

Polish Breakfast, Fala

Roads I've got to cross
these hills I've got to climb in the rain
now when everything changed I look after it by myself
through the wind in fall like the crashing hurricane
my feelings touch the ground like the houses standing there

once it stated out
I didn't know it
was what I've desired for so long
so long

my sorrow that I've got every time
that I can't sleep
I come into my mind
and there's no chance it stops, think
every star which I see on the sky that's always blue
I come wonder id it is just brand new

once it stated out
I didn't know it
was what I've desired for so long
so long

I came so fast
but now I am getting used to feel like home
with every breath you take
breath you take