

Soraya, Dance Of The Waiting

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

Tomorrow, he'll come to me in his arms I'll sleep
Tomorrow, we will be dancing cheek to cheek

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

Tomorrow, he'll come to me in his arms I'll sleep
Tomorrow, we will be dancing cheek to cheek

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

Tomorrow, he'll come to me in his arms I'll sleep
Tomorrow, we will be dancing cheek to cheek

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