

# Years (Project 46 Praise You Edit)

Alesso

The sun hits like a bullet of faith  
And then suddenly I'm wide awake  
Fake bliss, our apologies made  
Was an enemy with no escape  
My hands were tied  
But now they're mine  
So grab on to desire and run away  
These will be the years  
These will be the years  
The lights will all appear  
These will be the yearsYears  
These will be the years  
Years  
Grey dust now sparkle and gold and  
The best is yet to unfold  
Why heat found in comfort and cold  
And a heart was found in her soul  
Her hands were tied  
But now they're mine  
So grab on and where ever you'll go  
I'll go  
These will be the years  
These will be the years  
The lights will all appear  
These will be the yearsThese will be the yearsThese will be the years  
These will be the years  
The lights will all appear  
These will be the years

Songwriters

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