

# Guilty – Blanka

Boy, you got me guilty  
Guilty of your love  
Boy, you got me guilty of your love  
Gimme all your pleasure  
Bless me with your touch  
Boy, you got me guilty of your love  
I think that I might  
Get a little bit bad for the night  
Come teach me your anatomy  
Get bad to the bone  
'Cause you know what I need when I don't  
So put your hands all over me  
Cuff me up, I'll do the time  
Gotta let me finish  
Oh, I can't resist it  
This might be the perfect crime  
And I might be selfish  
But I can't help it  
Boy, you got me guilty  
Guilty of your love  
Boy, you got me guilty of your love  
Gimme all your pleasure  
Bless me with your touch  
Boy, you got me guilty of your love  
I go straight for your heart  
Got that big energy,  
Oh my god  
I can't get guilty on my own  
T-t-take it off  
From the pants to the tank to the top  
I'll leave you scarred like Al Capone  
This might be the perfect crime  
And I might be selfish  
But I can't help it  
Boy, you got me guilty  
Guilty of your love

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(-----)  
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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych