

Sun is brighter
But it doesn't shine too long
Sky is lighter
So why do I feel wrong?
Heaven knows
That I'll lose this game
When she goes
It's always been the same

Could call it love if I wasn't fed up with that
Could call it desire if there wasn't something I don't
understand
Could call it – anything; could call it – anyway: I could
call you

“Love is in the air”
No, this ain't true, as a rule
“Love is everywhere”
I've never felt such a fool
Though I'm so fond... I'm so fond of you
Though I want...
It won't; no, it won't come true

Could call it love if I wasn't fed up with that
Could call it desire if there wasn't something I don't
understand
Could call it – anything; could call it – anyway: I could
call you

Clouds of grey
Will fill my mind
Why'd you say
You're not my kind
All my dreams
Can't take the place of you
And it seems that I – I do...

Could Call

Artano
Soiree

Could call it love if I wasn't fed up with that
Could call it desire if there wasn't something I don't
understand
Could call it – anything; could call it – anyway: I could
call you