

Alesso, Years (feat. Matthew Koma)

Years
These will be the years
Years

The sun hits like a bullet of faith
And then suddenly I'm wide awake
Fake bliss or apologies made
Was an enemy with no escape

My hands were tied
But now they're mine
To grab on to desire and run away

These will be the years
These will be the years
Lights will all appear
These will be the years
Years