

Mud Flow

"Panic"

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My love, my love I hope someday I find a a way to talk
to
You
'Cause you're a star, the Brighton star
If you're one of them, then I suppose that you're ideal
I swear, I swear

My love, my love I found somewhere a better place for
you
To stay
'Cause you're a star, I call you my star
If you get bored, if I'm naive, I'll get you go

I've got panic it's a trick but it's nice what a game
It'es erotic automatic what a game what a mess
But someday I will surely find the way it's bringing me

Down
Tonight, tonight, tonight I sleep until the morning turns
The light on
Something is wrong I'm never satisfied
Tonight, 0 tonight I sleep until I die

I've got panic it's a trick but it's nice what a game
It'es erotic automatic what a game what a mess
It's bringing me down it's bringing me down

I've got panic it's a trick but it's nice what a game
It'es erotic automatic what a game what a mess

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