Not Invited

Ann Beretta

Calling out the whole world over
Luck's running dry from the four leaf clover
Too much distance killing me
I hope I make it back to you my friend
Beat by beat you tear your heart out
In defeat was there ever any doubt?
Too much distance killing me
I hope I make it back to you my friend,Here I am and there's no second chances
Nothing left of me and you no last call romances
it's like I'm locked inside a room without a view
There's 100 Thousand voice in my head again
You're not invited inWhere did all the good times go and why?
Two by two we break another line
Too much distance killing me
I hope I make it
Day by day and still we're calling out
Heart to heart and still we're falling down
Too much distance killing me
I hope I make it out alive my friend[Chorus][x6] I hope we make it out alive (This Time)...[Chorus x2]

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