Made In Spain

Molotov Jive

It's time to break your pencils
It's time to be confused
Time to put up and make up for the time you lose
I feel them things that tie me
Slowly lose their grip
I hold my breath and dive for the surface to split it
And I was truly acting
Like I had a heart of gold
Bite down on that book cos in seven weeks

We'll run
We'll get lost in the Spanish sun
Anna, she cried all night cos she don't see no light
Hold me tight like a gun
Getting lost in the Spanish sun
Anna, she cried all night cos she don't see no light
Hold me tight

It's time to pick up something
There's something left to do
And I'll cut you cos you want it
I'm trying to break with something
It's getting hard to prove
But this stone in my chest gets me through
It's time to break your pencils
It's time to be confused
Because in seven weeks

We'll run
We'll get lost in the Spanish sun
Anna, she cried all night cos she don't see no light
Hold me tight like a gun
Getting lost in the Spanish sun
Anna, she cried all night cos she don't see no light
Hold me tight
Alright!

And I will lose my head
On the streets of Barcelona
God I'm glad I phoned ya'

I stay in bed without you

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