What A Way

A Friend in London

Sometimes it's all about you
Sometimes it's all about me
And everything that we see
Is what we want it to be
If it's all a theory
Can you tell me clearly
What it is exactly
That you still won't tell me
What I need is a story
Even if it's just a story
What a way, what a day
To walk away
What a way, what a day
To walk away
I stood waiting for it

For an end I almost knew
Counting every moment
Isn't patience a virtue?
But if I held my breath
I would've fainted so fast
If I crossed my fingers
It'd be too long to hold back
There was the slide that I saw
A love without any flaws
But there is no such thing
It's a gold you can't touch
I'll stay waiting for it
I'll put all my time on break
Until I see the full page
Any answer come my way

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/