

# Poets Of The Fall, Someone Special

I wake up to the sound of rain upon my sill  
Pick up the pieces of my yesterday old thrill  
Can I deliver this used up shiver  
To how I pronounce my life  
And leave it up to faith to go by its own will

Back row to the left  
A little to the side  
Slightly out of place  
Look beyond the light  
Where you'd least expect  
There's someone special

A foggy morning greets me quietly today  
I smell a fragrance in the wind blowing my way  
And ever further I run to find her  
I yearn to define my life  
Placing my faith in chance to meet me in half way

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And she's here to write her name  
On my skin with kisses in the rain  
Hold my head and ease my pain  
In a world that's gone insane

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There's someone special