New Year

Bedsit Poets

All I wanted comes in colors
Vanish everyday
I keep these promises, these promises
Stranger things will come before you
Always out of the way
We keep these promises, these promises
Can you call it
See it coming
Just enough to tell a story bout a
Portrait of a
Young girl waiting for a new year
All you ever wanted
Is it getting away?
Visions of a feeling
The footsteps at bay
You were getting stronger
Memories again
Now you're open wider
It's better this way
All I wanted comes in colors
Vanish everyday
I keep these promises, these promises
Stranger things will come before you
Always out of the way

We keep these promises, these promises
Won't you write a letter
On the page
In your own way
Write it in a letter
On the page
It's your own way
You were getting wiser
It's better this way
Faces in the mirror
Memories again
Now look to a feeling
It's lighter than breath
All you ever wanted

Is it getting away?
Can you call it
See it coming
Just enough to tell a story bout a
Portrait of a
Young girl waiting for the ending of an era
Can you call it
See it coming
Just enough to tell a story bout a
Portrait of a
Young girl waiting for the new year

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