

# Magnum, One Night Of Passion

The wheels of fortune  
Have snapped your fragile thread  
One night of passion  
Upset your cultured head  
But it's okay it's just the fashion

You walk the high roads  
Look down upon yourself  
Your eyes concealing  
Your heart cries out for help  
But it's okay it's just a feeling

Someone, somewhere  
Is taking note how you care  
Hold on

Your cold tradition  
Surrounds you like a wall  
Too much to carry  
Celestial paramour  
You run down persecution alley

Your expectations  
The best you've ever had  
The thought of giving  
Is that so really bad?  
That's just the way, it's part of living

Someone, somewhere  
Is taking note how you care  
Hold on