

Queen Of Come Here Go Away

Mint Condition

The Queen, of come here go away you are...
You take me high in, the sky, but never touch the stars...
Up & up you take me then you stop...
Hot and cold, your moods sure change a lot...
Are you real, or are you fakin..
Up & up, then off you shake me...
Don't understand it, I really hate it girl...
Can you, ever, tell me, where your head goes...
When bliss, is us then suddenly, you stop the flow...
Is it turkey sausage, or real bacon...
Are you real or are you fakin'...
Don't understand it, I really hate it girl...
Are you real, or are you fakin..
Up & up, then off you shake me...
Don't understand it, I really hate it girl...
The Queen of come, here go away you are....