No Roots - Alice Merton

I like digging holes and Hiding things inside them When I'll grow old I hope I won't forget to find them 'Cause I've got memories and Travel like gypsies in the night

I built a home and wait for Someone to tear it down Then pack it up in boxes, Head for the next town running 'Cause I've got memories and Travel like gypsies in the night

And a thousand times I've seen this road, A thousand times

I've got no roots, but my home was never on the ground I've got no roots, but my home was never on the ground I've got no roots
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I like standing still, boy
That's just a wishful plan
Ask me where I come from,
I'll say a different land
But I've got memories and
Travel like gypsies in the night

I can't get the numbers, And play the guessing game It's just the place that changes, The rest is still the same
But I've got memories and
Travel like gypsies in the night

And a thousand times I've seen this road, A thousand times

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I like digging holes,
Hiding things inside them
When I'll grow old
I won't forget to find them
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When I'll grow old
I won't forget to find them
I've got NO ROOTS!
NO ROOTS!

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Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych

