

Back in the Saddle

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Back in the saddle, White Nights
I called sixteen friends down, let's ride
We're gonna bomb the battlefield mall, we're gonna take you down
We're gonna build a street that's perfect, we're gonna make it last

We're comin' around
Up from the ground
Straight to your heart now
From my mouth
We've got the sound
Gonna give it out

And when we die the world won't end
Just keep on drinkin' till it spins
Colors abound
Gonna sell 'em out

Just wanna know you, what's wrong with that
We'll take you anywhere, but you know we're coming back
Just wanna know what's wrong with you
You're right across the street and I don't know what to do

Just wanna show you what I know, I know it's right
If I touch you once tonight this could turn everytime
Now that I told you, I wanna make it right
Gonna start tonight
We're comin' around, we got the sound, be on our side

Everytime!