

China Crisis, Red Sails

China Crisis

no name

Red Sails

Big kisses for small fishes

Property trading

The wrong places

We all work hard

For god's blessings

There's no mistaking

She feels important

If i had a soul

Would i recognise

If i looked just like summer

Would i realise

Red sails

Into the sunset

The only reason for her leaving

Come tomorrow

Will she be closer

Too many secrets

I should have told her