Strain

Nicotine

The strain always follows me
Like a cloudy shadow
100 miles I try to escape from the shadow
But the shadow stays behind my back
In the strain I could control myself
Through all the time to the best of my memory
In the other words I've been lost
So I have to get back in a wall of enemy
(It's like an old town melody)
The strain always follows me
Like an attractive widow
100 times I try to apporach that widow
But the widow stays away from me
I saw the dream in a sleepless night
Deep in the stream of consciousness
I heard the voice to a certainty
Deep in the stream of consciousness
When I was young, I saw this kind of fantasy
And this time I'm walking through the door
And go across the bridge
But on the bridge I find some pressures of my life
So I can never be the one who always free

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