

Anna Ternheim, You mean nothing for me anymore

Let the curtain fall on me and you
Let the lights go out and blow out the fuse
No strings attached between me and you
Amazing it seems
You mean nothing to me anymore
Acquainted as we are expected to be
When we grow up
You remind of not letting go
Disabled by fear to be on my own
Having a twin as your lover
You'll never be free
Amazing it seems
You mean nothing to me anymore
Acquainted as we are expected to be
When we grow up
When we grow up