

Soraya, Dance Of The Waiting

Roses blooming again, ink on paper fading
Songs of loneliness, dance of the waiting

Tomorrow, hell come to me in his arms Ill sleep
Tomorrow, we will be dancing cheek to cheek

Snow falls on memories, photographs aging
Dust on forgotten dreams, silent storm raging

Tomorrow, hell come to me in his arms Ill sleep
Tomorrow, we will be dancing cheek to cheek

Tomorrow, tomorrow, there will always be
Tomorrow, tomorrow, waits for me . . .

Tomorrow, hell come to me in his arms Ill sleep
Tomorrow, we will be dancing cheek to cheek

Roses blooming again. Ink on paper fading
Songs of loneliness, dance of the waiting