

# Roxette, Voices

I knew this would happen and I don't want to be around  
when it gets out.

I've closed the last picture and painted the windows  
inside and out.

Give me your dreams and I'll give you my time,  
together we'll cross the borderline.

Voices - cracking the night,  
voices - that cut like a knife,  
voices - hear them singing...

From sparks to the fire, from here to obsession they cover the end.  
Twisting a match and see the reflections of hunters of men.

Give me your dreams and I'll give you my time,  
until we make it to the borderline.

Voices...