

One Small Day

Ultravox

If the stack is high against you and the hammer's coming down
And the time that's yours lies heavy in your hands
Oh, my sentimental friend, the fast much reach an end
Lying face down on the cold stone and they give their all
to you
But their all is slipping through your hands
Oh, my sentimental friends, your time will come again, one day
One day, where I didn't die a thousand times
Where I could satisfy this life of mine, one small day
One day, where every hour could be a joy to me
And live a life the way it's meant to be, one small day
How many times has it turned against you
How many times will they walk away
How many times have you let depression win the fight
Oh, my sentimental friends, we'll walk as one again, one day
One day, where I didn't die a thousand times
Where I could satisfy this life of mine, one small day
One day, where every hour could be a joy to me
And live a life the way it's meant to be, one small day
Walk away, turned against you, walk away
Turned against you, walk away
How many times has it turned against you?
How many times will they walk away?
One day, where I didn't die a thousand times
Where I could satisfy this life of mine
One day, where every hour could be a joy to me
And live a life the way it's meant to be
One day, where I wouldn't feel my senses die
Where nothing made me hang my head and cry
One day, where I could see myself as others can
Where I could feel the strength of love at hand
One day, where I didn't die a thousand times
Where I could satisfy this life of mine
One day, where every hour could be a joy to me
And live a life the way it's meant to be
One day, where I wouldn't feel my senses die

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