

My Child

Hooverphonic

Please come back to me my child
things weren't meant to be
without tears we cry
even though we new
it did strike
but this ain't no dream
no this is life

And all the colors fade leaving nothing more
than a black and white shade on an empty
shore/sure a part is gone
and sure we do long
but black and white is so much more than nothing at all

Please come back to me my child
yes we do control a lot
way too much
overwhelmed by disbelieve
left in shock
still our disbelieve is the remaining lock