Old Town

Luis Trindade

It took me 10 years to forget all that blood on your dress.
I went north, I went south, I traveled the world all around.
I came back to hear your voice that still echoes through the streets.
Even knowing youâ€™re not here, I can still feel your lips.

Will we ever meet again?
Will we ever meet again?

And the pictures that I have fading through the years
Are just pieces of the jigsaw I donâ€™t understand.
And I remember you fighting in the moonlight.
But the pain growing inside was winning the fight.

Will we ever meet again?
Will we ever meet again?

It took me 10 years to forget all the words that we said.
It took me 10 years to understand life and death.

Will we ever meet again?
Will we ever meet again?

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