

La Ley, Just Another Dreamer

Just another dreamer
to the hands of the night
Just another dreamer
by the look of these eyes
He believes that writing sad songs with no guitar
is the way to make her cry

Just another dreamer
to the eyes of his land
Just another dreamer
by the way he replies
That he'll climb the highest mountain without a rope
is the way to make her cry

He prefers to be cool
Cause his life has treated him so cruel
He believes that writing sad songs with no guitar
is the way to make her cry

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He prefers to be cool
Cause his life has treated him so cruel

So cruel.... so cruel so cruel