

Torrini Emiliana

"Fingertips"

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Before I can open
my all to eager eyes
Everything changes
from the oceans to the skies
Perpetual emotion
sadder place by me
Everything's breathing
my air in all of tree

Chorus:

Yet my fingertips
Have a special sound
Yet my fingertips
They go round and round
This comical wisdom
creeps into my brain
A wave of my nerve
and also free of pain

Chorus

Pa-pa-pa-ra-raaa-a

Pa-pa-pa-ra-raaa-a

Electrical current

hallowed be thy name
Live my emotions
and vanish all my shame
Yet my fingertips
Have a special sound
Yet my fingertips
Smell of sodden ground
Before I can open
my all to eager eyes
(all to eager eyes)
Everything changes
from the oceans to the skies
(oceans to the skies)
Yet my fingertips
Have a special sound
Yet my fingertips
They go round and round
Pa-pa-pa-ra-raaa-a
Pa-pa-pa-ra-raaa-a

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