

Gaba Kulka, X

I wish I could swing, I wish I could swing
I wish that this thing was more than a theme song
for sad little girls with rock and roll dreams
born in an armour of t-shirt and jeans
come on

love is simple, love is pure

I'm looking at you, and oh what a view
I'm loving the angles, I'm loving the colours
what do I do, what do I do
Mother of god, what do I do

You're so deliciously opinionated, so full of yourself
I beg you don't explain, I'm buying everything you sell

love is simple, love is pure
love is easy, love is hard

I look damaged by day, damaged by day
but I blossom in fluorescent light
to be honest with you I don't care what you say
you haven't seen me in fluorescent light
You offer a philosophy, stunting me erotically
to be taken seriously
well fuck
that

So deliciously opinionated, so full of yourself
I beg you don't explain, I'm buying everything you sell

Why don't we just skip to the part when my heart
goes ah, ah, ah
Why don't we just skip to the part when my heart
goes [*woof*]
Why don't we just skip to the part when my heart
goes crack, crack, crack
Why don't we just skip my heart altogether and fall
into the black
fall into the black

come on

love is simple, love is pure
love is easy, love is hard