# The Filter

**Eiffel 65**

Some people suffer living alone
And feel the emptiness
of a relationship that turned into dust
and some wait for all of their lives
because they're too afraid
and they let their train go by

and some will never say no
living on the frailty
of never letting go
always hiding behind a mask
and though there's finally a pleasence of being always on their own
while others waltz a perfect heart (?)
and a home (?)

It's because you are
Like a filter to me
that i'll see the future brighter
than they'll ever see

And I know you are
All the colors I breathe
You have the pen that's writing down
the fairy tale that pictures
you and me

Some people suffer poverty
in a love affair
and others like to live their love
in the rain
And some live a million affairs
believing all the time that no one will feel or care
Some people wait
Holding back their faith
Because their wounds will never heal
Made by rumors building hate
Or someone who's in a sin
Some people find a pleasence of being always on the road
While others waltz a perfect heart
and a home

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