

Vanilla Ninja, Stairs

STAIRS

It`s morning, I`m walking down your stairs
which seem longer than they were last night
My stomach stungs from good sex
and climbing your stairs
I know exactly what is waiting me outside
The town is sleeping, an old woman is cleaning the streets
And finally I arrive at home
I don`t wish nothing more than sleep
The stairs have several hundred steps
The stairs have long handrails
A lot could tell us, tired steps
Up the stairs, to your room, the night is short
Coming down I once again disapprove my foolish heart