

Elisa, Bitter Words

I don't know if I'll ever tell you this story
I don't even know whether we'll have the chance
I don't know if you'll ever see me shaking like this
I'm not sure I can open my door to more

Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find a key to my weakest side
Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find a key to my weakest side

I just can't see where the truth lies
I remember seeing in your eyes
But then, oh then, your bitter words
When you knew I wasn't hiding
You you hit my soul
You couldn't make it any deeper inside
You just hit my soul (you hit my soul)
and I cried, I have cried over

Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find the key to my weakest side
Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find the key to my weakest side

Now only one word is left for me to say
Only one word is left for me to say: why?

Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find a key to my weakest side
Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find a key to my weakest side
Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find a key to my weakest side
Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find a key to my weakest side
Bitter words, full of rage, and clever ways
To find a key to my weakest side

Now only one word is left for me to say
Only one word is left for me to say: why?