

Detlef's Zoo

"So Cold"

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This is the end of your trust
My favourite dreams have turned into dust
Nobody can stop us

Well, this is the end of my proud
We need no attention We just need more time
To answer this question
We just need more time
To use our discretion

Stay! Feel the pain!
It's cold so cold!
And we play someone's game
Called love, love!

This is the end of your touch
We're standing accused, need each other so much
We're standing confused now

Well, this is the end of the kiss
There's no reason to doubt, no reason for fear
No reason for promise
That no one could keep
No reason to promise

We must Stay! Feel the pain!
It's cold, so cold!
And we play someone's game
Called love, love!

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