

Oh my god, it's green the fire. Go!

It's that time to transform
To come around, I'm changing
Ooh, there's an angel knocking at my window
Tryna tell me where to go next
It's a small town without you
It feels cold, it's creepin'
I'm moving on, I look ahead instead

Spirit divide, drift alone
I waved her goodbye, I carried on
Dreams pass, my black dress
Folded on a big mess
I'm changing my next flight to Paris

The hourglass that tick-tock too fast for a destiny
I've got a full drawer of letters
Remember it was Paris you said we were gonna meet
Why your answering machine's still on?
It's the oddest feeling since you're gone
A part of me drift away with you
And would never return

Spirit divide, drift alone
I waved a goodbye, I carried on
Dreams pass, my black dress
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Spirit divide
I waved a goodbye
Dreams pass, my black dress
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[French:]
Lasse près d'un jury
Mais c'est à Paris que je me sens en vie.
Je sens que je pourrais m'y poser,
Des vacances,
Et ne jamais rentrer.