

Now I see it coming
Coming behind my back
So I just started running
Running to make it last

Cause the thought of being alone
Well it makes me want to cry
And the thought of getting too old
Well it make me want to cry, cry, cry

Is the coast so clear?

Well it's not for me
Is my life so dear?
Well it was for me

Cause the thought of being alone
Well it makes me want to cry
And the thought of getting too old
Well it make me want to cry, cry, cry

Cry and cry