

# Sinful

Mat Zo

I don't know where to drive, I better go  
I've got to ride for miles from here to bury us  
And if I turn up my radio I still feel nothing, anymore Adrenaline is coming down, coming down,  
its running out of me I'm that sinful, that sinful,  
that sinful oh-oh  
I'm that sinful, that sinful,  
that sinful oh-oh And now the wolves don't cry and eyes turn green  
You ran into the knife, just like a movie scene  
Looks like you have lost your romeo  
and now there's nothing anymore  
Adrenaline is coming down, coming down,  
its running out of me I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful  
I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful  
I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful  
I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful  
I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful  
I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful  
I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful  
I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful

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