

## Viktor Lazlo

# "Stories - Viktor Lazlo"

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Stories - VIKTOR LAZLO, 1986

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 while, 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.

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