

# 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