

Sweden Hockey Dreams

One Morning Left

Take a look at my tired eye
While I'm alive, I'm still dying

Take a look at my sick eye
While I'm alive, I'm still dying

All the good times have been forgotten behind my failures
Where's my sight, I can't see through those whitened lies
No memories, no innocence in the night

I want to hide, far away as fast as I can
I want to run, far away as fast as I can
So far away
So far away as fast as I can
So far away as fast as I can

Take a look at my tired eye
While I'm alive, I'm still dying

Take a look at my sick eye
While I'm alive, I'm still dying

I found myself from the well, I scream my own name,
And no-one answer, man in men, balls on the walls