

## One Morning Left

### "Sweden Hockey Dreams"

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Take a look at my tired eye  
While I'm alive, I'm still dying

Take a look at my sick eye  
While I'm alive, I'm still dying

All the good times have been forgotten behind my  
failures  
Where's my sight, I can't see through those whitened  
lies  
No memories, no innocence in the night

I want to hide, far away as fast as I can  
I want to run, far away as fast as I can  
So far away  
So far away as fast as I can  
So far away as fast as I can

Take a look at my tired eye  
While I'm alive, I'm still dying

Take a look at my sick eye  
While I'm alive, I'm still dying

I found myself from the well, I scream my own name,  
And no-one will answer, man in men, balls on the walls

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