

Anna Ternheim, No Subtle Men

It's getting late
I think my time is running out
No-one special
Nothing lasting within inside

How should I stay calm
When panic lies just ahead
Everyone can see my youth
Hanging by a thread

No subtle men
Came to my town
No subtle men
Begging for my hand

I'm one of few who's left
When everyone has gone
The train is leaving
And it's too late to get on

So much for running
When no-one stays to wait
For another broken promise
To slip my mind by mistake

Who would take my word
On anything these days
I felt so many times
Saying I'm gonna change

No subtle men
Came to my town
No subtle men
No lifelong friend
Lives in my town
No subtle men
Begging for my hand