

Doro Pesch, Prisoner Of Love

I don't want your pretty picture of life
That's something I can't afford
I'm sorry things have gone this far
I didn't mean to

Don't talk about love
It's something I can't understand
It's something I don't need from you
This is the truth I'm telling you

I'm your mistress
I'm your master
And you're my prisoner of love
I am your keeper
I'm all the matters
And you're my prisoner of love
Prisoner of love

Don't send me your pretty flowers they're nice
For people who are in their graves
And your words are kind
But they won't keep you safe

Don't talk about me
That's someone you will never know
It's something you will never prove
This is the truth I'm telling you

I'm your mistress
I'm your master
And you're my prisoner of love
I am your keeper
I'm all the matters
And you're my prisoner of love
Prisoner of love