

## Crossroads

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It remains to be seen to which side I'm gonna lean.  
Which road will I choose or will I win or will I lose?  
Am I gonna come to my senses and see the light  
in letting go of what I want in order to do what's right.  
Oh but right by who? By me or by you?

It's just a crossroads. Is the light red or is it green?  
Now I'm getting mixed signals, I really don't know what they mean.  
If I wasn't temporarily blind, if I could only take one look I know  
I'd find how simple it all is.  
How much do I really want this?

Is enough not enough?  
Am I really in love?  
Or is it nothing but a test?  
Well if you wanna try me go ahead and be my guest.  
Cos I myself would like to know which way we're to go.  
I guess it's undecided yet so I'll take it slow,  
but as I regain my sight  
I know I will do what's right.

Indeed it's just a crossroads.  
Now that I'm willing to clearly see  
things for what they really are, not what I'd like them to be.  
There's nothing left to think about.  
I know the way now, I've no more doubt.  
I let go and release; you'll do the same for me, please.