

Johnny Foreigner

"Absolute Balance"

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So make of this what you will
So many little shots in the dark
The same records, the same shoes and a smile that
almost
Broke your heart
Yeah, I'm all for local history
3 things I'll remember:
Her pasta was shit,
She left with a CD still playing,
And you,
You always threw your arms around me in ypur sleep.

Oooh

See that girl?
In the left-hand corner

I said, you see that guy?
Their love story is famous

Break hard
Every breath that showed
Every step I missed
I'm bound to make it brighter
I remember that night clearer now
I turned up, why the hell are we drinking up?
Holding hands and losing touch
I said it, I said it, I said it
Now I'm walking away

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