

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:)