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