

# 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