

Emilia De Poret

"7-Up Days"

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(Unemployed in summertime EP)
Early morning when the sky is black
And your fingers taste of really strong spice
Early morning when the sky is black
All my kisses hit you right between the eyes

I'm going out of here for the last time
I'm going out of here for the last time

Did you know that i won't be back
When you wake up you probably realized
Did you know that i won't be back
I'll escape your whispers, your true lies

I'm going out of here for the last time
I'm going out of here for the last time

Do you feel the loneliness
It moves away now
It moves away now
Do you feel the loneliness
It's here to stay now
It's here to stay...

I'm going out of here for the last time
I'm going out of here for the last time

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