Fools and Dolts

Sadist

These white jail walls
know everything about me
They already saw my breath
changing it's mood many timesMy friends and I - 'fools' and dolts
We keep on living our own thoughts
Trying to fly within some other minds
Where resignation builds up another lifeI'd like to see some other way
I'd love to cry out of joy
If only I could make them know
All the things that I'm doingHere the 'fools' come
with that strange sense of love
Hands and feet are standing up
Sometimes we're in - sometimes we're notHow many tears - how many miles
Some of my friends are flying
One of them already found
his own highest cloudI'd like to see some other way
I'd love to cry out of joy
If only I could make them know
All the things that I'm doingI'd like to see some other way
I'd love to cry out of joy
If only I could make them know
All the things that I'm doing

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