

Madrugada

"Eletric"

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Pack your bags, run away
Along the freeway, out of town
Where you'd like and the night is over
It's alright
From despair, between the sheets
Spilling over, spinning round
Waiting still, in the street
Ain't it bitter, ain't it sweet, oh ho
Holding, holding on to you again
Holding, holding on to you again
No rushing, don't rush it, my love
Holding on, holding, holding on to you

Bet you lie, on your back
In the backseat of his car
Cattle black, pepper night
Dylan Thomas, pass around
Passing out on the floor
In the bathroom, black light veil
We don't need once again
Sing the song, sing
Drink the wine, love
Oh, well how long did we stay in there
Well I can't believe my eyes
Well how long did I take this
Well I can't hold on no, hold on
Holding, holding on to you again
Holding, holding on to you again
I'm ready, I'm ready, my love
Holding, holding on to you

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