

A-ha, Under the Makeup

This is how it ends, each on our own
Unless we pretend meanwhile our hearts turn to stone
Shaped by wind oohh that slowly molded over time here within

I, I wanna see you under the make up
Let all the worry vanish away
I wanna hold you like it's the first time
Like you are still mine

If you wanted out didn't I let you go?
If you wanted in didn't I make it so?
It could be, tenderness escaped so easily

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