

Sheila Nicholls "Patience"

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Patience

A silent virture

I don't want to hurt you

Reflex to old imprinting

Your eyes are squinting

And it seems

I'm not what you wanted me to be

Now i know i'm not what i said that i was

I just wanted this to be true

Im not sure where i went

But you deserve someone more innocent

I searched for reasons to it

Four seasons thourgh it

You came quite unexpected

So unprotected

And it seems i'm not what you wanted me to be

I'm not what you wanted me to be

Now i know i'm not what i said that i was

I just wanted this to be true

Im not sure where i went

But you deserve someone more innocent

I'll just prove to myself

That i cannot be trusted

Maybe i'm too mush like my father

If you knew him you would know he's still searching for
his mother

And other but mine

Whatever is still searching in him

Is still seraching in me

'cause i'm still looking for here

_____ vicariously

We spoke with such conviction

Imprisonned freedom

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