It feels like time is running backwards

Somehow it don't want to pass by

But I get so nervous and afraid of what is to come

And I just cannot tell you why

I can hear all the words you say
But I don't understand
Should I have looked at your smiling face
When I looked at your shivering hands

It is a game of hope and glory
It is a game of shame and pride
It is a never ending story
And it never turns out right

So don't ask me, if you need good advice
Maybe I could find some friendly words
But my heart is cold as ice
I can hear all the words you say
But I don't understand
Should I have looked at your smiling face
When I looked at your shivering hands

It is a game of hope and glory
It is a game of shame and pride
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It could have almost turned out right It almost turned out right It could have almost turned out right