

Lars Eriksson

"Sing For The Angels"

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Fuck, I can't find a word
I can't make myself hurt
And I don't like the tunes that I find
Because the tunes have finally flaked my state of mind
And the one that I'm in right now
And I don't like myself
And I don't like my voice
But it seems I have no choice but to sing
Because this tunes of mine
Be coming in my mind
And I can't think of anything else to do

I keep on singing for the birds and the bees
They watch me sing, there else they sit up in the trees
I sing for the lonely and I sing for the strangers
One day when I die I'm gonna sign for the angels

Fuck, I can't find
Girl I'm gonna travel the world,
To find out what the world is about
Because the world has finally flaked my state of mind
And the ones that we are right now

And I live in a hole
And I live to be hold
And I live to be holding great sound

The song we shares behind the clouds of our time
Will eventually be released

I keep on singing for the birds and the bees
They watch me sing, there else they sit up in the trees
I sing for the lonely and I sing for the strangers
One day when I die I'm gonna sing for the angels

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