

# 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...