

An Pierl, Walk

So if you'd walk
a thousand miles
until you'd reach our home tonight
We'd set fire
for everything
So what d' you think
Through heavy snowfall
And bitter cold
I hope you're packed
in solid clothing
Your shiny mooses
don't need to rest
It's for the best
Maybe it is true
Love's to bleed
True love
Is to need
Sometimes
It flows to the sea
That's why you always come
Back to me

With jam & coffee
and toasted bread
On Sunday morning
We'll talk and sit
And we're surprised
That we are blessed
Such happiness
You're so attractive
You're salty smell
's my favourite flavour
I live to tell
That by tonight
You will be there
Come, I'm in need
True love
To need, we have
Agreed
True love don't need no receipt