

Rip Rig & Panic, You're My Kind Of Climate

You're my kind of climate
Swinging lost paradise
Your touch, your smell
Well you can tell
I ain't talking about heaven or hell
You're my kind of climate
Swinging lost paradise
Met a Mexican in the kitchen
Said rule your life by the dice

You've got a crazy disposition
And you always challenge tradition
Better to travel than ever arrive
Being together side by side
Lost in a catacomb loneliness
It's a crime of passion
A deep repression
Legacies whisper in my blood
The heat within rising

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I know you've got a butterfly heart
And when you fly we're never apart
Better to travel than ever arrive
Being together side by side
It's a mortal sin to be killed of love
And if it die I won't cry
Lose all fear of the unknown
Never ever worry about being alone

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