

9 AM (The Comfort Zone)

Londonbeat

9 AM on a New York subway

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Strap a hanging, commuting on the double A

Hopeless hope, wordless dreams and wornout wishes

Take a hold, take control of the comfort zone

Melancholy melody

It lingers in my head

Just an hour, just an hour ago

I was in your arms, in your touch

I was in your bed

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Strap a hanging commuting on the double A

Hopeless hope, wordless dreams and wornout wishes

Take a hold, take control of the comfort zone

Put the pen to paper, yeah

To leave a painful note

From a night-time, form a night-time to a lifetime

You never told your broken soul what was in your head

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