

Pale, Let's Get It On

24, a sunday in february.
My God, I want to see,
If we are on the hillside.
One eyes-shut-kiss could release our tension.
I thought I never dare to kiss again.
"I'm fine" I could confess,
I say it. Once. Twice. Again. But you're killing me.
Looks kill, 'cause you're so beautiful.
A chance, a breath, how can i dare?

It was not for you and me,
Chance A, Chance U.S.A. (You save all of me).
One ELO-song here we are again.

"Let's begin where we started" you say. Posthearted, shaped.
I say "I'd like to kiss you"
Or at least I would have liked to say
Or Maybe you already knew.
Two skins, two lips get thin, while I couldn't be weaker.
Looks kill, 'cause you're so beautiful.
How can I dare? Let's get it on ...

It was not for you and me,
Chance A, Chance U.S.A. (You save all of me).
One ELO-song here we are again.

(It affects you like it just would affect me
And just because I said so, it doesn't mean I really don't care.
If you would come to me and ask me how to go on,
I would be the last one to send you away.
I'd rather say: "Let's get it on")