

## Sparks

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Lines Of a tale Cut in the face of a crowd Sentenced no bail Th  
ere In the night Deep in the back Through the black Beckons a l  
ife Time Moving in a straight line But then at a whim A change  
in the wind A story begins in its mind For deep in her eyes Ben  
eath the lies Of the dark Leaving marks Sparks She Has been ste  
eled Standing there looking so tight Taut and high-heeled One O  
f a kind The kind of a girl That only a dream Could design Time  
Seen through glasses of wine Never reveals The why or the when  
How this story will end As you find That deep in her eyes Bene  
ath the lies Of the dark Leaving marks Sparks Come on Conjure u  
p a reason for living Take me round And around And around And a  
round And again Come on Do it in the name of living For if not  
tonight Tell me when For if not tonight Tell me when Ahhhhhh Hea  
rts Can confuse That messed up bundle of nerves That tends to b  
ruise Still Lay it bare It's better to bleed than to need And n  
ever have dared Chance A move based on a glance A move based on  
no more than feel In this unreal circumstance For deep in her  
eyes Beneath the lies of the dark Leaving marks Sparks