

Happy Again

Iwan Rheon

She brushes with tears
Paints on her clothes, paves new spheres
Opens the curtain
Toppling lost in the mud

Oh she's happy again
Cause all she sees is your own level head,
And all she breathes is the air that you shared
Lying free in the place of your bed

She paints a picture, a canvas of gliding aura
The lights are clashing
She saw that my heart is racing

Oh she's happy again
Cause all she see is your own level head,
And all she breathes is the air that you shared,
Lying free in the place of your bed

Wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine

Wait for me, wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine

But is she happy again?
When all she sees is your own level head,
And all she breathes is the air that you shared?
Lying free in the place of your bed

I'll meet her later
When charring cross calls composure
Two twisted lovers
One will look back, one never

Oh she's happy again
Cause all she breathes is the air that is free,
And all she sees are that shapes that she feels,
Lying free with no thought of you and me

Wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine

Wait for me, wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine