

The Colour Of Love

Beborn Beton

You take my nerves, you bring me sorrow
I reach out for a hatchet seeking entry
Your time is running out, there's no excuse

And after all you smile
You try in making fun of me
You're simply irresistible
The colour of your hair is the colour of love

Make me believe that
It all lies in our hands
And when you close your eyes for me
I seem to understand

I must admit I miss your smile
But all that lingers on is in my head
All that's left of you, memories

So I descend - le souterrain
And I tear down the wall that hides my love
You are still beautiful
The colour of your hair is the colour of love

Make me believe that
It all lies in our hands
And when you close your eyes for me
I seem to understand