

Where You Belong

Seventh Avenue

I would laugh - if I could
Won't know if you understand
I could cry in this dry
But your foul fly wasn't my

Don't want to hear about the stuff
Say that for you this all is enough
Search for a mystery kind of magic
Nothing which mom and dad know it

That's not good and that's not right
So be afraid - it will be night

Seeing is believing - but dying is what will come
Irony is receiving - you quest where you belong
Waiting for tomorrow, waiting for a sign
And in all your sorrow you lose your mind
Believe me, dying is what comes
And your quest where you belong

I would if I could
Show you my confidence
And I would, if I was able,
Lay my grip on your table
The devil is a liar
He tries to tell you lies
You need a desire - not wrong true eyes

You believe in the power of love
This belief for you is enough
Don't tell me lies for a nice price
That you don't want the paradises rise

Seeing is believing - but dying is what will come
Irony is receiving - you quest where you belong
Waiting for tomorrow, waiting for a sign
And in all your sorrow you lose your mind
Believe me, dying is what comes
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Don't be the jester of now
Live your life faster than a crow
For a time beyond time and space
It's the end of the human race

That's not good
That's not right
So be afraid
It will come the night