

Soda Stereo

"The Best Soda Stereo's Song"

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She slept
to the heat of the masses
and I woke up
wanting to sound her
some time behind
I thought of writing him
that I never drew
the traps of the love
Of that love
of slight music
anything liberates us
anything but it is
I won't send him
ashy of roses
neither I plan to avoid
a secret close contact
Of that love
of slight music
anything liberates us
anything but it is
Of that love
of slight music
anything liberates us
nothing else is
nothing else is
nothing else is
nothing else is

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