

Nuno Bettencourt, Furnished Souls For Rent

I wanna get off now
In the back of my car
Where I know we'll go far

Face is so nice
Name your price
Name your place
I wanna get off now hey

She is heaven
She's my haven my escape
She goes all the way

She knows no glory
Tells her stories with her face
Furnished souls for rent

I wanna get off now
In the back of the bar
Where I know it will start
With a means to an end in the end
I wanna get off now hey

She summons all the desperate with a boom
Done at last she hears the silence in her room
(echoing huge silence)
Her buried self calling her own name

She's heaven
She my haven my escape
She goes all the way

The violent the gentle
Come to drain her of her name
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Her body of pillars were broke and replaced
She goes all the way

And when the mourning comes
She wakes up to live as one already dead

I need her she goes all the way