

Dolores O'Riordan, Accept Things

You seem to forget
The place that we met
Protected and warm
In the perfect storm

I think you pretend
That you are my friend
It's easy to see
That you're envious of me

Hold, Hold, Hold, Hold

You should open your eyes
Make it easy to accept things
You should open your eyes
Make it easy to accept things
Accept things

You should not forget
The people you met
On the way up
Or on the way down

Hold, Hold, Hold, Hold

You should open your eyes
Make it easy to accept things
You should open your eyes
Make it easy to accept things
Accept things