

Broken hearts

Secret Service

Rainbow colours cross the sky
To find the part of gold
Voices cry: Follow!, down in my soul
Down in my soul

Unresponsive like the rock
My eyes look sad and grim
Wondering what she is doing with him
Doing with him

Broken hearts can turn to stone
I fell apart when left alone
Broken hearts can turn to stone
When left alone, I am alone

On the sidewalk yesterday
I saw her passing by
I wanted to cry out: How could you? Why?
How could you? Why?

Hope her new love understands
To take good care of her
Chasing that rainbow holded* my girl
Holded* my girl

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