

# Colosseum II, Down To You

Everything comes and goes  
Marked by lovers and styles of clothes.  
Things that you've held high  
And told yourself were true,  
Lost or changing  
As the days comes down to you.

It's down to you, constant stranger.  
You're a kind person,  
You're a cold person too.  
It's down to you,  
It all comes down to you, ooh.

Go down to the pick-up station.  
You're craving warmth and beauty.  
You settle for less than fascination,  
A few drinks later you're not so choosy.  
The closing light strip of the shadows,  
On strange new flesh you found.  
Clutching the night to you like a fig leaf.  
You hurry to the blackness and the blankets,  
And you lay down an impression of your loneliness.

In the morning there are lovers in the street.  
They look so high, you brush against a stranger,  
And you both appologize.  
Old friends seem indifferent.  
You must have brought that on.  
Old bonds have broken down.

Love is gone, ooh love is gone,  
Written on your spirit the sad song.  
Love is gone, ooh love is gone,  
Written on your spirit the sad song.  
Love is gone.

Everything comes and goes.  
Pleasure moves on too early,  
Trouble leaves too slow.  
Just when you're thinking  
That you've finally got it made,  
Bad news comes knocking for you  
At your garden gate.

Knocking for you, constant stranger.  
You're a brute, you're an angel,  
You can crawl, you can fly too.  
It's down to you ,  
It all comes down to you.