

What Comes Next

Ovlov

Board

You're coming out
You're sure to shout on the move away
You board it up
Your window's shut when you choose to stay
You call it off
You take it off on the move away
Your watch is off
Your time is shot so you lose your day

And when you came along the way
You said you already were late
Oh, new times

The winter came
I changed my name so you lose your day
I call you out
Already out on your move away
You shot me again
You sang to them on the moon on hey
You write the truth
The dying youth; darling; move away

And when you came along the way
You said you already were late
Oh, new times
You've got mine
What comes next?