

Pomplamoose **"Pas Encore"**

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Oh you make this song flow
You make it run like my fingers down your spine.
You make it drool like the decadent wine
Qui coule de tes levres.

Oh we met not long ago
But our steps intertwined
And our souls spoke their minds
As the intimate poems unwind
Et coulent de tes levres.

So let's not let a stereotype
Define our love
Oh don't let me wipe these tears from my eyes
Don't let me despise you yet.

Pas encore pas encore
S'il te plaÃ©t, pas encore.

Oh you make this song flow
Like the tea you designed
Trickling slowly down my throat
Like the billows of smoke qui coulent de tes levres.

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