You better believe for you I've cried  
High tides (high tides, high tides)  
'Cause I want you so bad

But you can't fight fire with fire (ahh)  
Oh, so I hope I learn to get over myself  
Stop trying to be somebody else  
Oh, I just want to love you (so we can love)  
Love you for free (each other for free)  
Everybody wants something from me  
You just want me  
Listen, I know how low I can go  
I give as good as I get  
You get the brunt of it all  
'Cause you're all I've got left  
Oh, I hope in time (hope in time)  
We both will find peace of mind  
Sometimes the road less traveled  
Is a road best left behind (ahh)  
Well, I hope I learn to get over myself  
Stop trying to be somebody else  
Oh, I just want to love you (so we can love)  
Love you for free, yeah (each other for free)  
'Cause everybody wants something from me  
You just want me  
You better believe I'm trying  
To keep climbing (climbing, climbing)  
But the higher we climb  
Feels like we're both none the wiser



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych