

So listen to it  
You've got to make it fit  
And if you mess it up  
You've got to start  
All over all over again  
Oh again  
Once more  
Once more and again  
So try to give it up  
And listen hard to your heart  
And smile at me  
Make it short, make it sweet  
Well you may complain about your destiny  
Not giving you the cards you would like to see  
Well you may complain about your destiny  
Not giving you the cards you would like to see  
So give it up  
And you may see  
All the gold stars in your skies  
Give it up  
And you may feel  
Tiny little kisses from me  
Oh don't be late  
Make it quick  
I tell you now  
I won't wait  
Make it up  
As we go along  
Make it short  
But most of all  
Most of all make it sweet  
So break my heart  
As you break it down  
And I loose my thought  
And we loose motion