

La La La

Anni B Sweet

Oh the hands of time won't stop for me
And I've asked a thousand hundred times
And my mouth won't do what my mind is ordering

Well you said that I'm
that I'm still quite young
Then why am I feeling old?
And the days are passing by with hurry inside

La lalala la la la...
La lalala la la la...

And the god of all in who I don't believe
And they're telling me that he can hear me
Well I can't see any change in my routine

And the memories taking place in me
Feeling like a guitar string
When it sounds so out of tune

La lalala la la la...

Oh the hands of time won't stop for me
And I've asked a thousand hundred times
And my mouth won't do what my mind is ordering!

Well you said that I'm
that I'm now to old
Then why am I feeling young?
And the days won't ever ever ever pass!

La lalala la la la...