

# Teardrop

Telenova

Throwing all my words like a weapon  
Was not my intention  
Searching for gold in the hollow  
A truth that I swallowed

Wander through the wasteland of my tender heart  
I see it all, the rise and fall, the golden path  
Calls me on

Dark clouds in my mind  
A teardrop on the fire of sunshine  
Dark clouds in my mind  
A teardrop on the fire of sunshine

Underneath the cover of quiet  
Where words have no meaning  
I share my dreams with ghosts at the window  
They laugh at me breathing

Wander through the wasteland of my tender heart  
Sail across the waves, the wind  
That calls me on

Dark clouds in my mind  
A teardrop on the fire of sunshine  
Dark clouds in my mind  
A teardrop on the fire of sunshine

(Throwing words like a weapon)  
(Was not my intention, baby)  
(Throwing words like a weapon)  
(Was not my intention, baby)

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