

Scorpions, Sun In My Hand

(Ulrich Roth)

Yeah, well I'd like to tell you something now
For men who shows you who's the furthest in the sky

How can you lose your mind
How can you waste your time
Hoping like that
Look at the sun inside
Of my hand so bright
I call it music

Now if you touch you'll see
The stars from infinity
Judge me forever
You and the touch of rain
Music will make you sane
Burn like you say 'em

How can you lose your mind
How can you waste your time
Hoping like that
Look at the sun inside
Of my hand so bright
I call it music