

The Bouncing Souls, For All The Unheard

A guitar collects dust like his heart,
Soundless and still
A girl collapses on her bed
Writing words never read,
Troubled youth spills over into
Troubled life, and at times
We walk alone with our troubled minds

A guitar strikes a chord hits a misery so hard so bold
Sounding through this world where it's so hard to feel that gold

It's running through us all
A beauty
Buried deep under a river of grief
Where the Muddy Waters flow and the stones don't roll

[Chorus:]
This is for all the unheard,
All the music left behind
All the songs
Left on the floors in the closets of our minds
Where's the passion gone in our hearts?
Lost somewhere in the grind
It's time to bring it back
It's time to unwind
Find what we lost
It's time
It's time to bring it back

A lost song lingers on
Bouncing off stars on and on
A moment gone or is it looking for you
To sing its tune

Troubled youth spills over into
Troubled life, and at times
We walk alone with our troubled minds

[Chorus]

It's time to bring it back [x4]