

THINGS WE JUST TRY

Is there a sense in what we do, all those things, we just try,
or are we just running closer to the end of some lies?
Is there a meaning to words, all those words, we just use;
Is there a reason, a reason to live?

What is it, that I can do, but just following a call,
hidden deep inside of me, guiding me through it all?
No explanation of life, just hints at the inside
make up a reason, a reason to live.

Bridge:

How can we change things, we don't really feel?
If a head rules a heart, nothing will get revealed.

I think, there' s sense in what we do, all those things, we just try,
though we're maybe just running closer to the end of some lies.
'Could be a reason to live, as long as our heart's warm,
it may give meaning, a meaning to things.

*1987
(06.10.)*