

Secret

Zara Larsson

Messy hair, wide eyes
Bored her self, symbolized
Yeah she's a cocktail waitress
The work then holds, thats all she knows

She lives alo-o-one
Turns off her phone
She locks her door
Draw the curtains, leave it all behind

A little you can read it
She keeps it close, keeps it locked locked up
She's living through a secret
The only thing
that makes her feel...

Alive
Alive, alive
Alive
Alive, alive

Back to work next day
Brings the check, getting paid
Well she's a cocktail waitress
She grabs her coat and shutting doors
She's setting off
Turns of her phone
Forgetting all
The only thing
that makes her feel...

Alive
Alive, alive
Alive
Alive, alive

She's walking over creaky floors
She hears the city pounding at the door
She's never gonna let them know
about the only thing
(that makes her feel)

Alive
Alive, alive
Alive
Alive, alive
Alive
Alive, alive
Alive
Alive, alive