

Dahlias, they come from me
A promise to get well
That ain't working, thinking that you're no good
Don't worry 'cause I'm not the kind to kiss and tell

Dahlias and cherry trees, I don't recall them anyway
Some lovers know it ain't gonna wear out
To each his own the same
Look what you wasted

When the lights are cutting out
And I come down in your room
Our daily compromise
It is written in your signed armistice

And when the lights are cutting out
And I come down in your room
Well, we'll decide as always
Here is your signed armistice

It's time to follow and not to heat it up
Requesting this plane is a propeller
In the middle of the course when ambitions are low
Head on close, hang on before you lose control

The octagon logo had to rip it up
The semaphore message on your lips
Some lovers know it ain't gonna wear out
To each his own the same, what else is wasted?

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For lovers in a rush, for lovers always
For lovers in a rush, keeping promises
For lovers in a rush, for lovers always
For lovers in a rush, for lovers always
For lovers in a rush, keeping promises
For lovers in a rush, for lovers always