Anna Ternheim, You mean nothing for me anymo

Let the curtain fall on me and you Let the lights go out and blow out the fuse No strings attached between me and you Amazing it seems You mean nothing to me anymore Acquainted as we are expected to be When we grow up You remind of not letting go Disabled by fear to be on my own Having a twin as your lover You'll never be free Amazing it seems You mean nothing to me anymore Acquainted as we are expected to be When we grow up When we grow up