

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 one Not a sound, then it starts
Something speaks from the dark
Not a voice
Only echoes of a heart Coming off the ceiling, rolling down the hall
Through a vacant feeling like a distant call
I hear nothing but the rise and fall Not a sound, then it starts
Something speaks from the dark
Not a voice
Only echoes of a heart

Songwriters

David Mead Published by

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