

A-Way

Beatsteaks

Hanging 'round your house
And staying up all night
What I lack, you got it
All behind your doors, right You need time, I need you right by my side
But I stare too long and get you wrong
If I don't hide each time I fall down You need to come around
So fuck our low downs
What I need
Someday I'll write a book about it Until that day I follow you around
And I won't quit, I won't go away
I won't give it up, I won't stop

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