

Bedroom Scene

Club of Rome

Underneath the table for shade, I leave you to the living again
Arabesque a flowery grave, I watch a real star winning
Over this twilight, shouting at Jesus
Absolute closeness, could be beneath us
If you lose yourself through touch
Lose yourself in love
But it leaves me nothing to know
Just a stationary role, in your bedroom scene
Maybe what I'm trying to say is
I lost you in translation
To lover from the hand of a friend
Too much too hard to mention
So lose yourself through touch
Lose yourself in love
Lose yourself through touch
Lose yourself in love
Lose yourself through touch
Lose yourself in love

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