

Of A Revolution "Dareh Meyod"

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Tuesday's coming my baby.
I told you Wednesday morning.
It's not too late for us.
My bags aren't out the door, baby.
Don't you know life's a feeling.
But without you it's nothing.
It's not too late for us.
My bags aren't out the door, baby.
Tuesday's coming.
And I'm not gonna leave you here, darling.

It's a shame you can't hear me.
Scream my lungs out believe me.
The miles burn me up.
I'm living just to watch your fire, darling.
I'm headed out for the road now.
The engines hold me while sleeping.
A road might take me away,
But it's sure enough to bring me home, baby.
Tuesday's coming.
And I'm not gonna leave you here, darling.

Tuesday's coming. Seshambeh dareh meyod.

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