

We can not work out what has to be said.  
An image painted black in the back of my head.  
It came so clear last night,  
you showed me that your words mean more than actions do.  
I was listening to you.  
Someone is listening,  
that someone is you.  
You build me up,  
you break me down again  
and I take it.  
If this night,  
if this kiss were something real.