Frans, Amsterdam

I’m a free man in a captive soul
chained to a doorknob in house-sized stall
and too late, out of control
I paid my dues, still I’m on control

but yes I am fine, I am good
everything’s in like and as it should
but are you whit me, fam?
my mind is in Amsterdam

so give me your love, baby
just tell me you want me, baby
so give me your love, baby
just tell me you want me, baby

from the ruins that have gone to waste, woo
to the akylines that always cease to amazed me

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everything’s in like and as it should
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Where I go
where you go
where we gone
Amsterdam
Where I go
where you go
where we gone
Amsterdam
Where I go
where you go
where we gone
Amsterdam

said
Where I go
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