

An Pierl, Mud Stories

I won't give in
I put fresh heart
into myself
But I flee my thoughts
I won't give in
I've sealed my mouth
Won't say a thing
At least not out loud
Funny, I'd like to seduce you
Funny how i feel
Maybe I'm lost on the rough side
Maybe this time it's for real
But I would like to be
But funny things for you
I'll manage a seven day working week
For your sake
As Mary goes round on the playground
She is never asking ever too much
I'm getting nervous
I hang around
It's no big deal
I'll sort it out
I'd like to tell you all my
Mud stories
Mud stories
Mud on my raincoat still
Much stories
Mud stories
Mud on my raincoat still
Mud stories
Much fuss about a cheap thrill
I won't give in
There is no chance
I'll have enough
with one romance
I'd like to tell you 'bout my
Mud stories
Mud stories
Mud on my raincoat still
Much stories
Mud stories
Mud on my raincoat still
Mud stories
Much fuss about a cheap thrill