

First In Line

Maarja

Constricted dreams,
That sleep in my mind,
Now seem to guide me in my daily life.
I raise a glass for
Those tears gone by;
A ray of hope upon my newborn eyes.
I'm turning to the window,
Full of memories.
I'm turning to the frontstep,
With keys.
I'm gonna get first in line,
From a jack to a king.
Wanting everything.
Gonna get first this time.
Letting go, my heart of stone.
I'm gonna get first in line,
From a jack to a king.
Wanting everything.
Gonna get first this time.
Letting go, my heart of stone.
Getting first in line, getting first this time.
Letting everything go.
Getting first this time, getting first in line.
Let the whole world know.
This mighty sword's full of dust,
But it thrives;
I wipe it clean
And let it come alive.
I'm all made up
By the things that I feel.
Too many words
Can turn your heart into steel.
I'm turning to the window,
Full of memories.
I'm turning to the frontstep,
With keys.
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Songwriters

JELSE,JESPER/ANDERSSON,STEFANPublished by

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