

Sacha Sacket "Who Knows Who"

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You know me
I'm the squirrel that's got your nuts
So you're fucked.
And I know you
If I did your "drug"
I'd sigh all the way
To the hospital.

So just leave me alone
My glass heart is too strong
Reckon by now it is pure adhesive
So many days left to put back the pieces
If you take me on
Your ghost will stick when you're gone.
So many think that I'm free but they're wrong.
I still love every single one

Thinking people they change all the time My heart
escapes by the byways
And patience would have my heart flying Leaves you
reeling on the railways
But while I'm here waiting for this train I think I'm
wrong, Maybe I'm wrong,
You are saying that I could be changing my mind. I
think I'm wrong.

Boy I sure miss Italy
Those sunflower fields
Climbing to Assisi
And to you.

Are you still in that dead city?
Where I left you denied
Took that blue train ride
Thinking I can move on
Always moving on.

Oh. I live in fantasies
Much safer locked inside reveries.
So I push, I throw, I shove love away.
Then I glow from our heat when your monument stays.

But you cut my memory
And now one-night stands don't stand to please me.
Not that I'm looking for your curly brown hair
Maybe because I just know it is there.

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