

411

"Glide"

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(Paroles : Sire - Chris R / Musique : Sire)

Close your eyes in your bath
And try to catch the soap
A cigarette in your hand
It's helpness

Glide, glide, glide
I say, glide, glide, glide

Now, take your hashtray
Let it drop on the floor
Let it explodes in pieces
It's helpness

Glide, glide, glide
I say, glide, glide, glide

Foam still grows
As boredom does
Projects flourish
And... vanish
Projects flourish
And... vanish
Vanish, vanish, vanish...

Glide, glide, glide
I say, glide, glide, glide

Everything glides, I say
Everithing glides

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