

## Back to Me

Vanden Plas

Here comes the jet airliner  
The thing that breaks up apart  
Breakin' rules  
Play everybody's asshole  
And let go sun go down  
We march ahead  
To the front line  
There is no chance to deny  
You have to leave  
Like the others  
To go and fight for a lie  
And tears are falling  
When this empty night  
Is calling

And your tear falls in the  
River touches the sea  
Sea meets the stream  
While angels sleep  
Waters run in straight  
From the river  
To the sea  
Back to me, back to me

They're marching  
Into the desert  
It's a killing joke  
The drying out of the children  
Is our shame for the love  
Again the jet airliner  
The thing that breaks up apart  
You have to leave  
Like the other boys brother  
I don't wanna let you go  
But tears are falling  
When this empty night is calling

And your tear falls in the  
River touches the sea  
Sea meets the stream  
While angels sleep  
Waters run in straight  
From the river  
To the sea  
Back to me, back to me