

Come Back

Mustafa

If she runs her fingers through my past
She may lose the softness in her hands
Maybe I can still make it come back
The oak tree, my old TV, the friend who passed

Oh, I miss when the night was made for rest
When my heart was more than glass
I miss the days I was warm
I miss not knowing I was poor

Please come back
Please come back
To me
Please come back

At least in my dreams
At least in my dreams
At least in my dreams
At least in my dreams

Please come back
Please come back