Fistful Of Love

Tankard

I was lying in my bed last night
Staring at a ceiling full of stars
When it suddenly hit me
I just have to let you know how I feelWe live together in a photograph of time
I look into your eyes
And the seas open up to me
I tell you I love you
And I always willAnd I know that you can't tell me
And I know that you can't tell meSo I'm left to pick up
The hints, the little symbols of your devotion
So I'm left to pick up
The hints, the little symbols of your devotionI feel your fists
And I know it's out of love
And I feel the whip
And I know it's out of love
I feel your burning eyes burning holes
Straight through my heartIt's out of love
It's out of loveI accept and I collect upon my body
The memories of your devotionI accept and I collect upon my body
The memories of your devotionI feel your fists
And I know it's out of love
And I feel the whip
And I know it's out of love
I feel your burning eyes burning holes
Straight through my heartIt's out of love
It's out of love...

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