Roger Whittaker

I'm dying all alone, along with all I knew.
Your warm and tender touch,
Would always see me trough.
I'm tired of trying to reach.
The sun behind the clouds tell me who am I.
I wish the peaceful times, could come back again.

Into the silence out of the violence, Using your wisdom to make me see. Into the silence out of confusion, Someone in heaven is talking to me. Into the silence out of the violence. Into the silence, talk to me.

Don't wake me up again.

Let me sleep a thousand years.

Maybe from time to time,

You could brush away my tears.

I can't explain away,

The foolish things I did,

Day after day.

I see no reason why,

I should come back again.

Into the silence out of the violence, Using your wisdom to make me see. Into the silence out of confusion, Someone in heaven is talking to me. Into the silence out of the violence. Into the silence.

Into the silence out of the violence. Into the silence.

Into the silence out of the violence...