Freya, Rule No. 1

Rule No. 1

Kiss ...
Smile ...
Dance ...

The movie was boring - it was (a) clich
The plot was confusing - nothing to say
The acting was plastic - the ending absurd
And three hours later
We left with a feeling that nothing had ever occurred

You could frown over wasting time like that
But if you smile you're less prone to a heart attack
Oh, if you kiss you might get some kisses back
Rule no. 1: Never paint a blue sky black

Despite my alarm clock going off late
And rush hour madness I got to my gate
All the arrangements and plans I had made
Went up in smoke
As I learned that the crew went on strike
And my flight was delayed

You could scream over wasting time like that
But if you smile you're less prone to a heart attack
Oh if you kiss you might get some kisses back
Rule no. 1: Never paint a blue sky black

He showed up at seven - a rose in his hand
A whole hour early - pretty good for a man
The first awkward moments dragged on and on
Now plenty years later
The movies still suck but we don't give a fuck anymore

('Cause) if you kiss you might get some kisses back
If you smile you're less prone to a heart attack
Oh if you dance - you might find those moves you lack
Rule no. 1: Never paint blue sky black
Never paint a blue sky black Oh if you kiss
Oh if you smile
Oh if you dance Oh kiss, smile - kiss, smile and dance ...