

Storm, The

"The Table's Turning"

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With the touch of a girl
Everything is changing
And all the colours in the world
They are slowly fading
You say love will conquer all
Even conquer a broken heart
But I just seem to fall apart
And my gates are closing

Now please won't you help me
Seal this broken deal
The wounds are always deeper
Deeper than they feel
Please won't you help me
For better or for worse
The table's turning

With a gun in my head
A bullet for each memory
'Cause they just keep me hanging on
Offer me no sanctuary
I'd gladly shoot down everyone
Shoot straight out of misery
'Cause there's no loving left in me
Can you hear me calling

Now please won't you help me
Seal this broken deal
The wounds are always deeper
Deeper than they feel
Please won't you help me
For better or for worse
The table's turning

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