

PICTURES GETTING PALE YET

Drifting into trouble, running out of time.
'Fear the fear of losing any force of mine.
I thought I got used to walking a straight line,
just in need of places to rest from time to time.

Pictures getting pale yet, candles have burned down,
On heavy burdened shoulders pressure's coming down.

Refrain:

All those hours, all those hours
all those hours just seem to hold me back.

1988
(15.09.)
*eigentlich älter, geschrieben auf der
Kursfahrt*