

You are the chosen one
Maybe not the only one
You say you hold your breath
until you feel alive again

Your hair is grey, your childhood gone
You dance around and sing along
The tune you hear inside your head
A theme like this must be your own

Dear friend I have no illusions
You owe me a pretty apology
I'm facing the last necessity
of leaving it all behind

My home is where my heart died
Don't listen to what they say
I may not be your best friend
and I know you feel the same