

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
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I've got no roots, but my home was never on the ground
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I've got no roots
I've got no roots

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,

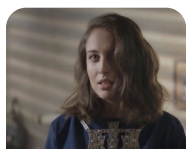
The rest is still the same
But I've got memories and
Travel like gypsies in the night

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I like digging holes,
Hiding things inside them
When I'll grow old
I won't forget to find them
I like digging holes,
Hiding things inside them
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

