

# Guns N' Roses, Madagascar

I won't be told anymore  
That I've been brought down in this storm  
And left so far out from the shore  
That I can't find my way back, my way anymore

No I won't be told anymore  
That I've been brought back in this storm  
And left so far out from the shore  
That I can't find my way back, my way anymore

No, I..  
No, I...

Forgive that they teared down my soul  
Bless them that they might grow old  
Oh, and free them so that they may know  
That it's never too late

So many times that I've seen life before me  
I searched and found the way to choose to the end  
I found a way, to know, why it had to be  
Mired in denial and saw all the rain

If we ever find it true  
Love will have its way to choose  
Three more to tame  
We can be ever

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