

Niccokick, Susanne

I finish you off, I throw you away
You are my dust, my smoke and my bills that I so certainly pay
You are a traffic light, a fucking speed bum
I can't recognize you from a distance I just sit here feeling dumb
So I step on the brake, it's all in a haste
And when I finally get out of there, the traffic light switch to red

Still digging for gold, yeah I want my piece
I've been through silver, second hand and I've been down on my knees
I'm a lost soul, I've lost all control
I find it hard when we discuss about growing old

That makes me think about love, gimme some love
I know you can give me love baby

Susanne!