

Headlight's Glare

Chromatics

I watch the moon hang in the sky
I feel the traffic rushing by
Freight train engine in the night
I'm still here waiting for you

I feel the cold breeze in the air
Blowing circles through my hair
My eyes blind by headlights' glare
I'm still here waiting for you

We once walked these streets
In search of the unthinkable
We tried to be invisible
It only made us miserable

I once lost it all
In a game that can't be won
I took a chance and had to run
The river was the only one