

Stuck

Magazine

In the rush
The rush of my senses
In the heat
The heat of this moment
In the palace of nations
I think, I can love you out of weakness
In the heat of this moment
I stick myself in laughter
Run for it
I'm running away
Know it all
I will return again
Pushing myself so helpless
Hopeless
When I can love you
Out of weakness
Which of us is to blame
I'm stupid
I only know enough
To get out of the rain
Oh, I really tiptoe, I really tiptoe
Stop
When you cease to amaze me
Take a look
My part in the pattern
I know, it'll never matter
So I stick myself in laughter
I may love you out of weakness
Is that what I was afraid of, afraid of?
I may love you out of weakness
Is that what I was afraid of, afraid of?
I may love you out of weakness
Is that what I was afraid of, afraid of?
I may love you out of weakness
Is that what I was afraid of, afraid of?

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