

Inga Liljestrom "Bullet"

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Your love
A foreign
Landscape

Your mouth
The colour
Of Rubis

Your words
They cut
Right through me
I wouldn't have it
Any other way
Just stay

Sometimes
You feel so far away
My love I beg you
To stay with me

Your love like a bullet
Your love
Your love like a bullet
Your love
Like a bullet
Your love
Like a bullet
Your love

Your love
An arid landscape

The wells dry
The water is dirty
Filthy like the grin
You wear at night
I wouldn't have it
Any other way
Just stay

Sometimes
You feel so far away

My love I beg you
To stay with me

Your love like a bullet
Your love like a bullet
Your love
Your love like a bullet
Your love
Your love like a bullet
Your love
Your love's like a bullet
Your love

???

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