

That Petrol Emotion "Tingle"

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Sometimes I couldn't care
If you ran out of air oh, no
You see my star kid groover's holding tight
On the reins of my heart

It's a breeze, she's a tease
We were made for the trees
How I want her like this
How I love when she feeds me her tingle

She's my mud honey child
As we dance on the waves on the street
You see my all time
Mover's boppin' hard from her head to her feet

It's a gas, it's a treat, not a hint of deceit
How I want her like this
How I love when she feeds me her tingle

So, so
Why do we always keep looking back?
Feelin' joy, feelin' pain, we're exactly the same
I can't change what always remain oh no, no, no

So, so
Why do we always keep looking back?
Feelin' joy, feelin' pain, we're exactly the same
I can't change what always remain oh no, no, no

Subterranean spark
Won't you fill up the dark with your tingle
Subterranean spark
Won't you fill up the dark with your tingle

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