

Beborn Beton

"The Colour Of Love"

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You take my nerves - you bring me sorrow
I reach out for a hatchet seeking entry
Your time is running out - there's no excuse
And after all you smile
You try in making fun of me
You're simply irresistible
The colour of your hair is the colour of love
Make me believe that
It all lies in our hands
And when you close your eyes for me
I seem to understand
I must admit I miss your smile

But all that lingers on is in my head
All that's left of you - memories. .
So I descend - le souterrain
And I tear down the wall that hides my love
You are still beautiful
The colour of your hair is the colour of love
Make me believe that
It all lies in our hands
And when you close your eyes for me
I seem to understand

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