

411**"Fresh Soul"**Visit "[Fresh Soul](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's time to go, I'm thinking outer space
I can't stand this cold, and the sun is staining my face
We reap what we sew, and I've had plenty of cake
But yeah what you don't know, is that it fell on the floor
and I ate it anyway
Oh anyway, hmm, hmm

I need a fresh light and day, night and friends, foes,
eyes, scars, laughs and woes
I need a fresh pace, taste, love and hate, sky, wind,
sun, and rain
I need fresh soul, I need fresh soul

So I packed my bags, cancelled three dates
The one was a drag, but the other two what a shame
I'm flying kind of low, and they can see the cracks on
my face
Saying adios, 'cause it's the last time they'll see me
this way
See me this way, huh, uh, oh

I need a fresh light and day, night and friends, foes,
eyes, scars, laughs and woes
I need a fresh pace, taste, love and hate, sun, wind,
sky and rain
I need fresh soul, I need fresh soul

So it's time to go, I'm thinking I'll tempt fate
Find a singer's soul, and a pretty face to contemplate
I don't know what's in store, but everything else can
wait
Yeah well here I go, I only hope I'm not too late
I hope I'm not too late, huh, uh, oh

I need a fresh light and day, night, friends and foes,
eyes, scars, laughs and woes
I need a fresh pace, taste, love and hate, sun, wind,
sky and rain
I need fresh soul, running straight through my bones
I need fresh soul, can you tell me where to go
I need fresh soul

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