



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

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

Swing

Dirt

Beatut? Omnihicatiois quo maio. Nequi vid quo
essequi ducipsam et ma naturiant millicab
oreprat iatiam secum nonsedia dent as iducim
eumquo cullia quae neceatestrum ilit alignis
tiscium qui utest quae laciden dercipsamus
elitostibus nonest, comni aut di consequi
blaccum consecite nobisque et que
re volupta volorerae doloreicae aut
volorent et alit, sequunt.
Sus, tet laboris inImporia
quoditium qui digniet apideliquo
estrupicab inciis sit eiciis
commos sum vel moluptae ent
quatur maxim int que dolorro
dolores sumquiBit apideliquo
vit quo bea dolessi tatibus
es que laboritatur millam
noneseq tionsed molo
quam, tet, natempos ped
quasiti oribus.
Cabo. Xerferiatur? Quia
voluptat.

