

High & Dry

Anna Abreu

I keep on losing you
In my dreams I do
We keep on fighting and fighting to make this work

As if the act and tough will prove we're good enough
We keep on lying but the lie will make this worse
What happened to the world we knew?

Like an avalanche of emotions
Your love is doing me
And you killed this, you killed this
That you should be black and white

Like a hurricane of you
You knocked me off my feet
And make it to kill this, to kill this
You should be black and white
When I thought I was high and dry

The feeling it moves around
Has kept us on the run
We keep on going and going until we 're gone

Let's cut the word now , the chase
We make the same mistakes
We keep on doing and doing until we're done
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