

Division Of Laura Lee

"Lax"

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In an empty room, I'm a copy.
Maybe crash and burn like gasoline, burn

On empty streets and pavements.
Running from the heat, adrenaline rush

Got the wrong adress
Transfer L.A.X. into the dance cafe
You had your eyes on me

Too many gates, men of many trades
Back at the dance cafe, they had their hands on me

I'm no fucking doll, you play me
You and your boys, remember my name

How did we get that close, to nothing?
These eyes alone are quite enough

Got the wrong adress
Transfer L.A.X. into the dance cafe
You had your eyes on me

Too many gates, men of many trades
Back at the dance cafe, they had their hands on me

You're closer!
Dead heat!
You're closer!
Dead heat!
You're closer!
Dead heat!
You're closer!
Dead heat!
You're closer!
Dead...

Got the wrong adress
Transfer L.A.X. into the dance cafe
You had your eyes on me

Too many gates, men of many trades
Back at the dance cafe, they had their hands on me

Dead heat!
Dead heat!

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