

Thunderstorms

SOJA

I don't know one thing about you not
Knowing a thing about me
Cuz we drop down into all your
Thunderstorms and claim it's not
Your lightning
So now the fries gone in my eyes
They grow cold for a while
And I don't feel your heat
These words have been said
Over and around it, but
I don't hear no talking, you're talking
I'll be stopping, I'll be starting,
I'll be wondering why we don't
Know what we do...
I'm a be the same, even if I'm
Walking by my self
I'm just wondering why...I never ever saw us clearly,
And clearly we're both to blame
But silence and progress
Were my thing
And your thing was calling
My name
Now you can see your whole
Life without me
I'm quietly in mine without You
And the phone calls offsetting
Them, there's some things what
I guess I can't do, too...
So my name remains prisoner
Trapped in my world that's gone.
And I'm the only one
Who still lives here,
And I've got all the lights off
Now you can stop and
Visit me in my cell
And we can talk if we
Got the time
Then you can start to
Gon on your way
Cuz I believe I've found mine...

