

# Maneskin, TRASTEVERE

The touch of an angel, the taste of a drug  
The look of a stranger who has seen too much  
Nothing comes for free, but you can pay with your heart  
If you got one  
Tell me all your questions, all you got to ask  
She's licking his fingers and shuffling the cards  
I'll give you the talent, you can give me your life  
If you got one

I swear to God that from tomorrow there will be no more pain  
I will cancel your name from each one of my songs  
Now I have to hold onto my knees  
But to be honest, I never truly gave a shit when you did come along  
Oh, so leave me alone  
Open up my chest, take everything I've got, yeah

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