

Sad Song

Hooverphonic

Now its time to move to the next level
Sore wet eyes that look at the devil
Tell me please that its time to leave On the train, I lost my intelligence
Found my love with good intentions
But still it's time to leave I recorded the sound of your heart
I recorded the sound of your eyes
And I converted them into this sad song
That modulated these mysterious lights Synchronized love expectations
Pure delight these love creations
Tell me please that it's time to leave Ain't it fun our fun-fair behavior
All these real and [Incomprehensible] flavors
Tell me please that it's time to me I recorded the sound of your heart
I recorded the sound of your eyes
And I converted them into this sad song
That modulated these mysterious lights

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