

# Madrugada, Eletric

Pack your bags, run away  
Along the freeway, out of town  
Where you'd like and the night is over  
It's alright  
From despair, between the sheets  
Spilling over, spinning round  
Waiting still, in the street  
Ain't it bitter, ain't it sweet, oh ho  
Holding, holding on to you again  
Holding, holding on to you again  
No rushing, don't rush it, my love  
Holding on, holding, holding on to you

Bet you lie, on your back  
In the backseat of his car  
Cattle black, pepper night  
Dylan Thomas, pass around  
Passing out on the floor  
In the bathroom, black light veil  
We don't need once again  
Sing the song, sing  
Drink the wine, love  
Oh, well how long did we stay in there  
Well I can't believe my eyes  
Well how long did I take this  
Well I can't hold on no, hold on  
Holding, holding on to you again  
Holding, holding on to you again  
I'm ready, I'm ready, my love  
Holding, holding on to you