

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