

Babylon Whores

"Aroma Girl"

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There is somethin' strange deep inside her brain
I don't know where to start this bionic heart in my
imagination

I wonder, how low, how low, how low is your soul
I don't know what to say it's a fool's parade
There's a million stars tearing us apart in my
imagination

I wonder how low, how low, how low is your soul
In my imagination I wonder how low, how low, how low
is your soul

*Say that that you want me, the fear is gone, the fear is
gone
Waitin' for the midnight run to carry me home, aroma
girl, aroma girl

You and me we are so manic, never satisfied
There's no way we're runnin' outta time
People say the government's to blame, why do we live
this way?
Life is strange, there's no one left to blame, how do we
live this way oh me?

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