

# My Child

Hooverphonic

Please come back to me my child  
things weren't meant to be  
without tears we cry  
even though we new  
it did strike  
but this ain't no dream  
no this is life

And all the colors fade leaving nothing more  
than a black and white shade on an empty  
shore/sure a part is gone  
and sure we do long  
but black and white is so much more than nothing at all

Please come back to me my child  
yes we do control a lot  
way too much  
overwhelmed by disbelieve  
left in shock  
still our disbelieve is the remaining lock