

Silver tongues are speaking long and hard into the night
I must be myself and I'll do alright
Oh, please my darling, do not make me sad
Late at night nobody really wants to feel that bad
The rain it beats impatiently upon the window pane
I must close my ears or I'll go insane
Can't you be a gentle breeze or silent as a snowfall
Won't you try and listen for the voice behind the wall
It cries to you
chorus:
Even though it only ever whispers part of what it knows
And it's never ventured through the locks
Where the brazen river flows
It's the fingerprint which is never made
It's the perfume of a rose
And it is there if you are searching
But the moment must be right
As the night is black, as the day is white
Please my friend, help to make me glad
Help me find the one and only thing I've never had
What is true
chorus