

Across The Border, Next Time...

Next time I want that kind of girl, a girl with flowers in her hairs
With dread locks, cloc's and dresses, on a horse or a mobile home
But please without a mobile phone
that kind of girl, all rainbow colours in her eyes
But no girl in a uniform nor in a police car
And please no football star
Do you believe in silly songs? I do. It makes me smile instead of loving you
Two needles in my arse, pink pills to bring me sleep
Farewell to all that now, you too indeed!!!
Farewell...
Next time I won't tell anymore the way I think and how I feel
'cause it makes me small and weak and gives you power over me
Next time Maybe?