

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 in Where 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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