

Form: A - A - Instr - B1 - A - A - Instr. - B2 - A - A - Instr. Fine

2. A crowded room, friends with tired eyes, I'm hiding from you and your soul of ice.
My Good! I thought you were someone to rely on, me? I guess I was a shoulder to cry on,
A face on a lover with a fire in his heart,
A man under cover, but you tore me apart,
now I've found a real love you'll never fool me again