Urma, Out Of My Hands

I try to hide, to disappear To let you think that I don't feel Well, you don't play that game...

Just take a dive inside my eyes Dismiss the clown and give some life So now, we're in your game...

How can I keep your trace away? Desire versus conscious faith... I am in your face again...

Bad judgement and a day in vain A smile got hurt...no words to say Until the next time.

It's out of my hands...out of me Can't run away from you...

I try but isn't good enough The little tricks run out of gas Just when you come around

The way you see through all my walls The player's tired when you call I'll lose the bet again

How can I keep your trace away? Desire versus conscious faith... I am in your face again

I guess I'll take the worse of me The way I am, a blind must see You'll find a better man

It's out of my hands...out of me Can't run away from you...