

IT'S OVER

I meet you at the beach
It's thirtyfive degrees
The conditions are ideal
But there is that worn out feeling

The sun is not reflected in your eyes
The heat seems
To overflow your heart

Your hands are cold
Your mind is somewhere-else
I think it's time
To stop acting our parts

We finally talk about
What we didn't dare to say before
While my problems
Are leaving my mouth
I'm shocked how long they stayed
Inside

I don't feel anger
Nore joy
I realize I've just been a toy
Controlled by something strange
Inside of me

It's over
It's over
Ooh ooh ohh ohh...