

Outlaws of Love

Adam Lambert

Oh, nowhere left to go
Are we getting closer? Closer?
No, all we know is "No"
Nights are getting colder, colder

Hey, tears all fall the same
We all feel the rain
We can't change...

Everywhere we go we're looking for the sun
Nowhere to grow old, we're always on the run
They say we'll rot in Hell, but I don't think we will
They've branded us enough, "Outlaws of Love".

Scars make us who we are
Hearts and homes are broken, broken
Far, we could go so far
With our minds wide open, open

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We all feel the rain
We can't change...

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Yeah yeeeahh mmmmmm
Oooooooooooooo...

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