

Singer

In the morn-ing I raise my head And I'm think-ing of days gone by And the

*mf*

thing I want out of life is I want you (I want you) I want

you (I want you) You can run, you can hide. But you nev-er got a-way You can lie and de-ny. But you know you gon-na

pay Nev-er loved, nev-er thought you could