

Anna Calvi, Hunter

I trus myself in leather
with flowers in my head
red lights on the window
nothing can compares

one more taste
one more time
one more time

i opened the door wide
i wanna to survive

nothing last
nothing last

the body and the rythm
the flowers in my head
red lights on the leather
nothing can compares

no i want to fly
no i want to fly
no i want to fly
no i want to fly

one more taste
one more time
one more time

i opened the door wide
i wanna to survive

nothing last
nothing last