

## **Back One Out**

### **"Letters From September"**

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Sitting on my bed I write this song I ever thought,  
I am sure that words become more strong on pages.  
Maybe I'm afraid to tell you what you really feel,  
Cause we have so different meanings to react.

I want to be like you want:  
Your last hope when all seems to be disconnected.  
I love your jealousy for everything.

And when I tell you lies, I feel so alone, my soul has not  
returned.  
You're my safety light, I'll have to miss my pride,  
Cause without your voice I can break my wings. Don't  
let me go!  
You need me, I need like you!

Incomprehensions can make you suffer more than  
other pains.  
I know this new world

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