

Amber Smith

"Introspective"

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Introspective your lives
They, well-deserve the "funny" title
You need oil to lift your arms
Don't have illusions, it's our time

All our troubles now are past
This english winter is our last
And I see you'd ask me "why?"
But I can't hear you for thousands cry

Take the frist train when the morning lights
Come, it's your last chance to greet the sun
We take both cash and credit cards

Chill, cause we're just about to begin

All our troubles now are past
This english winter is our last
And I see you'd ask me "why?"
But I can't hear you for thousands cry

All our troubles now are past
This english winter will be our last
And if you laughed, cause you think it's just "hype"
Well, I can't see here anyone smile...

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