

Dorotea Mele , Lovely On My Hand (vs. Gabry P

Here's come the time
through the windows of my mind
I catch the breeze again

Tried to find my play
Tried to leave the game but then again I

Couldn't stop to think of us
I couldn't move the things how I used to do
Time lays up the darker sides
behind the traps of those who win the truth

My thoughts go far indeed
I see some shadows on my place
I'd to come back to my roots
To let the flowers blow
To let the flowers grow

Here's come the time
day by day we're writing down
the story of you and me

Dreaming on my hand
lovely on my hand
to fall in love again

Forever
to sing my dreams of you
together

To fall in love with you
Forever