

All Together Seperate "On And On"

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Backstreets on a Sunday night
Running from the fear into the wall
Crazy thoughts had passed his mind
But the seed had yet to bloom
Now he's scared to face the thorns of his actions
And it goes on and on...
First glance then a second look
Not too long
The third, I chose to stare
And it said
To go ahead, take a bite, promises
And it goes on and on...

Chorus:
I don't remember innocence
It's been so long
So far down this winding road
I can't remember my way home

It's all a cross to you
What have I done?
Such tainted decisions
But now I'm past the point of no return
Never to go back
Now the seed is sown, the tree is grown,
It's all a cross to you

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