

(Gary Moore)

Outside the rain is falling,
inside it feels so cold.
A view from a broken window,
faces that look so old.

Every trick in the book you have tried,
to make ends meet.
Just remember those nights that you cried,
there was nothing to do, but lie awake and

listen to your heartbeat.
Listen to the rhythm of your soul.
Listen to your heartbeat.
Listen to the rhythm of your soul.

Outside the rain is falling,
inside you feel so cold.
A view from a broken window,
faces that have grown so old.

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to make ends meet.
Just remember those nights that you cried,
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You thought the mourning served out years ago.
There's no more records on the radio,
no place to go.

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Listen to your heartbeat.
Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain.
Listen to your heartbeat.