

# Happy Again

Iwan Rheon

She brushes with tears  
Paints on her clothes, paves new spheres  
Opens the curtain  
Toppling lost in the mud

Oh she's happy again  
Cause all she sees is your own level head,  
And all she breathes is the air that you shared  
Lyn' free in the place of your bed

She paints a picture, a canvas of gliding aura  
The lights are clashing  
She saw that my heart is racing

Oh she's happy again  
Cause all she see is your own level head,  
And all she breathes is the air that you shared,  
Lyn' free in the place of your bed

Wait for me,  
Wait till the morning,  
We'll be fine

Wait for me, wait for me,  
Wait till the morning,  
We'll be fine

But is she happy again?  
When all she sees is your own level head,  
And all she breathes is the air that you shared?  
Lyn' free in the place of your bed

I'll meet her later  
When charring cross calls composure  
Two twisted lovers  
One will look back, one never

Oh she's happy again  
Cause all she breathes is the air that is free,  
And all she sees are that shapes that she feels,  
Lyn' free with no thought of you and me

Wait for me,  
Wait till the morning,  
We'll be fine

Wait for me, wait for me,  
Wait till the morning,  
We'll be fine