

# Barcelona, It's About Time

One more day down these stairs  
His room is cold now and it hurts like hell  
He holds tight, he stares  
It's almost over and it's running through his head  
They don't know me, they don't know more than I show  
She's walking up to him so slowly  
It's about time, it's about time to fly away but wait  
This one is different 'cause she's lonely  
Fold your wings, you'll need them more one day  
One more smile, one more bed  
Her eyes are dark now and they hurt like hell  
She's so still, she's dead  
She knows it's over, she holds her head and says  
They can't love me, they can't love what I don't show  
He's walking up to her so slowly  
It's about time, it's about time to fly away but wait  
This one is different 'cause he's lonely  
Fold your wings, you'll need them more  
There've been too many times  
When I've drowned you with these perfect lines  
And you've heard me say that I can cure you  
This morning I woke up with this overwhelming fear of love  
And I'm not sure if I can resurrect you  
Now I'm walking up to you so slowly  
It's about time, it's about time to fly away but wait  
I swear it's different 'cause I'm lonely  
Fold your wings, you'll need them more one day