

Don Air "Siesta"

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Feel it, I want to get out.
Cant you see it, that I won't survive.

With the Sundays in my pocket and a little bit of honey
I'll get by.
With the Sundays in my pocket and a little bit of honey
I'll get by.

I'm breathing in and out.
But I'm not living my own life

With the Sundays in my pocket and a little bit of honey
I'll get by.
With the Sundays in my pocket and a little bit of honey
I'll get by.

I'm coming to get you when you're lying in your bed.
I'm coming to get you with your lies widespread.
I'm coming to get you in the back like a boy.
I'm coming to get you to steal your soul.

I'm sleeping bad at night.
This darkness turns me inside out.

With the Sundays in my pocket and a little bit of honey
I'll get by.
With the Sundays in my pocket and a little bit of honey
I'll get by.

I'll get by I'm coming to get you when you're lying in
your bed.
I'm coming to get you with your lies widespread.
I'm coming to get you in the back like a boy.
I'm coming to get you to steal your soul.

With the Sundays... I'm coming to get you... now
vele xxxjes van de oppermachtige vlinder

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