

# 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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