Cry Cry Cry

Patrice

Bang bang
I am making a ghost
When my gun barrel smokes
Poor thing jumped out of her clothes
Her body dropped
Undressing her
Undressing her soul
Another girl with a broken heart
The world jut doesnâ€™t need
Not one more lonely thought
Singing a sad song
Iâ€™m begging please!
Say
I do anything !

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Poor thing jumped out of her clothes
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Woi woi woi
Never want to see my girl
Cry, cry, cry
No way, no way

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Cry, cry, cry

No way, no way

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Cry, cry, cry
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Woi, woi, woi
Rather would I wanna die
Rather would I wanna die

Bang, bang
He was putting her down
Ice cold like America
Down
Poor thing was enjoying the ride
She thought she was on a mary go
Round
Bad boys move in silence girl
The night is still with no soul around
So smooth,
No violence now
Hush donâ€™t make a sound

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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