

# Liquido

## "What's Next"

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Hate me,  
If you want to,  
And just love me if it's me,  
You need to run to.  
Feed me,  
With your fingers,  
At the places where we used to be to linger,  
In oblivion.  
What,  
Has arisen,  
Is it smatterings,  
But splatterings of wisdom.  
And tell me,  
'bout your lovers,  
And your loneliness,  
That's killing you,  
When other ones have let you down.  
Chorus  
Thought of you again,  
The time, when you where a friend,  
A friend of mine,  
Waiting for your call,  
What's next,  
Heading for a fall,  
Again.  
Chew me,  
You don't swallow,  
Where you spit me out,  
And leave me kind of hollow.  
Inhale me,  
Breathing softly,  
And the cough again and laugh again,  
And slowly i will fade away.  
Still, I ain't falling,  
Imagining your voice,  
When you are calling,  
Touch me, like a virgin,  
Being sexual and sensual and urgently in need of...  
Chorus  
Thought of you again,  
The time, when you where a friend,  
A friend of mine,

Waiting for your call,  
What's next,  
Heading for a fall,  
Again.  
Chorus  
Thought of you again,  
The time, when you where a friend,  
A friend of mine,  
Waiting for your call,  
What's next,  
Heading for a fall,  
Again.

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