

I'm riding far away  
For nights and days  
Going silent they say  
I'm running  
It's like your voice I hear  
Into my face  
Keeps drying my tears  
I am climbing mountains high  
No clouds in sight  
Like my morning for years  
Please love me again  
My heart is aching  
In my head, your voice is echoing

St. Peter shaking his head  
He's saying "no, no, you're not ready yet"  
St. Peter shaking his head  
He's saying "no, no, you're not ready yet"

I don't see it clear  
The memory of you keeps varying my view  
I am lost, nowhere to go  
The mountains hide  
They're playing tricks on my mind  
You're not here by my side  
You're further away, my hand far away from you  
And I keep trying to forget  
The racing youthful mind leaves nothing behind

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I want you for myself  
On my knees and then  
I'm begging please  
Forgive my sins I mean  
I can't bear it anymore  
Hanging for plans  
Let me go

But St. Peter shaking his head  
He's saying "no, no, you're not ready yet"  
St. Peter shaking his head  
He's saying "no, no, you're not ready yet"