

Pierlé An "Mud Stories"

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I won't give in

I put fresh heart

into myself

But I flee my thoughts

I won't give in

I've sealed my mouth

Won't say a thing

At least not out loud

Funny, I'd like to seduce you

Funny how i feel

Maybe I'm lost on the rough side

Maybe this time it's for real

But I would like to be

But funny things for you

I'll manage a seven day working week

For your sake

As Mary goes round on the playground

She is never asking ever too much

I'm getting nervous

I hang around

It's no big deal

I'll sort it out
I'd like to tell you all my
Mud stories
Mud stories
Mud on my raincoat still
Much stories
Mud stories
Mud on my raincoat still
Mud stories
Much fuss about a cheap thrill
I won't give in
There is no chance
I'll have enough
with one romance
I'd like to tell you 'bout my
Mud stories
Mud stories
Mud on my raincoat still
Much stories
Mud stories
Mud on my raincoat still
Mud stories
Much fuss about a cheap thrill

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