

Robert Cichy, Close the door

I'm coming back to my place, been on a road for a years
I got a hole in my pocket, and my head in my hand
I made a long long trip just to feel your lips
When you open that door I get down on the floor

I'm coming back to my place I've been gone for a years
I got a pocket full of nothing but a wish and a chance
I made a long long trip just to feel your lips
When you open that door I get down on the floor

One in the grave
Two: left the door
Three: in the kitchen
And then four on the floor

So close the door now loud without kissin'
One week is enough to learn is enough for a missing
Don't hold your breath I want be back just and listen

Do you need my pain to play a game?
Will you take a rock and my heart again?
You should loose this tricks they must be fixed.
Sharing girl your life with one like this
And if I could run with you tonight,
I would leave this life, be by your side.
I want change it now

One in the grave
Two: left the door
Three: in the kitchen
And then four on the floor

So close the door now loud without kissin'
One week is enough to learn is enough for a missing
Don't hold your breath I want be back just and listen

My voice on the radio will start your thinking