

Joana Zimmer, Another day

Any,any,any,any,any,any,any,any,any,any other day
ohaaaa aaa aaahhh
look so lone like wind in his blone
thro the shoes
funny but I dont remember see
any things you found
maby I go something on with me
I listen to the traffic musik its thomes to me like you
the tree

ref:

Its only a day like any other day
but I file like a different
its only a place like any other place
but its sees like a different
and i think i must be love
yea i think i must be love
My boy is try be my mine is working
down the street
its funny but i dont becore i see
as beautiful
as this something is now like with me i
shure how will never see
with these i
ive never like this bevore

ref:

Its only ...
You are the reason wat you are the reasons wat
you are the one hose
turn my orn my orn

ref:

its only ...

ref:

its only ...