

Magazine "Stuck"

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In the rush
The rush of my senses
In the heat
The heat of this moment

In the palace of nations
I think, I can love you out of weakness

In the heat of this moment
I stick myself in laughter

Run for it
I'm running away
Know it all
I will return again

Pushing myself so helpless
Hopeless
When I can love you
Out of weakness

Which of us is to blame
I'm stupid
I only know enough
To get out of the rain

Oh, I really tiptoe, I really tiptoe
Oh, I really tiptoe, I really tiptoe
Oh, I really tiptoe, I really tiptoe
Oh, I really tiptoe, I really tiptoe

Stop
When you cease to amaze me
Take a look
My part in the pattern

I know, it'll never matter
So I stick myself in laughter

I may love you out of weakness
Is that what I was afraid of, afraid of?

I may love you out of weakness
Is that what I was afraid of, afraid of?

I may love you out of weakness
Is that what I was afraid of, afraid of?

I may love you out of weakness
Is that what I was afraid of, afraid of?

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