Leona Naess

He is no Casanova, he is no push over He is no king and I hope he is no queen He is kind and I know you'll agree He is my chosen family

When his hands are in mine
I know that we'll be fine
And no ocean can keep me away
My love

He is no star but he drives a fast car He lost his folks a long time ago And if you look you can still catch the blow He is my chosen family

When his hands are in mine
I know that we'll be fine
And no ocean can keep me away
My love

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