

My Surface, Think Of You

Just another day which is dead
Just another evening lying on my bed
Feelings explode and wishes are too far
Thoughts of you invade my head

My eyes are blinded by your face
Because I don't know your feelings' taste
Oh, are they sweet? Or bitterly intense?
I know there is no chance to win the race

Just another day lying on my bed
The invading words begin to spread
Get strong and fill me up with pictures of your face
I can't catch any chance to win the race