Sleeper Hold

No Age

With passion he choose, why don't you scream
With passion it's cold, and nice to try
With passion he choose the one he's like
With passion he's ruinedWith passion it's true and what's his name?Inside home
I don't wanna take a ride home
I shouldn't make a bright one
And I sulk but a bright ones all I chooseWith passion it's true and what's his name?
with passion it's you

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