Alan Walker

Confetti is falling
At five in the morning
They're screaming and crying
But I'm all by myself
I know you, I'm sorry
I made up a story
I'm lonely, I'm falling
Just like you, I'm sorry

Lo-lo-ha-he-ey-yo-la
Lo-lo-ho-lo-le-lo-la
Lo-lo, lo-lo
Lo-lo-ho-lo-le-lo-la
Lo-lo-ho-lo-le-lo-la
Lo-lo-ho-lo-le-lo-la
Lo-lo-ho-lo-le-lo-la

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