

Simeon ten Holt

Your eyes, they conjure up those cliffs of Moher  
 Far away and not listening anymore  
 Dreaming of life on another shore  
 Not here, not now, with me, the bore  
 So I stopped talking, fade to bleak  
 Feeling insignificant atrofied and weak  
 Even though it's not who I know myself to be  
 The queen, the confidence doesn't speak  
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best  
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah  
 My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest  
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest  
 Your eyes, they drown me in your sadness  
 Your words, they bring hurricanes  
 I'm braving Shakespearian tempest  
 The Mighty Tiger doesn't blink  
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best  
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah

My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest  
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest  
 I think you were the one  
 Silent suffering inside  
 The one got away  
 I was too dangerous to hide  
 But I was 14 with my passion and 15 with my best  
 16 with my ego and zero with the rest, oh yeah  
 My heart is a POW, tangled in my chest  
 I don't know how to communicate in a cardiac arrest  
 So I stopped talking, baby  
 'Cause you always want me to shut up  
 Take this ever, stage meanwhile  
 While I become you trusted silent prop  
 So take good care  
 This mighty woman's ready to explode  
 Fire here below the surface of my volcano