

AMADEA

"Old Soul"

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My soul is exhausted and old
Often gets sick: seldom gets well
Too bad for heaven yet too good for hell
Where am I gonna go?

Why me? Why am I doomed to have it?
In my 25 I'm like 500 year old.
Too much of thinking and self-control
It makes my life so arid.

Chorus:
I want a young soul!
I wanna go up to the bright world
out of the cage!
I want a young soul!
I wanna live a full life like all
do in my age!

My heart is aching and nerves are stretched to
breaking.
Wonderful life, where do you hide?
You gave me dark thoughts and set me aside
To live on a waste land that's always quaking.

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