

FROM INNOCENCE TO MURDER

The big, fast city throws its lights at me.
Not as impressive as it used to be once.
Seems getting older means to get things done
in a much simpler way.

Refrain:

Time changes men
from innocence to murder.
It's hard to realize
your eyes do blind your heart.

What has never been easy, now seems irreality,
though I can't hide my heart still burns.
But though it seems we're getting closer to soul's death with each day,
we still do laugh a lot.

Refrain

Bridge:

It's hard to find a new sensation,
while all things just don't mean that much.
It's hard to get some real good kicks,
while every shelter's out of touch.

*1987
(26.07.)*