

Tenderoni

Kele

Away, away, away, away

Been running with the rude boys
For much too much too long
You think you are one of them
Every time that we kiss
It seems you are holding back
Don't be so quick to pull away
Away, away, away, away

I know you're thinking murder
Driving in your father's car
I will not let you disappear
Not your fault
Not your problem
Not one to apologize
If you want 'tough', I'll give you 'tough'!

She said she was
More than this
And she would rot the brain in the head
She said she was
More than this
And you would rot the brain in the head

T-E-N-D-E-R-O-N-I
T-E-N-D-E-R-O-N-I
T-E-N-D-E-R-O-N-I