

# Fame Factory, Ocd - Markus Landgren

They clicker your hair  
A laugh in your ear  
Maybe that's all I can give you  
How will be gone  
So far away  
Leave you content with a self-life  
I've godda know  
Cause someone been to slow

I'm checking your seat  
Treating your well  
Desperate to straggled to please you  
Falling behind  
They waiting my time  
Even the crowds that you left me  
I faced the stone  
I wanna take you home

I know you're thoughts at me  
Ain't high  
I know your feelings want me out  
I know we'll never make it through this time  
I know my body's mush too weak  
I know I can't sleep for a week  
I know your heaven is too high  
So my hell is not too deep

You ask for my bed  
I crush on the couch  
Try to get over this feeling  
You opened the door  
Parry my lips  
If I were presiding pounded crane  
I faced the stone  
My OCD so strong

REF:

(Heaven's too high)  
(I never thought you love me)  
Heaven's too high  
☐☐ I never thought you love me

REF:

(Heaven's too high)  
My hell is not too deep  
(I never thought you love me)  
(Heaven's too high)  
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