

Rocca, La

"Sketches"

Visit "[Sketches](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All i have's the journals that I write
Sketches of a 20-something life
Glory pieces shining on a page
Boxing nights of disappointing rage
Legends never leave an ounce of flesh
Colour fades a memory like death
I mistook with all the strength I had
Words laid down in mornings turning sad
Left a window seat for who may pass
I long to see a skirt or cotton blouse
Inside of a woman's changing room
Got invited back, gave opinion too
Coloured queen a winters night in a bath
Can you feel this prose tease out a laugh
All I have's this journal that I write
Sketches of a 20-something life

Never got to see the mighty sands
Settled for a back-row in the stand
Many New Years Eves' I spent alone
Shaking with the fear while crawling home
Digging even deeper down for oil
To fuel the fire roaring in my soul
Of course I wanted credit where its due
I feel so very blessed to play with you
We get over everything it seems
Wide awake while all around is dream
Dig your Autumn taste and marriage needs
For half a piece of mind, I mined your peace
Using every face I run into
Take a seat and tell me something new
All I have's these journals that I write
Sketches of a 20-something life

Maybe when I travel left of town
I could play the 20-something down
Pretend I've won the lottery and sing
Get into the mansion house and...
Bring, a bottle opened slowly at the door
Added to the missing lions roar
Didn't we go looking for the place

Where all my inspirations wrote their face
Telephone kept buzzing on the plane
Filming what could never be again
All I have's these journals that I write
Sketches of a 20-something life

Visit [Rocca, La](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.