

Mischievous

[louis logic](#)

As the morning comes
I'm thinking
Busy relishing last night
Finally waking up
Still dreaming
About a scene
A world of things
You've opened up inside
So mischievous
Devil must be playing my mind
(You've got me feeling)
So mischievous
Imagination working overtime
(You've got me feeling)
So mischievous
No one else can get me like you do
I love that I am free to be so naughty and mischievous with you
What a difference
A night makes
Candle silhouette and wine
As you touch me there
My voice breaks
See the signs
You hear the pause
You read between the lines

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