

Electric

Madrugada

Pack your bags, run away
Along the freeway, out of town
Where light and the night is over
It's alright

From this bed, between the sheets
Spilling over, spinning round
Ain't it bitter, ain't it sweet, oh ho

Holding, holding on to you again
Holding, holding on to you again
Don't rush it, don't rush it, my love
Holding on, holding, holding on to you

But you lie, on your back
In the backseat of his car
Kettle black, pepper night
Dylan Thomas, passed around
Passing out on the floor
In the bathroom, black light veil
We all need once again
Sing the songs and
Drink the wine, love, oh

Oh well how long did we stay in there
Well I can't believe my eyes
Well how long did I take this
Well I can't hold on no, hold on

Holding, holding on to you again
Holding, holding on to you again
I'm ready
I'm ready, my love
Holding, holding on to you