

# Sophie Zelmani, There Must Be A Reason

Decided to leave my  
Past years to the gods  
It wouldn't be fair  
It wouldn't be right  
To choose myself to be the judge

I learned to keep my mouth shut  
And I tried to understand  
That you must have a good heart  
If you could win,  
My mother's hands

I'm sorry mother  
There must be another reason  
I'm sorry mother  
But now we are done

She was caught in the middle  
Wanted to save her from wars  
So I started to live for the day  
I could move my life outdoors

The distance buried  
My thoughts of revenge  
It was a relief to think  
Of you as a friend  
Now it occurs to me  
How we have changed  
Since I've grown up  
It suddenly stopped

I'm sorry mother  
There must be a another reason  
I'm sorry mother  
But now we are done