

September When, Morning May The 7th

How can you be so certain
Time flies and you're so young
Nice lines and compliments
are printed on your mind
So many different colours
You saw them all so clear
Although they sometimes are hard to find
Morning star awaking
I know you can hear me
Is this how it should be?
I know you're changing slowly
you'll soon be far away
Fast running hours
they will soon become a day
All right i know you're young
So I don't mean to ruin it
So much wasted I just
wish that you could stay
Morning May the 7th
I wake up by your side
Your eyes are open wide
I can't hear your heartbeat
you're as cold as ice
I just wish that you could stay
here for a while