

Valentine

Reamonn

Sweet red lips were laced with shame
Burning like eternal flame
Reached the point of no return
Once inside you know, you'll burn For sweet Miss Valentine
Yeah, sweet Miss Valentine
Yeah, you want Valentine
Yeah, sweet Miss Valentine Streets will crash this story clean
Rid the dirt from movie screens
Trapped inside a timeless pain
What you get is what you claim From sweet Miss Valentine
Yeah, sweet Miss Valentine
Yeah, you want Valentine
Yeah, sweet Miss Valentine She knows how you feel
She knows what you want
She knows you're not real
And you'll never haunt She'll dress up in leather
She'll dress up in lace
She'll dress up the lies
And smile right in your face Who do you think she was?
What do you think she is?
Who do you think she was?
What do you think she is?
Who do you think she was?
What do you think she is? She's Miss Valentine
Yeah, sweet Miss Valentine
Yeah, you want Valentine
Yeah, sweet Miss Valentine Yeah, she's Miss Valentine
Yeah, sweet Miss Valentine
Yeah, you want Valentine
Yeah, you got Valentine Valentine, Valentine, Valentine
Yeah, you got Valentine

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