

Rebecka Törnqvist "Love Song"

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Is this a joke, well I can't laugh
and this hole thing is pretty half
It seems I lost my tounge in cheek
and turned into something meek
into a banishment state
So this last toast is not for me
It's for someone I long to be
Or maybe someone that I was
who never seemed to be this lost
who never seemed to hesitate
How come, I know much more
still being so unsure
Is this where I should be standing
Maybe it's better here
Maybe you are a square
who still gives love and understanding
Is this the garden that you mean
Well I remember grass as green
and not this dry yellow weed
This was supposed to be my creed
Even better is coming up...
If this is how it's gonna be
I hold my breath and hope to feel
a different voice I can rely on
another rule I can defy
There's just no point in giving up
How come, I know much more
still being so unsure
Is this where I should be standing
Maybe it's better here
Maybe you are a square
who still gives love and understanding

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