SupaRed, Hackneyed

(Kiske)

Started the day with this song flying 'round my head Still my heart changes colors seconds led Makes it hard to move out of bed A man on TV gives impressions of our time It won't get deep with your own demons in your mind Leaves a bad taste behind

I get too many invitations Too much that we just won't need Sugar-smiles are hounding sweet It makes simplicity unique

So I love the morning sun A new born smile that's just begun I never pictured myself so hackneyed The same old story: you still cry When the sad part of the film passes by We never pictured ourselves so hackneyed

Started this song with that day flying 'round my head And in my heart stays a tone full colored sad Makes it hard to forget Yes I believe in those simple, pure, clean ways But after all I cannot tell you if it stays Hope it does, hope it pays

I get to many invitations Nothing's what it seems to be Reality becomes unreal A rebel falls head over heels

(Refrain:)