

# Afterhours, Oxygen

I feel so prisoner babe  
and I don't know why  
but the thing that keeps me here  
It's my addiction  
in or out baby  
love  
couldn't define us all  
in or out baby  
love  
it's not what we caressing on  
your smell's my oxygen  
your smell's my oxygen  
so softly and so strongly  
I sell my mind  
it's something so dirty  
that I could try  
in or out baby  
love  
couldn't define us all  
in or out baby  
love  
it's not what we rubbing on  
your smell's my oxygen  
your smell's my oxygen  
it's so insane  
inside my eyes  
I've come to my angel  
and she lets me die  
in or out baby  
love  
couldn't define us all  
in or out baby  
love  
it's not what we rubbing on  
here comes my oxygen  
here comes my oxygen