

Summer Son – Texas

I'm tired of telling the story
Tired of telling it your way
Yeh I know what I saw
I know that I found the floor
Before you take my heart, reconsider
Before you take my heart, reconsider
I've opened the door
I've opened the door
Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over you
I thought I had a dream to hold
Maybe that has gone
Your hands reach out and touch me still
But this feels so wrong
Before you take my heart, reconsider
Before you take my heart, reconsider
I've opened the door
I've opened the door
Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over you
Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over you
Before you take my heart, reconsider
Before you take my heart, reconsider
I've opened the door
I've opened the door
Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over you

Here comes the winter's rain
To cleanse my skin
I wake again
I'm over you
Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over you
Here comes the winter's rain
To cleanse my skin
I wake again
I'm over you
I'm over you



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych