

Jana Mashonee

"Breathtaker"

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Breathtaker, he took his toll
Microphone and rock 'n roll
Beat me up and take my time
Run up and down my scrambled spine
Early mornin', he comes up
Rock'n'rollin', he goes down
Down to see her, he says where
How'd ya feel
It sets a fire in you
Think you're made of steel
Go 'round the corner
Hot tail fever, it's the cold
Breathtaker, he took his toll
Mighty cold, rock'n'roll
A thousand jets fly to your door
He nailed you to the floor
A tale a sparrow told
Once to the mighty bold

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