Triumvirat, Old Loves Die Hard

To find a friend Is not as easy to pour a drink But even harder is To separate the good from those that stink

To realize this you spent years A little scared, sometimes with tears You will find out you're still the same And all those left, the ones to blame

Old loves die hard And I can't help it But it's tearing me apart

So what is left for you Is just to heal the scars of hate It seems a waste to try To teach an old dog newer tricks

If love appears to be a crime
If hate is hip, to cheat is fine
Just let me know, 'cos I'll take off
I hate to hate, I want to love

Old loves die hard And I can't help it But it's tearing me apart

Old loves die hard They're far from good And they are only good from far

You create a mediocre heart-attack
To find the clue for right and wrong
A single word sometimes has more effect
To state a point of view
That could make your weakness strong

Old loves die hard And I can't help it But it's tearing me apart

Old loves die hard They're far from good And they are only good from far

Don't hide your heart New love will start