

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