

Edval Andrade - It Doesn't Matter

Tom: A

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I'm bored with my fate
 Want to take care of my garden
 My dreams are kind of fake
 My final days will be so hard
 Always wanted to pick up flowers
 But the weather never helped
 All I have is sad hours
 It doesn't matter, it never did

The nothingness is our ultimate goal
 Perhaps thing else may be seen
 It doesn't matter, all is routine
 It doesn't matter, it never did,
 it doesn't matter I'm already sick.

 I live in a hurry
 Sameness with no glory
 It doesn't matter, never did
 It doesn't matter, I'm already sick.

Acordes

