

Andreas Johnson, Spaceless

In a city of cream, were floating by
Like creeps and tarts under neon skies
In colours of green, scarlet and blue
Dhe's taking my hand... leading me to...
S secret room, I can feel her breath
Her body is tanned, my head in a mess
Yhe flavour is sweet, god-given bright...
Master of intelligence won't find me tonight
All these beautiful faces, taking me places
Leaving me spaceless...
All these beautiful faces, taking me places
I'm coming home...
in a stretchout car, on a lowside street
She's pulling me close, to make me complete
The colour is green, turning to red
Her fingers are crossed over my head...
All these beautiful faces, taking me places
Leaving me spaceless...
All these beautiful faces, taking me places
I'm coming home...Tonight...
In a city of cream, were floating by
Like creeps and tarts under neon skies
All these beautiful faces, taking me places
Leaving me spaceless...
All these beautiful faces, taking me places
I'm coming home tonight...