

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Losing It

Par Rush

Album : Hemispheres

The dancer slows her frantic pace
In pain and desperation
Her aching limbs and downcast face
Aglow with perspiration

Stiff as wire, her lungs on fire
With just the briefest pause
The flooding through her memory
The echoes of old applause.

She limps across the floor
And closes her bedroom door...

The writer stare with glassy eyes
Defies the empty page
His beard is white, his face is lined
And streaked with tears of rage

Thirty years ago, how the words would flow

With passion and precision

But now his mind is dark and dulled

By sickness and indecision

And he stares out the kitchen door

Where the sun will rise no more

Some are born to move the world

To live their fantasies

But most of us just dream about

The things we'd like to be

Sadder still to watch it die

Than never to have known it

For you, the blind who once could see

The bell tolls for thee

The bell tolls for

For you the blind who once could see

The bell tolls for thee...

The bell tolls for thee...

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