

Nexther List "Unsteady Worlds"

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She lives into a space, where I can't touch her face
All that I can do, is to waiting for her
This rain is like a sin, it's holding everything
The purple red skies are falling
On a Friday, Friday
I'm lost in a strange town
The hours, are passing slow

I wake up overload, I take a look around
Last night I dreamed with you again
I start the old TV, trying to see your face
There's only worlds in unsteady harmony
On a Friday, Friday
I'm lost in a strange town
The hours, are passing slow

I feel tired, give me a sign
Tell me, show me babe, a way to find
On a Friday, Friday
An old forgotten god,
With good intentions, now give me your hand
On a Friday, Friday
I'm waiting your voice
But all the hours are passing slow

On a Friday, Friday
I'm lost in a strange town
The hours, are passing slow

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