

The Beloved, The Last Detail

there is always someone
who knows a better way
draw your own conclusions
but i for one would rather say
i'm not happy here
there's still a long way to go
and the way i see things
i'm always the last to know

after all that i've been through
why should i, should i find time for you?

i hear these rumours
promising me better days
but i see darkness
and i for one would rather say
i can't help believing
there's still a long way to go
i keep my eyes wide open
but i'm always the last to know

after all that i've been through
why should i, should i find time for you?

i could talk for hours
i was born that way
but in this land of ours
i for one would rather say
i'm not happy here
there's still a long way to go
and the way i see things
i'm always the last to know

after all that i've been through
why should i, should i find time for you?
after all that i've been through
why should i, should i find time for you?