Najwa Nimri, Trained

I'm wasting my time Running from you A job without hope Or a hope without a job

So i take my time If i was you And you were me What would we be?

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I'm trained by you Training by the rules Training for the time We spent together

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You touch my body Like it has something to say Laying me down I just forgot my name So you're getting my head Getting my heart Getting my bed

We lived our dreams
Laying down on the floor
Touching my body
Like it has something to say
So you are getting my head
Getting my heart
Getting my soul
Getting my bed

You touch my body
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