

Sophie Hunger

"Züri"

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It's 4 in the morning, a beer on the shore
we're waiting for glory no waiting for more
It's 4 in the morning and the streets have our name
this city is ours and this is the game
It's 4 in the morning and here comes the push
the longing desire, the tickle, the wish
It's 4 in the morning and the msh doesn't leave
the rush in your blood that wouldn't believe
that we might be wrong
and everything doesn't mean anything at all.
I'll lend your hunger 'I quiet release
for all your desires might manage to breathe
and the pressure will turn it's eyes off your head.
And the beating will turn into walking ahead

'Cause we might be wrong
and everything doesn't mean anything at all.
It's 4 in the morning, a beer on the shore
we're waiting for glory no waiting for more
It's 4 in the morning and we still won't go home
still chasing the dragons but dancing alone

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