

Frenchy, I'm Faking

Architecture in Helsinki

Frenchy, I'm faking,
Been longing to stir you up,
Changing looks slightly like back in the '90s,
Far and away whistle delayed delights. The prospect of lightning was ever so frightening,
I said your kisses are nice,
But I'm looking for hills to roll,
Down with abandon and no understanding. I borrowed your suitcase and filled it with pearls and gold,
You let me down lightly,
I killed you politely.

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