

## Rasmus, The "Kola"

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Yes, yes, yes, things're gonna be fine,  
when the sky is my cover, a big yellow ball.  
The Sun is my lover.  
I take my skateboard n' my good feeling with me,  
I'm heading to a place where  
I can get the sun on my face.  
I'm leaving my house n' my mouse  
n' all my stuff 'cos I've had enough, yah!  
I just wanna be close to the sun that's all folks.  
I wanna burn my skin in the heat,  
I wanna be bare-footed my throat feels dry,  
' n' I cannot speak.  
No matter how much I try.  
Of this moment I'm learning that  
I'd better stay cool to relax.

Kola with ice could be nice, come n' get it!  
Kola with ice could be nice, come n' get it!  
Kola! It's a fact that I need it.  
Kola! It's a fact that I need it.

Well well well, it's hot like hell, ya.  
I kick off my shoes,  
yeah I'll sruive without my shoes.  
Back to the fact. I ain't turning back yeah.  
I'm looking for a kola. I'll open up the can, can.  
Gonna drink it down, down.  
I'm in the middle of the desert now.  
Go to the shop said a boy take a left from the corner  
I'm gonna make a list, what I'm gonna order.  
How can I get to the shop in this heat  
when the street under my feet is burning?  
Of this moment I'm learning,  
that I better stay cool to avoid the burning

Kola with ice could be nice, come n' get it!  
Kola with ice could be nice, come n' get it!  
Kola! It's a fact that I need it.  
Kola! It's a fact that I need it.

