

Sparks

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Lines Of a tale Cut in the face of a crowd Sentenced no bail Th
ere In the night Deep in the back Through the black Beckons a l
ife Time Moving in a straight line But then at a whim A change
in the wind A story begins in its mind For deep in her eyes Ben
eath the lies Of the dark Leaving marks Sparks She Has been ste
eled Standing there looking so tight Taut and high-heeled One O
f a kind The kind of a girl That only a dream Could design Time
Seen through glasses of wine Never reveals The why or the when
How this story will end As you find That deep in her eyes Bene
ath the lies Of the dark Leaving marks Sparks Come on Conjure u
p a reason for living Take me round And around And around And a
round And again Come on Do it in the name of living For if not
tonight Tell me when For if not tonight Tell me when Ahhhhh Hea
rts Can confuse That messed up bundle of nerves That tends to b
ruise Still Lay it bare It's better to bleed than to need And n
ever have dared Chance A move based on a glance A move based on
no more than feel In this unreal circumstance For deep in her
eyes Beneath the lies of the dark Leaving marks Sparks