

Marit Bergman

"Sun Goes Down"

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Pushing our way through all the young smokers
We'll open the window for air
Feeling the time as I read between lines
Fallow them all back to here
And the tale's getting taller as I'm listening
And it grows over your head now I can't see a thing

Yesterdays voices are now getting louder
They only crowd up my head
Speaking so quickly with too many questions
I try not to listen
Hiding on rooftops from the mess that's downstairs
And we're stumbling from corners, trying hard to fall
again

When the sun goes down I am with you
When the sun comes up I am there
When the sun goes down I am with you
All of this seems too late
All of this seems too late

And the tale's getting taller as I'm listening
And it grows over your head now I can't see a thing

When the sun goes down I am with you
When the sun comes up I am there
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All of this seems too late
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