

Gone With The Winner

Century

Waiting for the noise to disappear
The crying all the saint
The pining of the fool
I never had the time to pray

Waiting for the sound to calm my way
I'm tired of asking why I'm dying everyday
You're leaving now, your lips are gone

Gone with the winner, gone, gone with the wind
And now it's like a silent thing that's running in my
hand
Gone, gone with the wind
And now it's like a silent thing that's running in my
hand
Gone, gone with the wind

Coming with desolate state of mind
You wouldn't've gone to war
The slave to every tear
I'm waiting for the smoke to fade

I listen to this calling in your eyes crying all the
saint
The pining of a fool
You're leaving now, your lips are gone

Gone with the winner, gone, gone with the wind
And now it's like a silent thing that's running in my
hand
Gone, gone with the wind