

Sad Song

Hooverphonic

Now it's time to move to the next level.
Sore wet eyes that look at the devil.
Tell me please that's time to leave.

On the train I lost my intelligence.
Find my love with good intentions.
But it's still time to leave.

I recorded the sound of your heart.
I recorded the sound of your eyes.
And I converted them into this sad song.
That modulated this mysterious lights.

Synchronized love expectations
pure delight this love creations
tell me please that it's time to leave

ain't it fun, our funfare behaviour
all this real and fake filthy flavours
tell me please that it's time to leave

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