

# M

## "Col"

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Things of change, this time around,  
I'm on rocks I'm looking down,  
And I can see the whole the darkness 'round here.

You're in spain and you walking free  
I'm inside without the key,  
Feeling sick and angry toward you.

Locked away, I'm going mad,  
I'm a fool, I'm so sad,  
I'm a fool of been had.

We planned a job  
And you let me down,  
You made a run,  
I hit the ground,  
Can't trust nobody, nobody no one.

No one know you're in spain and you walking free,  
I'm inside without the key,  
Feeling sick sick and angry.

Locked away, I'm going mad,  
I'm a fool, I'm so sad,  
I'm a fool of been had.

Things of change, this time around,  
I'm on rocks I'm looking down,  
I can see the whole the darkness 'round here.

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