

Visqueen, Vaxxine

No more pain
I see the raindrops punching holes in her
as they walk down her beat
She'll think of you with every new boy that she meets
From me to you, from you to me
I'll never be the same

Vaxxine, take the sting out of my heart

Keep things plain
Don't decorate your life with overture
because you'll crash overseas
She'll think of you with every felt fine summer breeze
From me to you from you to me
I'll never be the same