Bey Shing

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Reading from the bed light
The story's just begun
Waiting for the night time
When the words become my soul
Words become my soul
My soul, words becomes my soul my soul (yeah)

Seems like the world is cold
Till you feel the soul
My world is strange
Till its rearranged
Interest grows some more
When i read this page
Such an early stage
To feel this way

(Chorus)
They sing
Bey shing
You are, bey shing
I want, bey shing not
I need

When the day is done, the plot becomes
Simply magical
So fantastical
And I'm reading on
Beautiful stranger
I'm in love with the stranger
Yes yes I'm in love with the stranger.

They sing
Bey shing
You are, bey shing
I want
Bey shing
I need
(Instrumental)
(End)

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