

## **Boudewijn de groot**

### **"For All The Unheard"**

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A guitar collects dust like his heart,  
Soundless and still  
A girl collapses on her bed  
Writing words never read,  
Troubled youth spills over into  
Troubled life, and at times  
We walk alone with our troubled minds

A guitar strikes a chord hits a misery so hard so bold  
Sounding through this world where it's so hard to feel  
that gold

It's running through us all  
A beauty  
Buried deep under a river of grief  
Where the Muddy Waters flow and the stones don't roll

[Chorus:]  
This is for all the unheard,  
All the music left behind  
All the songs  
Left on the floors in the closets of our minds  
Where's the passion gone in our hearts?  
Lost somewhere in the grind  
It's time to bring it back  
It's time to unwind  
Find what we lost  
It's time  
It's time to bring it back

A lost song lingers on  
Bouncing off stars on and on  
A moment gone or is it looking for you  
To sing it's tune

Troubled youth spills over into  
Troubled life, and at times  
We walk alone with our troubled minds

[Chorus]

It's time to bring it back [x4]

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