

Send a Message

Mattara

Oh, my darling, little girl
You don't have to blow up your world
It's a sad, sad state of a affairs sometimes
No more sorrow, no more pain
You don't have to go insane
It's a sad, sad state of a affairs
I'm the one you never counted on now
Please send a message, please send a message
I'm the reason why the colors of your eyes have gone
And I'm the reason why the colors of your eyes have gone
Oh, my sugar, take your same
Trade it in for years of pain

It's a sad, sad state of a affairs
I'm the one you never counted upon now
Please send a message, please send a message
I'm the reason why the colors of your eyes have gone
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I'm the reason why the colors of your eyes have gone
Send a message, send a message
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