

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

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A teardrop on the fire of sunshine
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(Throwing words like a weapon)
(Was not my intention, baby)
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