

Brainstorm

"Reality Show Feat. Linda Leen"

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You can call me through the rain
But if love is one-sided it slowly turns into pain

You can call me through the snow
It sounds too sweet, my dear, it sounds for me like a
show

Hey, the wind still blows
Hey, too much reality shows

But when we're safe in glory, there's no time for cries
and sorries
I will be there, no lying, though my singing bird is dying

Hey, the wind still blows
Hey, too much reality shows

They say red rose is a faith
I say - life's too short to wait

What else can i say, i don't know, i don't know..
But i know, but i know, but i know - our river of love
stops to flow

And when we're safe in glory, there's no time for cries
and sorries
I will be there, no lying, though my singing bird is dying

Hey, the wind still blows
Hey, too much reality shows

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