

Momo

Bombee

Take your hips & you start romping,
a dainty voice just set in.

With you,
with you
in a pillow talk.

Your world is looking blurry,
it takes some time, don't worry.

The old,
the old
& inner mind.

If your light becomes a halo,
then your sounds become words.
You got a warm & likely heaven,
a voice of frozen birds.

If I call your knights to sober,
if I beg on bloody knees.
You gotta warm & likely heaven,
filled your destiny.

My hands are still in love with
the fragrance of your heart and,
the lights,
the lights
above you.

And how you feel this winter,
with coziness within you,
on a cold,
cold
& cloudy day.

If your light becomes a halo,
then your sounds become words.
You got a warm & likely heaven,
a voice of frozen birds.

If I call your knights to sober,
if I beg on bloody knees.
You gotta warm & likely heaven,

filled your destiny.

A part of you & get well soon.

A part of you & get well soon.

If your light becomes a halo,
then your sounds become words.
You got a warm & likely heaven,
a voice of frozen birds.

If I call your knights to sober,
if I beg on bloody knees.

Lyrics submitted by Snowwhite.

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