

Next To Me – Emeli Sandé

You won't find him drinking under tables
Rolling dice or staying out 'til three
You won't ever find him be unfaithful
You will find him, you'll find him next to me
You won't find him trying to chase the devil
For money, fame, for power, out of greed
You won't ever find him where the rest go
You will find him, you'll find him next to me
Next to me, ooh-ooh-ooh
Next to me, ooh-ooh
Next to me, ooh-ooh-ooh
You will find him, you'll find him next to me
When the money's spent
And all my friends have vanished
And I can't seem to find no help
Or love for free
I know there's no need for me to panic
'Cause I'll find him,
I'll find him next to me
When the skies are gray
And all the doors are closing
And the rising pressure makes it hard
To breathe
When all I need's a hand
To stop the tears from falling
I will find him, I'll find him next to me
Next to me, ooh-ooh-ooh
Next to me, ooh-ooh
Next to me, ooh-ooh-ooh
I will find him, I'll find him next to me
When the end has come
And buildings falling down fast
When we've spoilt the land
And dried up all the sea
When everyone has lost their heads around us
You will find him, you'll find him next to me

Next to me, ooh-ooh-ooh
Next to me, ooh-ooh
Next to me, ooh-ooh-ooh
You will find him, you'll find him next to me
Next to me, ooh-ooh-ooh
Next to me, ooh-ooh
Next to me, ooh-ooh-ooh
You will find him, you'll find him next to me



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych