Cliff

Lotte Kestner

As soon as you want the kiss
Oh how impossible it is to
I wish that we were kids
I'd cross the floor and I would ask you to dance
I was never afraid of that
I'm always on the run and I hate copy past for god's sake
I had the upper hand
Smooth as a stone that'd worn away in the sea
But I like it even more
Climbing too high where the air is thin
I'm on a cliff
Can you keep me away from it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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