

# Cocosuma, Communication's Lost

Now, now the sweat  
is streaming down our bodies.  
A cigarette, I can't forget the taste,  
The oriental journeys.

The sky, the light and it should ever last.  
We are so tight, indecision grows fast.

Saturday, Saturday night  
You saved me for one more kiss, oh please.  
Do not play this kind of fight,  
The die is cast but today, and tonight.

Tonight it's bright and it should ever last.  
No cry, alright, sure no heart attack.  
We are so tight, indecision grows fast.

Now, now I've found  
Another way to go, to flow.  
I, I should have known  
Love is on its own.

The sky, the light but it's a piece of past.  
We were so tight, dreams they do run fast.  
And now, the cost: communication's lost.  
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