

Viktor Lazlo

"Stories"

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(Boris Bergman/Jan Walravens)
adaptation anglaise Viktor Lazlo/Gyle Waddy

I remember quite clearly now when this story
happened.
The autumn leaves were floating and measured down
to the ground.
Recovering the lake where we use to swim like children
On the sun would dare to shine, that time, we used to
be happy.
Well, I thought we were, But the truth was that !
You had been longing to leave me, not daring to tell
me
On that precious night watching the lake, vaguely
conscious
You said "Our story was ending".

Now I'm standing here, no one to wipe away my tears.
No one to keep me warm and no one to walk along with.
No one to make me feel, no one to make me whole.
Oh ! What am I to do ?
I'm standing here alone, it doesn't seem so clear to
me.
What am I supposed to do about this burning, heart of
mine ?
Oh ! What am I to do ? Or how should I react ? Oh ! Tell
me please !

The rain was killing the last days of summer.
You had been killing my last breath of love since a long
time ago.
I still don't think I am gonna make it through another
love story.
You took it all away from me.
And there I stand, I knew I was gonna be the, the one
left behind.
But still I'm watching the lake, vaguely conscious
And I know my life is ending.

Now I'm standing here, no one to wipe away my tears.
No one to keep me warm and no one to walk along with.

No one to make me feel, no one to make me whole.
Oh ! What am I to do ?
I'm standing here alone, it doesn't seem so clear to
me.
What am I supposed to do about this burning, heart of
mine ?
Oh ! What am I to do ? Or how should I react ? Oh ! Tell
me please !

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