

Juanes, I

Making the soul grow old
Trying to find my place im wrong
Nothings good but staying cold
I dont wanna live in here anymore
I tried to be so happy
But instead i was happily sad
Maybe i just have scruled my mind
But thats the way i am
I dont care of what you say
I just want to get away
I dont have a place to stay
So i cant come again to pray
I dont have time to look behind
I just need to turn my back
But now its too late
And i cant wait
To meet myself somewhere else