

PFR, Amsterdam

I believe I could see my life clearer
Walking in Amsterdam
There's an ocean between
Who I am and who I was
Walking in Amsterdam

Now I run
Everyone of my days have become
A pursuit of what I once had
Can I get it back
Can I get it back

Can I get back to the time
When every step had purpose
I was so clearly defined
Someday I'll resurface
Walking in Amsterdam