

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Flame

On the 7th day the magic gets a curse
On the 8th day whos going to give in first
On the 9th day bags are being packed
On the 10th day no ones coming back
Some relationships just fall sick
Being Master, then Servant supplicate, then resist
A change of mood, a look can bring it to its knees
Cut it down like an incurable disease
Ah, but your kisses
Sweet as whiskey on ice
And your tattooed body
Soft as candlelight
Flame youre my flame for life
The 1st problem we didnt even care
The 15th problem something in the air
The 62nd problem we didnt speak to each other all day
The millionth problem we went our separate ways
Still got your number on my mobile phone
And some of your habits when Im all on my own
I smoke too much, drink too much, read too much every night
Youre my flame flame for life