

422 (Matt Karmil Remix)

Neneh Cherry

I was feeling younger
As the days were passing me by
All the feelings are all on the rhythm
They were really wrong You won't find a snitch where you go
Cause the snakes will grow
And the colder the shoulders will show
Drops your skin like clothes When the doubt has finally spread
The will is getting off our heads
When they have taken all they can
Then this will be the end of man
And we're never close
Thoughts that curl up your toes
All the bullshit that gets up your nose
And we made a choice
Thoughts that curl up your toes
All the horseshit that's getting too close Like birds of prey
We shed our feathers
Every single day
In every kind of weather And we believe the rain
Has come to set you aside
And we can take a play
Of this note there's no doubt Cause that is just the type of thing
But we are fed of your regimes
A cookie blueprint lies in pose
You try the blanket from my knees
And we're never close
Thoughts that curl up your toes
All the bullshit that gets up your nose
And we made a choice
Thoughts that curl up your toes
All the horseshit that's getting too close And we're never close
Thoughts that curl up your toes
All the bullshit that gets up your nose
And we made a choice
Thoughts that curl up your toes
All the horseshit that's getting too close Like birds of prey
Every single day
I was feeling younger
As the days... passed me by

All the feelings are all on the rhythm
You won't find a snitch where you go
Cause the snakes will grow
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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