

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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