

# Black, I Can Laugh About It Now

Here we are,  
between the towers of  
love and devotion.  
Why can't we  
seem to be  
what we want to be?  
Always placing obstacles  
in our path, in our way.  
I try to ride the chill in me,  
but here it comes again.  
(Here it comes again,  
here it comes again,  
play with me,  
tearing all my world apart)  
Here it comes again.  
(Here it comes again,  
here it comes again,  
play with me,  
tearing all my world apart)  
Here we are,  
and here we'll stay,  
wrapped up in an ocean,  
a veil of tears,  
imagined fears,  
and God knows why.  
But whatever I try to do  
it goes in right,  
and comes out wrong.  
I try to ride the chill in me,  
but here it comes again.  
(Here it comes again,  
here it comes again,  
play with me,  
tearing all my world apart)  
Here it comes again.  
(Here it comes again,  
here it comes again,  
play with me,  
tearing all my world apart)  
(solo)  
Whatever I try to do  
it always goes in right,  
and comes out wrong.  
I try to ride the chill in me,  
but here it comes again.  
(Here it comes again,  
here it comes again,  
play with me,  
tearing all my world apart)  
Here it comes again.  
(Here it comes again,  
here it comes again,  
play with me,  
tearing all my world apart)  
Here it comes again.  
(Here it comes again,  
here it comes again,  
play with me,  
tearing all my world apart)  
---&gt;&gt; Enrique Morano &lt;&lt;---