

Urma, Wishlist

A little room for you and me
A better way for me to be
The silver ring on my left hand
A child to give a bit of sense.

A little rush to warm the blood
Some piece of mind for me to hold
A day of rest to cool the brakes
A meaning for my damn mistakes.

Well, it's taking too long
And it's taking me all...
(It's taking too much...)

So i blame... lack of touch
The touch of my best friend.

A silent nest to hear myself
One way to love my gods again
You smile to keep the trouble out
A friend to reach when I am down

A dear mother waiting home
The coffee flavor, down the hall
Few simple words "my son, you're great
You bring me joy with all you make..."

Well...it's taking too long
Guess we're dreaming alone
And it's taking too much
So I blame... lack of touch...
The touch of my best friend.