



So you think that you cannot do better?
And it's your fault that there is rainy weather?
You think the front row is reserved by others?
So you go and blame it on your mother

Shut up and keep on walking
Don't want to hear you talking

Move on and change will follow
You will see

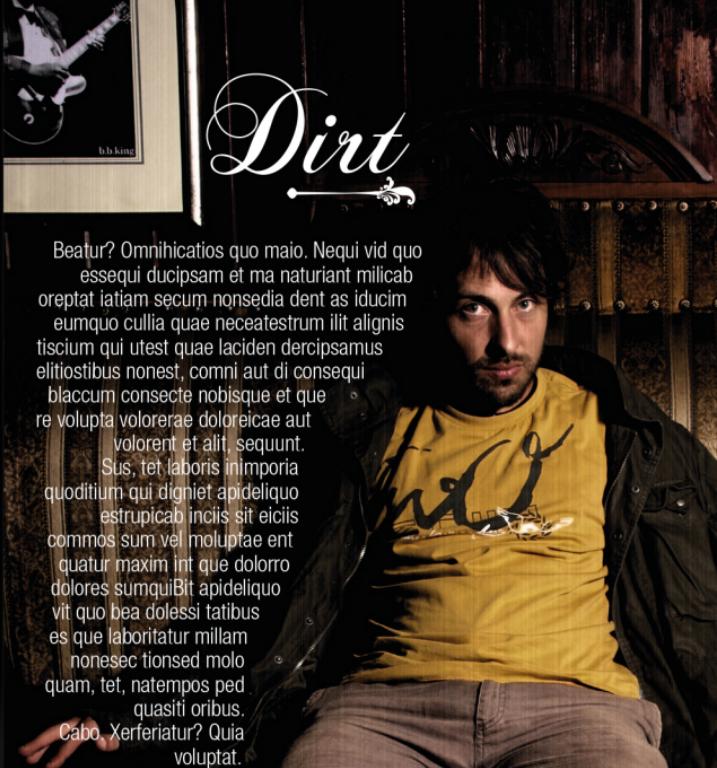
Your lame excuses do not mean protection
Self-pity cannot substitute affection
If there is no trouble on your way
You will find it anyway

Move On

And I don't know how to turn my life around
... turn around
I have watched it for too long
There's a feeling growing strong
It's intense and it is new
I whisper to me what to do
Time to start a time to change,
Time whispers to me what to do
Without linking what I do
Tuming into someone new
Time to stop and rearrange
You could be the key
In your arms I'm save
To a hidden Me

Sunny

Without linking what I do
Tuming into someone new
Time to stop and rearrange
You could be the key
In your arms I'm save
To a hidden Me



Dirt

Beatur? Omnihicatios quo maio. Nequi vid quo
essequi ducipsam et ma naturiant milicab
oreptat iatiam secum nonsedia dent as iducim
eumquo cullia quae neceatestrum ilit alignis
tiscium qui utest quae laciden dercipsamus
eliftostibus nonest, compi aut di consequi
blaccum consecte nobisque et que
re volupta volorerae dolorecae aut
volorent et alif, sequunt.

Sus, tet laboris inimpiora
quoditum qui digniet apideliquo
estripcab incisi sit eiciis
commos sum vel moluptae ent
quat maxim int que doloro
dolores sumquiBit apideliquo
vit quo bea dolessi tatibus
es que laboritur millam
nonesec tionsed molo
quam, tet, natempos ped
quasiti oribus.
Cabo, Xerferiatur? Quia
voluptat.