

Inna, Flashbacks

I'm on the road
Empty and cold
To a distant destination
I don't know
Beenn thinking about you
We back in days of al.
It's hard to admit it
I still miss you
Miss you so

Flashbacks of our memories
The past is my enemy
And i am drowning in a sad melony
Flashbacks of our memories
The past is my enemy
It keeps holding
Holding on me
Come break the silence

So far from home
But feelings were close
You're in my thoughts
My bed
My cloths when i am alone
I find myslef
May hands on the phone
But i am holding up my feelings and letting you go

Flashbacks of our memories
The past is my enemy
And i am drowning in a sad melony
Flashbacks of our memories
The past is my enemy
It keeps holding
Holding on me
Come break the silence

(..)

Flashbacks of our memories
The past is my enemy
And i am drowning in a sad melony
Flashbacks of our memories
The past is my enemy
It keeps holding
Holding on me
Come break the silence