

Terranova, Plastic Stress

Oh I'm on my own
I danced to the traffic
You know that, you've been there
And oh just out of me
I'm here, I scream
I need to renew
I start with my shoes
I buy some new high
When I fall off I cry
When you follow you die

Oh I could be you
How much of you
How much of you is true?
Sometimes I tripple (?)
How happy we could be
And oh I'm (to?) all three
I double myself
I trouble myself
Love, love

Love in the middle of the fire fight
Love in the middle of the fire fight
Love in the middle of the fire fight
Love in the middle of the fire fight
Love, love, love

Everybody's waiting
Everybody's something
Plastic stress
Love
Everybody's waiting
Everybody's something
Plastic stress
I double myself
I trouble myself
I double myself
I trouble myself
Plastic stress