

Jonas "Edge Of Seventeen"

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And the days go by...
Like a strand in the wind...
In the web that is my own...
I begin again
Said to my friend, baby...
Nothin' else mattered

She was no more... than a baby then
Well she... seemed broken hearted...
Something within her
But the moment... that I first laid...
Eyes... on... her... all alone...
On the edge of... seventeen

Just like the white winged dove...
Sings a song...
Sounds like she's singing...

Ooo... ooo... ooo...
Just like the white winged dove...
Sings a song...
Sounds like she's singing...
Ooo... ooo... ooo...

I went today... maybe I will go again...
Tomorrow
And the music there it was hauntingly...
Familiar
And I see you doing...
What I try to do for me
With the words from a poet...
And the voice from a choir
And a melody... nothing else mattered

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