

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