

7 Years "You"

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

You're never coming back. But I think you a lot. In my imagination, You're so beautifulÂ... You were in your bed I didn't understand what you tried to say me. You tried to speak again and with your tired voice you told me: "Don't worry, I'm here with you" I believed your words, but sad to say it was not the truth I was a child too much little to understand and pray but that day came tomorrow before yesterday. While you tried to laugh I didn't know what I could do you wanna go on with your fight against the shit disease and from down all the faces hidden by the hands and some tears, little tears seen exit in a hurry. You alight on the uptight incomplete little canvas, dried colours on the master wood will remain not in vain.

Visit [7 Years](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.