

Little Nemo

"Blue Years"

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The colour of sorrow is blue
When there comes another season
Some feelings grown inside you
Suddenly end with no reason
You always think it was better before
How can you guess all the things to come?

In the Blue Years...
It was so different, in the Blue Years
They seem so far away, the Blue Years

The taste in your mouth is not sour
As a shadow comes from another life
You stay there watching the hours
Looking for some lost pictures of your life
How can you say it was better before
Without knowing what you are waiting for?

In the Blue Years...
It was so different, in the Blue Years
They seem so far away, the Blue Years

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