

Simple Things

Armin van Buuren

Wasted days, I'm caught up in the fruitless chase
Wanting more than anything that's come before
And I wish I didn't have to choose
When I know there is so much to lose

Cruel desires blind me to the simple things
Lost in fires of passionate imaginings
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Simple things, simple things

Holding out, feeling that it just might come
Cursing doubt that keeps you from the perfect one
And I wish I didn't have to choose
When I know there is so much to lose

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I'm torn between what I know and what I dream