

Carola

"Radiate"

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Sunday morning it's a quarter to five
You keep on talkin' like your love is a prize
Bird in flight, spreading her wings
Sittin' pretty in a city of sin

I don't mind, adventure with a stranger
Trouble deep at the scene of the crime
Testify, that I'm not superstitious
It's tough enough, to find out why you

Radiate, you bait your love with money
Celebrate, a body to behold
Generate, a state of wild emotion
Don't waste your money
My love is not for sale

Funny faces in the shadows of night
Pain and pleasure is your only disguise
Radiate, your face's on the fire
Stay awake, love is a lie

In the street, where life is your creation
Trouble deep if you wake up on your own
I'm a slave to sweet investigation
It's tough enough, to find out why you

Radiate, you bait your love with money...

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