

The Corrs, All In A Day

All in a day
She saw the face in the mirror lie
To her dismay
She saw the child that was in her die
And she cried overnight
'Cos what she sees she doesn't like

I'm twisting (twisting)
I'm turning (turning)
I'm aching (aching)
And it's burning
In one day
In one day

Just let me float
Just let me drift on by (drift on by)
No more, no pain
I don't have tears to cry (tears to cry)

I'm twisting (twisting)
I'm turning (turning)
I'm aching (aching)
And it's burning
In one day
In one day