

Isola In the Rain

Eighteen Visions

She held my hand
On a rainy day in Hollywood
Listening to Isola talk
And she let go
On a rainy day in Hollywood listening to Isola talk
She said to me, "Kiss me"
Kiss me kiss me kiss me bitch
Kiss me kiss me
Kiss me you son of a bitch
You son of a bitch kiss me
You son of a bitch kiss me
If you're not gonna ride the rocket
If you're not gonna ride the rocket
If you're not gonna ride the rocket
Then get the fuck off
If you're not gonna ride the rocket
If you're not gonna ride the rocket
then get the fuck off

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