

# Crime

Najwajeen

You

And you were looking at me  
With such an eye  
And me  
You pass me by  
And say hello  
You smile like a little girl  
And is this a crime?  
When you touch my hand,  
And I feel the sky,  
And I'm wondering if this is a crime  
When you pass behind  
You touch my  
My  
And then I pass behind  
And it's a game they told me not to play  
And then you kill my thoughts  
And say girl, smile  
And then you hold my hand strong  
And get me  
And bring me  
And all that's a sweet suicide  
Oh, I'm wondering if this is a crime  
With a silly smile  
Oh, is this a crime  
When I pass you side  
With that little smile?  
I'm sorry but I did it  
Take my eyes to say my love,  
And my back to say hello  
Then you take off all my clothes  
I was really laid in bed  
And you take my legs  
And you get inside

Oh my God, is this a new suicide?  
And I wanted to know  
Oh, it's oh  
My  
Oh, this is a crime  
And I start to wonder  
This is a crime  
I've in this  
And you there, I

I say, and now you try to stay  
I try to stand into, into,  
Into if this is a crime  
When you inside  
Is this a crime?  
When you're getting inside  
I can feel  
That it's alright  
That it's alright  
That it's alright  
That it's alright

That it's alright  
That it's alright  
That it's alright