

Crossroads

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It remains to be seen to which side I'm gonna lean.
Which road will I choose or will I win or will I lose?
Am I gonna come to my senses and see the light
in letting go of what I want in order to do what's right.
Oh but right by who? By me or by you?

It's just a crossroads. Is the light red or is it green?
Now I'm getting mixed signals, I really don't know what they mean.
If I wasn't temporarily blind, if I could only take one look I know
I'd find how simple it all is.
How much do I really want this?

Is enough not enough?
Am I really in love?
Or is it nothing but a test?
Well if you wanna try me go ahead and be my guest.
Cos I myself would like to know which way we're to go.
I guess it's undecided yet so I'll take it slow,
but as I regain my sight
I know I will do what's right.

Indeed it's just a crossroads.
Now that I'm willing to clearly see
things for what they really are, not what I'd like them to be.
There's nothing left to think about.
I know the way now, I've no more doubt.
I let go and release; you'll do the same for me, please.