

Alex T

Russian Red

I don't who you are,
were you live or what you like
But I try to reach the end
of what you touch and feel I saw you once, you look tired
Lonely player, get in line
We stepped in silence out of the crowd
By starring at the week start, the feel Oh you're star dreaming your life in my palms
Oh out of the sky, will I ever wreck your mind? The sentimental steryotype
That I dreamed you were designed
Went to see me at the time you charm me
The sentimental type of guy that feels Oh you're star dreaming your life in my palms
Oh out of the sky, will I ever wreck your mind?
T... T... T...

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