The Crown

Roman Holiday

I was my mothers son
You were my baby girl
Everywhere I'd run
You would find me there
And with your pretty face
Looking with your love me stare
Your intentions good
But we aint going no where

Fold
And hold me down
I stole your crown
From you

Under the heavy lights
Out where I learned to fight
I would've fought for you
You didn't want me to

Fold
And hold me down
I stole your crown
From you

I was my mothers son
You were my baby girl
Everywhere I'd run
You would find me there
And with your pretty face
Looking with your love me stare
Your intentions good
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Lyrics submitted by Roman.

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