

Alright

Anouk

Oh, some things are better left unsaid
You'll find a nice place to hide them
But days like this
There is just too much going on, yeah So I'm picking up the pieces of my past
I can't find no peace at all
So in other words
I am so ready to be found So I'll try and I might, stand up and fight
To leave this place someday
All I need is that moment to make me believe
That you're alive and then I'll be alright, alright Paradise grown cold, one hand on my door
Way too high hopes
I can't tell right from wrong, show me how it's done
Lord, I need to be saved
And then I'll be alright, alright, yeah Oh yeah, days like these
There is just too much going on So I try and I might, stand up and fight
To leave this place someday
You're all I need is this moment to make me believe
That you're alive and then I'll be alright, alright Paradise grown cold, one hand on my door
Way too high hopes
I can't tell right from wrong, show me how it's done
Lord, I need to be saved
And then I'll be alright
And then I'll be alright
And then I'll be alright Then I'll be alright
Then I'll be alright

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