

Kult

"Your Eyes"

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You are calling my name
For Your unproperly game
You say the invitation's ready
And I've got number 63

And Your Eyes
They attack me
Why have I met You on my way?
Where everyone will meet You, there everybody will be lose

When I'm hearing your voice
And I can't get no choice
And I can't do it myself
And I can't do it properly

And Your Hands
They undress me
I hope the phone won't ring
Where everyone will meet You, there everybody will be lose

When I'm hearing your voice
And I can't get no choice
And I can't do it myself
And I can't do it properly

And Your Eyes
They confuse me
I hope the phone won't ring
Where everyone will meet You, there everybody will be
Where everyone will meet You, there everybody will be
Where everyone will meet You, there everybody will be lose...

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