

Austin Lace, Bossanova

These are the few words explaining apathy
Some of them can drive me mad
Some of them come slowly to save our past romance
So this is one last night to give it a chance

Gimme gimme bossanova themes
So that i can drive you through my dreams
Dance as if you were my dancing queen
Or gimme gimme bossanova themes

On Sunday morning i am gravy
And dripping from your hand
Will i ever reach your lips again
I'm covering my skin with leather from Japan
But clothes never really made the man
no clothes never really made the man

Gimme gimme bossanova themes
So that i can drive you through my dreams
Dance as if you were my dancing queen
Or gimme gimme bossanova themes

They left a child with a baby mind
Now he looks down when they pass on by
Baby baby mind
Chase the voices from the past
from the past

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Dance as if you were my dancing queen
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