Echoes Of A Heart

David Mead

Now I'm crossing Broadway towards a rising sun
In a waking city, I'm a loaded gun
I came home tonight to no oneNot a sound, then it starts
Something speaks from the dark
Not a voice
Only echoes of a heartComing off the ceiling, rolling down the hall
Through a vacant feeling like a distant call
I hear nothing but the rise and fallNot a sound, then it starts
Something speaks from the dark
Not a voice
Only echoes of a heart

Songwriters
David MeadPublished by
SWING THOUGHTS;DA WEI PHONETIC;SONY/ATV SONGS LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/