

Oslo

Håkon Kornstad

Nothing, I thought nothing of you
Just another young man
Running up the mountain
There are many like you Mistaken, it's not meant to be this
It's not meant to be love
Crossing path and that is all
And that was all Turning me
And handle me
Come through me
And close to me Turning me
And handle me
Come through me
And close to me I wish we had one long night
Stain each other
We won't see one another
Will you always remember? Turning me
And handle me
Come through me
And close to me Turning me
And handle me
Come through me
And close to me

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