

Edyta Bartosiewicz, Clouds... They Block My Way

I spent a lot of my time
Looking at clouds from all sides
I saw them roll in the big sky
So much crying in the rain
I keep all the lights on
To ease my soul but all in vein

So I'm running
Trying to get
Out of the rain
I'm running
Still I'm running
But clouds in the dark
Block my way

The colour of my room
Is sort of blue
And now I'm clear
It's good for this tension
When I get my fear of dyin'
I'm breaking down
In so many places
The longer it plays with me
The calmer I get
Then I start start running again

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