Sophie Hunger, Z

it's four in the morning
a beer on the shore
i'm waiting for glory
i'm waiting for more
it's four in the morning
and the streets have our name
the city is ours and this is the game
it's four in the morning
and here comes the push
the longing desire that sick all the wis
an it's four in the morning
and the rush won't leave
the rush in the blood that doesn't believe

we might be wrong we might be wrong we might be wrong oh, oh, everything doesn't mean anything at all

i'll end your hunger a quiet release for all your desires my manage to breathe and a eyes up your head and the passion is walking ahead

we might be wrong oh, oh, he might be wrong he might be wrong and everything doesn't mean anything at all

it's four in the morning a beer on the shore i'm waiting for glory i'm waiting for more and it's four in the morning and we still won't go home still chasing the dragons, but dancing alone

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