

Century - Gone With The Winner

Tom: A

Waiting for the noise to disappear

The crying all the saint

The pining of the fool

I never had the time to pray

Waiting for the sound to calm my way

I'm tired of asking why

I'm dying everyday

You're leaving now your lips, are go..ne

Gone with the winner,
Go..ne, gone with the wind

And now

It's like a silent thing

That's running in my hand

Gone, gone with the wind

Coming with desolate state of mind

You would've gone to war

The slave to every tear

I'm waiting for the smoke to fade

I listen to this calling in your eyes

Crying all the saint

The pining of a fool

You're leaving now your lips, are go..ne

Gone with the winner,
Go..ne, gone with the wind

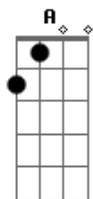
And now

It's like a silent thing

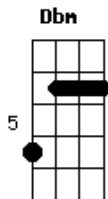
That's running in my hand

Gone, gone with the wind

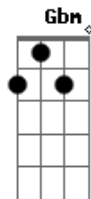
Acordes



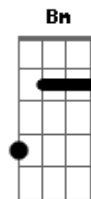
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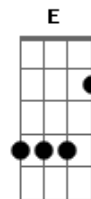
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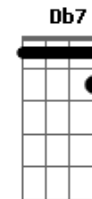
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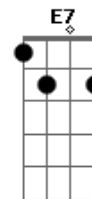
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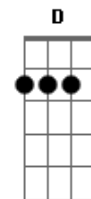
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