

In My Secret Life – Leonard Cohen

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I saw you this morning

You were moving so fast

Can't seem to loosen my grip

On the past

And I miss you so much

There's no one in sight

And we're still making love

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I smile when I'm angry

I cheat and I lie

I do what I have to do

To get by

But I know what is wrong

And I know what is right

And I'd die for the truth

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Hold on, hold on, my brother

My sister, hold on tight

I finally got my orders

I'll be marching through the morning

Marching through the night

Moving cross the borders

Of My Secret Life

Looked through the paper

Makes you want to cry

Nobody cares if the people

Live or die

And the dealer wants you thinking

That it's either black or white

Thank God it's not that simple

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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych