

# Eiffel 65, The Filter

Some people suffer living alone  
And feel the emptiness  
Of a relationship that turned into dust  
And some wait for all of their lives  
Because they're too afraid  
And they let their train go by

And some will never say no  
Living on the frailty  
Of never letting go  
Always hiding behind a mask  
And though there's finally a pleasure of being always on their own  
While others want a perfect heart  
And a home

It's because you are  
Like a filter to me  
That I'll see the future brighter  
Than they'll ever see

And I know you are  
All the colours I breathe  
You have the pen that's writing down  
The fairy tale that pictures  
You and me

Some people suffer poverty  
In a love affair  
And others like to live their love  
In the rain  
And some live a million affairs  
Believing all the time that no one will feel or care  
Some people wait  
Holding back their faith  
Because their wounds will never heal  
Made by rumors building hate  
Or someone who's in a sin  
Some people find a pleasure of being always on the road  
While others want a perfect heart  
And a home

It's because you are  
Like a filter to me  
That I'll see the future brighter  
Than they'll ever see

And I know you are  
All the colours I breathe  
You have the pen that's writing down  
The fairy tale that pictures  
You and me

It's because you are  
Like a filter to me  
That I'll see the future brighter  
Than they'll ever see

And I know you are  
All the colours I breathe  
You have the pen that's writing down  
The fairy tale that pictures  
You and me