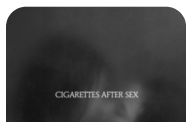


Hideaway – Cigarettes after sex

Come on, baby
We'll make it alright
Bring your speaker and a bottle of white
We'll go walking in Marina like last time
To the beaches that nobody else likes
Alright
And you put your arms around me
Take me back into that hideaway
Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway
And you give your loving to me
Take me back into that hideaway
Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway
Hideaway
Hi-hideaway
Hi-hideaway
Now the sun's out
We're feeling its sweet light
Waves are crashing
They're flying those long kites
And I can see it
I can see where our lives go
See us sailing, across so many oceans
Oh, yeah
And you put your arms around me
Take me back into that hideaway
Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway
And you give your loving to me
Take me back into that hideaway
Hideaway, hideaway, hideaway
Hideaway
Hi-hideaway
Hi-hideaway



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych

