Glorious #1

Remy Zero

All alone in the traffic
All sense of the game is long gone
Mouth twisted up and lips like coal
Tired of spinning, you get anything you wantWe don't have to be lovers
We don't have to be friends for no one
Black souls in the desert
Heads spinning, you get anything you wantBack down to the Glorious #1
My prints all over the smoking gun
Back down to the Glorious #1
All lines to the living are now undone
Back down to the Glorious #1Her fingers felt like a fire
Her skin's shifting, the words are so clear
Left a burning desire
One flash will get you anything you wantBack down to the Glorious #1
My prints all over the smoking gun
Back down to the Glorious #1
All lines to the living are now undone
Back down to the Glorious #1Back down to the Glorious #1
My prints all over the smoking gun
Back down to the Glorious #1
All lines to the living are now undone
Back down to the Glorious #1

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