

Winter sprinter

Southpaw

And all her movements
And all that make-up
That doesn't work on me
I would rather use magazines

I'm on my way now
Just me and my "know how"
With the west wind in my hair
We could be such a perfect pair

Hey you
You're in everything I do
Hey you
You got no clue

I'm a winter sprinter
I come from autumn
But I'm heading for August now
I can't afford to stop for a while