

## **4 Bonjour's Parties**

### **"Your Chill Long Hands"**

Visit "[Your Chill Long Hands](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Eats a sunny-side up  
She has no time  
And goes out with a book of fate  
She's not satisfied with his buying things impulse

Takes a taxi  
Changes metros  
And she stops to smoke by words  
She's on the way to small garden  
He's waiting for her

Reads newspaper  
Checks his clock  
And goes out with a purse and cards  
He's not satisfied with her believing in the fate

Takes an useless ticket  
Changes money  
And he stops to phone his room  
He's on the way to small garden  
She's waiting for him

I lost knowledge number nine  
You only give me some peace of mind  
I am a slave of past and blindness  
You don't wanna know what will happen

I'll take down your ego and identify me  
The fourth dimension I live in like imitation

This is the reason for waiting there  
Is this the story just like you?

Visit [4 Bonjour's Parties](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.