

Lazlo Viktor

"Story"

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Viktor Lazlo 1986

I remember quite clearly now when this story happened
The autumn leaves were floating and measured down
to the ground
Recovering the lake where we used to swim like
children
On the sun dare to shine
That time, we used to be happy
Well, I thought we were
But the truth was that - you had been longing to leave
me
Not daring to tell me
On that precious night, watching the lake, vaguely
conscious
You said: Our story was ending.
Now I'm standing here
No one to wipe away my tears
No one t
o keep me warm
And no one to walk along with
No one to make me feel
No one to make me whole
Oh! What am I to do?
I'm standing here alone
It doesn't seem so clear to me
What am I supposed to do about this burning heart of
mine
Oh! What am I to do?
Or how should I react?
Oh! Tell me please!
The rain was killing the last days of summer
You had been killing my last breath of love
Since a long time ago...
I still don't think I'm gonna make it through another
love story
You took it all away from me
And there I stand, I knew I was gonna be the...
The one left behind
But still I'm watching the lake, vaguely conscious
And I know -
My life is ending.

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