

Black, This Is Life

Do you remember
the way things used to be?
Our lives untainted by memory,
and we laughed, and we cried,
and we played, and we fought,
never stopped to think,
oh, never stopped to think
that this could be
(this could be the big one)
oh, this could be the big one.
Oh, this could be
(this could be the big one)
oh, this could be the big one.
Explain just how we came to part,
I never really wanted to.
And now we flounder
in the wake of those days,
we wish we'd never found out each other's ways,
and we laugh, and we flirt,
and we cried, and made love,
could it be the same?,
how could it be the same?
Oh, this could be
(this could be the big one)
this could be the big one.
Oh, this could be
(this could be the big one)
this could be the big one.
Oh, tell me how we came to part,
I never really wanted to,
never wanted to.
(solo)
Oh, tell me how we came to part,
I never really wanted to.
Oh, this could....
Oh, this could be
(this could be the big one)
oh, this could be the big one.
Oh, this could be
(this could be the big one)
this could be the big one.
This could be
(this could be the big one)
the big, big, big, big, big one.
Oh, this could be
(this could be the big one)
this could be the big one.
(this could be the big one)
this could be the big one
This could be
(this could be the big one)
--->> Enrique Morano <<---