

Frenchy Im Faking

Architecture in Helsinki

Frenchy, I'm faking, been looking to stir you up
Changing looks slightly like back in the 90s
Far and away whistle delayed delights
The prospect of lightning was ever so frightening I said your kisses are nice, but I'm looking for hills to roll
Down with abandon and no understanding
I borrowed your suitcase and filled it with pearls and gold
You let me down lightly
I killed you politely

Songwriters

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