

Autopassion, I Like Your Purse

Don't go with my heart in your pocket
I know I'll need it soon
But do show, what's inside of your locket
Come close under the moon
Stand still, so I can see your eyes
And we'll seek each other's secret lies

The things you give to me are like an ancient treasury
The flowers I bought in the street smell like a cemetery

And so, I'm looking back at my shadow
Someone had painted it on the wall
Into the darkness we promise
So stand tall over an endless pit
And look down into the emptiness
And we'll greet each other with a friendly kiss

Your gifts are magic, oh
My love is in that heart
You selfish little thing
No one can win this game, this game
No one can win this game, this game

Every moment counts when I am when you
Even though it's stupid, I still follow you
Don't want you to go with my heart in your pocket anymore

So don't go with my heart in your pocket
I know I'll need it soon
But do show, what's inside of your locket
You've got my heart in your pocket