

Magnum, One Night Of Passion

The wheels of fortune
Have snapped your fragile thread
One night of passion
Upset your cultured head
But it's okay it's just the fashion

You walk the high roads
Look down upon yourself
Your eyes concealing
Your heart cries out for help
But it's okay it's just a feeling

Someone, somewhere
Is taking note how you care
Hold on

Your cold tradition
Surrounds you like a wall
Too much to carry
Celestial paramour
You run down persecution alley

Your expectations
The best you've ever had
The thought of giving
Is that so really bad?
That's just the way, it's part of living

Someone, somewhere
Is taking note how you care
Hold on