

Frank Duval, Ways

Ways - cold dirty streets

empty eyes.

Ways - lost dreams and no chance to rise.

Ways - ending with dark closed gates.

Ways - bordered by unknown shades.□

Ways - one of them leads to you.

Ways - and at the end there is you.

You - you are the way I need.□

You - you are my way I believe.

Look in my face□

And you'll find your name

Centuries I've been waiting.

Show me the way

Into the heart of time

Where our song was born.

You - you open all closed gates.

You - you drive away all shades.

You - you are all days all nights.

You - you are all questions all replies.