Blueprints for Lost Sounds

Lay down and wait Save your guns for the night

There's a pink sound in the sundown Let's step off for a second Let's think about it

You can tame it, but you cannot keep me This city bears my name

Death. Life. Good sons. Girls!

I'm not for keepers It is in my blood, But there's something about you

You can move me with your style It's the sex and the wild

Death. Life. Good sons. And girls!

It's so natural This thing between you and I It's all that I am a good son Might be the last time I'll be coming home Think I might hurt you, Might hurt you badly It's all that I am a bad son

I am the good son It's all I am Sound the bells I'm off hook tonight Oh how, pathetic is the life I've led All I do is wrong, but I seem to do it right

It's so natural This thing between you and I It's all that I am a good son Might be the last time I'll be coming home Think I might hurt you, Might hurt you badly It's all that I am a bad son

Might be the last time I'll be coming home Think I might hurt you, Might hurt you badly It's all that I am a bad son

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Wake me when I am Tištěno z www.txp.cz