It`s about time

Tumbao

One more day down these stairs
His room is cold now and it hurts like hell
He holds tight, he stares
Its almost over and its running through his head
They dont know me, they dont know more than I showShes walking up to him so slowly
Its about time, its about time to fly away but wait
This one is different 'cause shes lonely
Fold your wings, youll need them more one dayOne more smile, one more bed
Her eyes are dark now and they hurt like hell
Shes so still, shes dead
She knows its over, she holds her head and says
They cant love me, they cant love what I dont showHes walking up to her so slowly
Its about time, its about time to fly away but wait
This one is different 'cause hes lonely
Fold your wings, youll need them moreThereve been too many times
When Ive drowned you with these perfect lines
And youve heard me say that I can cure you
This morning I woke up with this overwhelming fear of love
And Im not sure if I can resurrect youNow Im walking up to you so slowly
Its about time, its about time to fly away but wait
I swear its different 'cause Im lonely
Fold your wings, youll need them more one day

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