

Give me your hope child of no regret  
Lend me your eyes, show me what we get  
A future's draft is on the table if you mean to last  
The few remains of our dreams shine in your eyes  
Run through our veins spill the tears that fill your cries  
And our regrets achieved their dominance by stealth again

Heard this song, many times before  
Over and over again when life was pure  
And hearts where leading

The word maybe feeds our lives  
Every dawn is hope  
The word nothing means a lot  
As a cold response  
Maybe nothing could kill your ambitions  
As the dream unfolds

Winds of a storm rage before my eyes  
Bring me the list of your ifs and whys  
The view up front is not as easy as it seemed back home

Heard this song, many times before  
Over and over again when life was pure

The word maybe feeds our lives  
Every dawn is hope  
The word nothing means a lot  
As a cold response  
Maybe nothing could kill your ambitions  
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