

Venke Knutson, Kiss

Shadows fall,
Leaving traces in your face,
That I can look for when I'm old,
And think of all the days we could have missed,
Now here again,
I'm always young in the silly lines,
Of poetry,
But I believe,
That tide is turning
Round and round again..

Ooohh, I'm a little suprised by your kiss,
And who's going to blame me for this,
A little song today,
An illution in a pictureframe to stay..

You pass me by,
This old man with his cane and all,
Heading for an eveningstroll,
The streets were wet with rain,
And even though he did not speak,
He told alot,
By beeing weak I saw a glimt,
Of who he'd been,
And who I'd like to be..

Ooohh, I'm a little suprised by your kiss,
And who's going to blame me for this,
A little song today,
An illution in a pictureframe to stay..

Now where you wanna go,
What you wanna know,
Makes the world go round,
What you wanna be,
It doesn't matter to me,
Just sing from your soul,
Sing from your soul,
You're growing old..

And ooohh, I'm a always suprised by your kiss,
And who's going to blame me for this,
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