

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 meI'm that sinful, that sinful,
that sinful oh-oh
I'm that sinful, that sinful,
that sinful oh-ohAnd 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 meI'm that sinful, that sinful
I'm that sinful, that sinful, that sinful

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