

In The End

Ida Maria

Twenty-two summers
And I hope You'll have a hundred more
Colors of this roof
Will always follow

I hope we meet in the end
With wrinkles like the divas
And we'll dance again and again
In the end
In the end
oh oh oh

Days and months and years
In cities people love and fear
Make out wherever she's out drinking
Always be ?

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With wrinkles like the divas
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