

Son of the blue sky – Wilki

Every time of midnight
Every time we muddle again
Hold on lovely memories
Every sound you bring out
Every time we suffer again
Holding lovely memories

Every stand of no way
Every town we muddle again
Call, I hold your memory
Every game of no sense
Every shame we offer in game
Hold on lovely memory

Son of the blue sky... (x4)

Every time of midnight
Every time we muddle again
Call and hold flash memory
Every time of midnight
Every time of midnight
Call and hold flash memory

I'd rather say
Feeding some birds lost in a cage
Kicking one's heels having no way to go
Strolling musicians up on the way
Pulling one's leg, having no way to go
Feeding some birds lost in a cage there
Being so free, finding the way to be
Wondering how smart it happens to be, happens to be

Son of the blue sky... (x8)





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