Smithereens

honey you might wake up this morning with the feeling of a wind blowing at your window
i wonder what will cross your mind, when all the love you put behind will die in my fading shadow
You know i told you that i love you to the moon and back but i can't stay here bound to my sorrow
that ghost track somewhere on the tape, that mystical little escape still echoes in my heart though

deep in my soul i cut your name now it's all going with the rain of all the tears that i have cried
i'd like to think that now and then you will think of me again and remember those moments by my side
you know i would do it all again, somehow i hope you feel the same though i'm anchored to your deepest sins
and if you stop covering your ears and try to listen carefully you might hear the sound of your fears smashing my dreams

smashing my dreams
to smithereens

as the tears come to my eyes you're drifting on an ocean of lies to the empty shores of your past
ain't it weird don't you think while you are trying not to sink, i watch your vessel fight against the tide
now the rudder slips from your hands, and you don't want to understand i speaking to a wall blind and deaf
but now i figured how it would be and if i think you'll change my life for me i'll be lying to myself

remember of me running, when you couldn't carry me over
remember of me standing at the foot of your ivory tour

Carefully listening to big sound of your fears
Smashing my dreams

to smithereens

honey you might wake up this morning with the feeling of a wind blowing at your window
since i'm busy picking up the pieces of our shattered illusions, i can't tell you which way it blows