

Mud Flow, Panic

My love, my love
I hope someday I find a way to talk to you
'Cause you're a star, the Brighton star
If you're one of them, then I suppose that you're ideal
I swear, I swear

My love, my love
I find somewhere a better place for you to stay
'Cause you're a star, I call you my star
If you get bored, if I'm naive, I'll let you go

I've got panic
It's a trick
But it's nice what a game
It's erotic
Automatic
What a game, what a mess

But someday I will surely find the way
It's bringing me down
Tonight, tonight
Tonight I sleep until the morning turns the light down
Something is wrong I'm never satisfied
Tonight, oh tonight I sleep until I die

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