

Motorama

"Letter Home"

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Slowly float over the seas with the belief
And your heart is in the middle, heart is in the middle
of it

Slowly float over the seas with the belief, but
She has no time, no time, honestly

She's still awake in bed in her white dress
She cannot fall asleep all night
Hold tight your will, no warmth , no heat
No love, only cold lights

In the dark of her room she's still thinking of you
All her memories gone but she's still thinking of you
In her heart there's no place for nobody but you
All her memories gone but she's still thinking of you

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