

# White Robe – t.A.T.u

Feeling Ugly, Looking pretty  
Yellow Ribbons, Black Graffiti  
Word is written, Bond is broken  
No big secret left unspoken  
Sun is painted in the corner  
But it's never getting warmer  
All the lies they keep on selling  
But you never check the spelling  
Flying Bullets  
Hit the targets  
Wings and halos  
Five to seven  
In these white robes  
Through the darkness  
Paragliding  
Back to heaven  
Flying Bullets  
Hit the targets  
Wings and halos  
Five to seven  
In these white robes  
Through the darkness  
Paragliding  
Back to heaven  
Time is running, we are sitting  
Back together just for splitting  
You are crying in the corner  
Always next and never former  
Open up and let me hear it  
Former body, future spirit  
Brain is useless, chair is rocking  
Open doors for dead man walking  
Flying Bullets  
Hit the targets  
Wings and halos  
Five to seven

In these white robes  
Through the darkness  
Paragliding  
Back to heaven  
Flying Bullets  
Hit the targets  
Wings and halos  
Five to seven  
In these white robes  
Through the darkness  
Paragliding  
Back to heaven



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych