Bossa nova

Sbor LubomÃ-ra PÃ¡nka

Well I think I hate you
Isn't this fun?
You're gonna shoot
And I darling loaded the gun
I think I'm done
What train did you step off of anyway?
I really don't care
I'm the luckiest girl
Gonna lie with you, baby
'Cause there's nowhere else
I can lay
I'm never talking to you again
I'll go join the Marines
And then I will peacefully sail away
With some safe magazines
Did you hear what I say?
You can't fall down the stairs two times the same way
And I really don't care
I'm the luckiest girl
Gonna tell you, "I love you"
More than anything else
I can see
If people were cars, I'd be covered with scars
I'll hold on to my dignity
I bought this old dress to cover the mess
Don't take it off, I don't want you
I don't want you to see
Stop singing that song
I'll stand hard like a tree
Yeah, you make me sick
You red razor nick get your hot hands off me
Maybe you're from the moon
Sensibility tells me that this is too soon
Oh my bones are bare
I'm the luckiest girl
Yeah and I want you, baby
More than anything else
More than anything else
More than anything else

In the room
More than anything else
In the room

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