

Tomek Makowiecki, A Summer Sale

You want to count from one to ten
and teach me how to spell my name
you know me,
you know me

It seems to be a simple game
but in the end I always fail
you know me,
you know me

My weakest point a single hair
sunday's tie or morning dress
you know me,
you know me

You change my life as no one else
but this is not what I really want

If I could kiss and then forget
I wouldn't mind to try again
you know me,
you know me

A country house, the Coral Sea,
those blue lagoons are not for me
you know me,
you know me

You change my life as no one else
but this is not what I really want
you treat me like a summer sale
but this is not what I really want, oh
I'm different kind of man
I'm different kind of man
I'm different kind of man, oh
I'm different kind of man