

20 BPM

Roxette

You want the streets at midnight
You want to shine in dim light
Those walks are made for poets
Don't look like you don't know it

You want a soul survivor
You want a beauty parlour
A face to last forever
No blues can lose the colour

Don't worry about it, baby
It all makes sense in the end...

Oh baby, don't you know
- Oh oh oh oh oh oh
When things are gettin' slow
- Oh oh oh oh oh oh

Make a crazy prediction
Melt the facts with the fiction
Underground with perfection
Baby, make the connection
Another 20 BPM in your life
Is all right

You want the diamond clover
You want the bossa nova
You never end the swayin'

Until you won me over
You dream under the pillow
You write your name in silver
On walls prepared for poets

Don't look like you don't know it
Oh baby, don't you know
- Oh oh oh oh oh oh
When things are gettin' slow
- Oh oh oh oh oh oh

Make a crazy prediction
Melt the science with fiction
Underground with perfection
Honey, make the connection
Another 20 BPM in your life
Is all right