

Iwan Rheon

"Happy Again"

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She brushes with tears
Paints on her clothes, paves new spheres
Opens the curtain
Toppling lost in the mud.

Oh she's happy again
Cause all she sees
is your own level head,
And all she breathes
is the air that you shared
Lyn' free in the place of your bed.

She paints a picture, a canvas of gliding aura
The lights are clashing
She saw that my heart is racing.

Oh she's happy again
Cause all she see
is your own level head,
And all she breathes
is the air that you shared,
Lyn' free in the place of your bed.

Wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine.

Wait for me, wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine.

But is she happy again?
When all she sees
is your own level head,
And all she breathes
is the air that you shared?
Lyn' free in the place of your bed.

I'll meet her later
When charring cross calls composure
Two twisted lovers

One will look back, one never.

Oh she's happy again
Cause all she breathes is the air that is free,
And all she sees are that shapes that she feels,
Lyn' free with no thought of you and me.

Wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine.

Wait for me, wait for me,
Wait till the morning,
We'll be fine.

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