Maneskin, TRASTEVERE

The touch of an angel, the taste of a drug
The look of a stranger who has seen too much
Nothing comes for free, but you can pay with your heart
If you got one
Tell me all your questions, all you got to ask
She's licking his fingers and shuffling the cards
I'll give you the talent, you can give me your life
If you got one

I swear to God that from tomorrow there will be no more pain
I will cancel your name from each one of my songs
Now I have to hold onto my knees
But to be honest, I never truly gave a shit when you did come along
Oh, so leave me alone
Open up my chest, take everything I've got, yeah

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