

Secret

Zara Larsson

Messy hair, wide eyes
Bored as hell, simple life
Yeah, she's a cocktail waitress
To work, then home
That's all she knows
She lives alone
Turns off her phone
She locks the door
Draw the curtains
Leave it all behind
A riddle, you can read it
She keeps it closed
Keeps it lo-locked up
She's living through a secret
The only thing that makes her feel

Alive
Alive
Alive
Alive
Alive
Alive

Back to work next day
Brings the check, getting paid
Well, she's a cocktail waitress
She grabs her coat
While shutting doors
She's setting off
Turns off her phone
Forgetting all
The only thing that makes her feel

Alive
Alive
Alive
Alive
Alive

Alive

She's walking over creaky floors
She hears the city pounding at the door
She's never gonna let them know
But the only thing that makes her feel

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

Alive

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