

# Edyta Bartosiewicz, Clouds... They Block My Way

I spent a lot of my time  
Looking at clouds from all sides  
I saw them roll in the big sky  
So much crying in the rain  
I keep all the lights on  
To ease my soul but all in vein

So I'm running  
Trying to get  
Out of the rain  
I'm running  
Still I'm running  
But clouds in the dark  
Block my way

The colour of my room  
Is sort of blue  
And now I'm clear  
It's good for this tension  
When I get my fear of dyin'  
I'm breaking down  
In so many places  
The longer it plays with me  
The calmer I get  
Then I start start running again

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