Happy Again

Iwan Rheon

She brushes with tears
Paints on her clothes, paves new spheres
Opens the curtain
Toppling lost in the mudOh she's happy again
Cause all she sees is your own level head,
And all she breathes is the air that you shared
Lyin' free in the place of your bedShe paints a picture, a canvas of gliding aura
The lights are clashing
She saw that my heart is racingOh she's happy again
Cause all she see is your own level head,
And all she breathes is the air that you shared,
Lyin' free in the place of your bedWait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fineWait for me, wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fineBut is she happy again?
When all she sees is your own level head,
And all she breathes is the air that you shared?
Lyin' free in the place of your bedI'll meet her later
When charring cross calls composure
Two twisted lovers
One will look back, one neverOh she's happy again
Cause all she breathes is the air that is free,
And all she sees are that shapes that she feels,
Lyin' free with no thought of you and meWait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fineWait for me, wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine

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