Loneliness (Electronic Version)

Steve Morell

Loneliness across this land
We walk the line hand in hand
Covered in a vacuum of love
Touched by a golden gloveSeparated life's ouPr game
The price you pay for beeing in fame
Cold days, hot nights
Art doesn't know human rightsLoneliness means holiness
Loneliness is the only dress
You might say it means emptiness
For us it feels like happinessYou listen up, to the way we talk
you are watching down the way we walk
creating dreams that you might follow
so realize they're all made of sorrowSeparated life's our game
The price you pay for beeing in fame
Cold days, hot nights
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The price you pay for beeing in fame
Cold days, hot nights
Art doesn't know human rightsevery night we hang out restless
music's the answer, I see no question
sometimes it feels like I'm breaking down
lights and voices all around

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