

## Little Nemo

### "Fickleness"

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Better days are the property of past  
Simple words and things, they become treasures so  
fast

I'm like the boy looking at his broken toy  
Swearing on and on, he will never play again

Maybe one of these days, an angel in the sky  
Will tell me why...  
Why every ideal thing is here to die

Better days are the property of past  
Simple words and things, they become treasures so  
fast

Just like a ghost, I will vanish in your mind  
Am I with you now only for this favourite time?

Maybe one of these days, an angel in the sky  
Will tell me why...

Why every person I love is looking for  
New and higher days,  
A new game to play  
One more, without me.

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