

The Mess

Dotan

Morning waking
Hide from the light
Under the shadows
Lost in the fight

Oh, your love
It's way too hard
Oh, the mess that we've been making
While the coldest wind is shaking
Oh, your love
It's way too hard
And the souls that have been breaking
And the moments we've been wasting
The moments, the moments

Come home, my darling
Dance with time
Your coat on the bedroom floor
Fall into your eyes

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Ah-ah, ah-ah
Ah-ah
Ah-ah, ah-ah
Ah-ah

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