

Heartbeats – Jose Gonzales

One night to be confused
One night to speed up truth
We had a promise made
Four hands and then away
Both under influence
We had divine scent
To know what to say
Mind is a razor blade
To call for hands of above
To lean on
Wouldn't be good enough
For me, no
One night of magic rush
The start a simple touch
One night to push and scream
And then relief
Ten days of perfect tunes
The colors red and blue
We had a promise made
We were in love
To call for hands of above
To lean on
Wouldn't be good enough
For me, no
To call for hands of above
To lean on
Wouldn't be good enough
And you, you knew the hand of the devil
And you, kept us awake with wolf teeth
Sharing different heartbeats
In one night
To call for hands of above
To lean on
Wouldn't be good enough
For me, no
To call for hands of above

To lean on
Wouldn't be good enough



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych