

Art Of Fighting, Where Trouble Lived

listen i can hear the heart i thought i knew
where trouble was hiding all along
arms can reach and eyes can smile and nothing's true
you do it just cause you do
and then one day you raised your head and looked around
and dreams flew in your opened eyes
wish i'd been there wish it had been me as well
shown colours all so new
and i could wish i'd beat you to leaving
and i could hope for hell to follow you
i guess your heart turned grey
can't believe i never noticed
but now i hope some colours breathe
where trouble lived in you
and i wonder when it happened did you feel bad?
or did colours blind your woken eyes?
i can see you now your sweet face turned towards
a light i know you need