

# 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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