

White Rose Movement, Love Is A Number

Home fires, nothing left to do,
Not the same old point of view
...say you do
Little bitches, learn my tricks,
All defences i stick up your face
And love is a number

I died on the carpet, now that is a scene!
Volleys of angels, i spread them with wings
Overtouched... love is a number
One of the lies, one of the looks, one of the times...

I've just left the house
I'm through making out
With my dreams
Well i feel left out
I'm through making out:
Love is a number.

Midnight, walks alone
The secret is up, your face is down,
And love is a number

(gika-gika!) and to the men who chose lies:
What is science, when history's in doubt?

Some say
Some say sex sells
Some say
Some say sex sells (etc)

I've just left the room, i no more can consume
This kiss (...this kiss)
Those kisses we made
The messes... we meant it?

Home fires, nothing left to do
Never wasting words with you
Say you do

Shallow secrets cross my head
All the symbols i stick in your head
That love is a number

And you're wailing, you're wailing, you're wailing, it's true
I fucking love myself
I better love you
Some say / some say sex sells (i better love you)
Some say / some say sex sells (i think about you you)
Some say / some say sex sells (i always speak the truth)
Some say / some say sex sells (i think about you)

I think about you...