

# Szymon, Roma

Rome, oh Rome  
Where is your empire in the ground  
A pile of stones  
Take out the wind there's not a sound

Hundreds of years  
Yet it's all stayed the same  
Just different coloured clothes  
And a different sounding name  
The weather keeps on changing  
But the sky's still there  
The lights had led me to the front  
And burnt me like a flare

Oh what is this anchor here  
Why won't it just disappear  
Driven by a fear that just won't go  
And yet you come so close  
Yet you're so far away  
It doesn't have to be uphill

Rome oh Rome  
Cycles of nature you can see  
We've got frail bones  
We could just break so easily  
Hundreds of years  
Yet it's all stayed the same  
Just different coloured clothes  
And a different sounding name  
The weather keeps on changing  
But the sky's still there  
The lights had led me to the front  
And burnt me like a flare

Oh what is this anchor here  
Why won't it just disappear  
Driven by a fear that just won't go  
And yet you come so close  
Yet you're so far away  
It doesn't have to be uphill

Craters in the street  
Now are things you have to keep  
Saw you in my sleep  
With diamonds in a rubbish heap

And you'll never know  
Things will stay untold  
Some things will never be

Oh what is this anchor here  
Why won't it just disappear  
Driven by a fear that just won't go  
And yet you come so close  
Yet you're so far away

It doesn't have to be uphill