

Marion, The Present

She seems a little lost, with nazi golden locks
She is drawn to my dirt, whenever I'm hurt
And need to be cured
This city never stops
We never do what we should
But when her laugh stops
We never do what we should
When our stops, that's what I really love

All I wanted was to give you something
That I thought you needed
We'll get through the night and survive for a while

She cuts through my frost
With nazi golden locks
I am drawn to the girl who seems to be hurt
But wants to be loved
Our heads never stop
We never do what we should
But when her laugh stops
Guess what I really love
To start again from the top

All I wanted was to give you something
That I thought you needed
We'll get through the night and survive for a while